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LIFE IN ASIA

BY
MARY CATE SMITH

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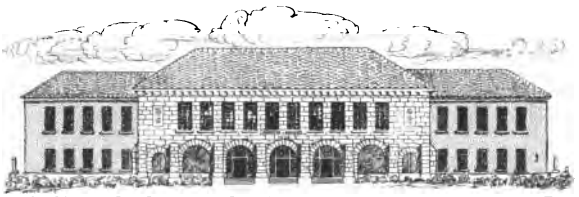

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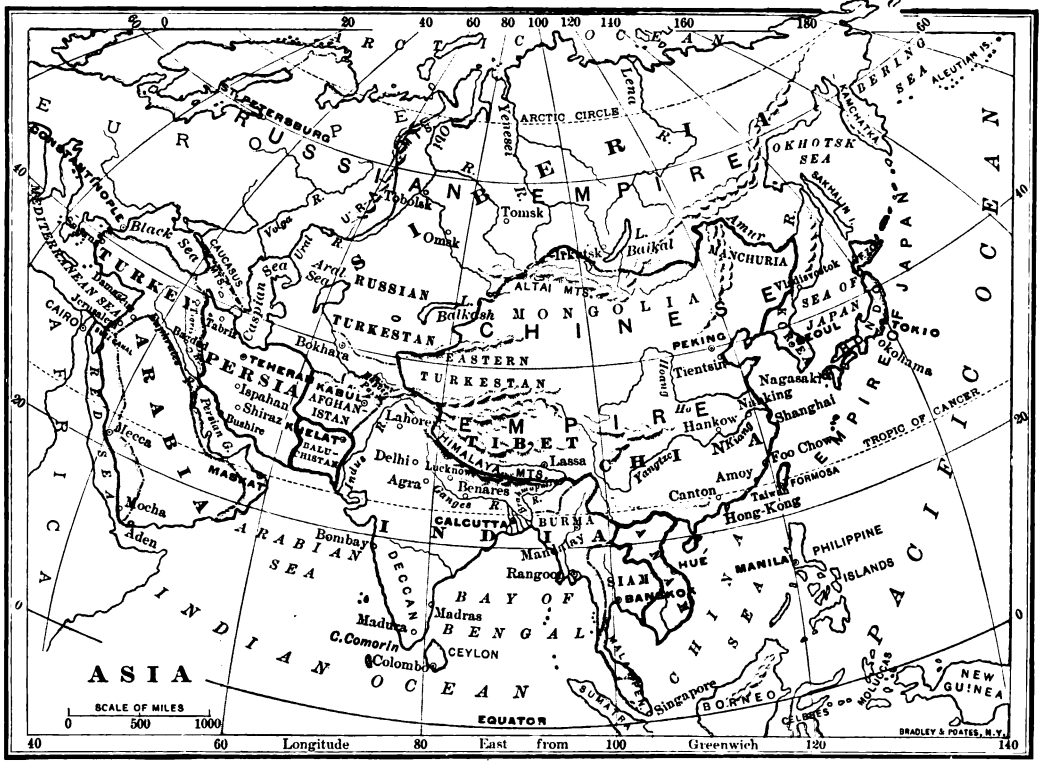

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THE

WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE.

Book VI.

LIFE IN ASIA.

BY

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DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSIT

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is now conceded by all educators that school instruction should be supplemented by reading matter suitable for use by the pupil both in the school and in the home. Whoever looks for such reading, however, must be struck at first with the abundance of what is offered to schools and parents, and then with its lack of systematic arrangement, and its consequent ill adaptation to the needs of young people.

It is for the purpose of supplying this defect, that the publishers have decided to issue a series of volumes, under the general title of the YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

These books are intended to meet the needs of all children and youth of school age; from those who have just mastered their first primer, to those who are about to finish the high school course. Some of the volumes will supplement the ordinary school readers, as a means of teaching reading; some will reënforce the instruction in geography, history, biography, and natural science;

while others will be specially designed to cultivate a taste for good literature. All will serve to develop power in the use of the mother tongue.

The matter for the various volumes will be so carefully selected and so judiciously graded, that the various volumes will be adapted to the needs and capacities of all for whom they are designed; while their literary merit, it is hoped, will be sufficient to make them deserve a place upon the shelves of any well selected collection of juvenile works.

Each volume of the YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY will be prepared by some one of our ablest writers for young people, and all will be carefully edited by Larkin Dunton, LL.D., Head Master of the Boston Normal School.

The publishers intend to make this LIBRARY at once attractive and instructive; they therefore commend these volumes, with confidence, to teachers, parents, and all others who are charged with the duty of directing the education of the young.

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PREFACE.

ASIA affords a greater variety of profitable topics for study than any of the other continents.

The vast extent of its lands, the great variety of its climate and productions, its magnificent scenery, — including the loftiest mountains in the world and many of the noblest rivers, — cannot be omitted from a child's study without leaving his conception of the world very imperfect.

It is remarkable that the ancient civilizations of India, China, and Japan grew to such perfection while the world was comparatively young, and have continued through so many centuries. The manners and customs of a people do not necessarily indicate character. Because a Chinaman shakes his own hand, when an American would shake his friend's hand, it does not follow that the Chinaman's greeting is any the less cordial. Every American child needs this knowledge to counteract his imperfect and exaggerated view of the civilization of his own country.

It is a good influence in the same direction to know that the progressive races of Europe and the New World had their origin in Asia; and that in Asia have arisen all the forms of religion which have so greatly influenced the history of man, — including Christianity.

It must tend to correct a child's overestimate of life

in the New World to know that in Asia and Egypt were taken the first steps in learning and civilization.

The variety of people who have their homes in Asia, and the variety in their mental and moral life, must impress a child with new and broader views of the world. To know all these facts enlarges the child's conception of the world, quickens his sympathy with humanity, arouses his patriotism, and does much to curb his own self-conceit.

We Americans need to know what has been done in the world in order to have banished from our minds the supercilious notion that we can begin our study of life where the world began thousands of years ago, and in one short generation outstrip all the thinking and progressive men of the ages.

The historical element is a marked feature of this book. The author has had constantly in mind the close relation between geography and history. Without the bits of history which have been introduced, much of the life of Asia as it exists to-day would be meaningless.

A careful study of Asiatic life must tend to breadth of view, respect for others, quickened sympathy, and a chastened patriotism.

A work like the following needs to be read with a good map before the reader; so that the various pictures formed in his mind will be forever associated with the peoples and lands in which the reality exists. Such a map, accurate and excellent in all its details, has been engraved especially for this book.

LARKIN DUNTON.

BOSTON, January 21, 1897.

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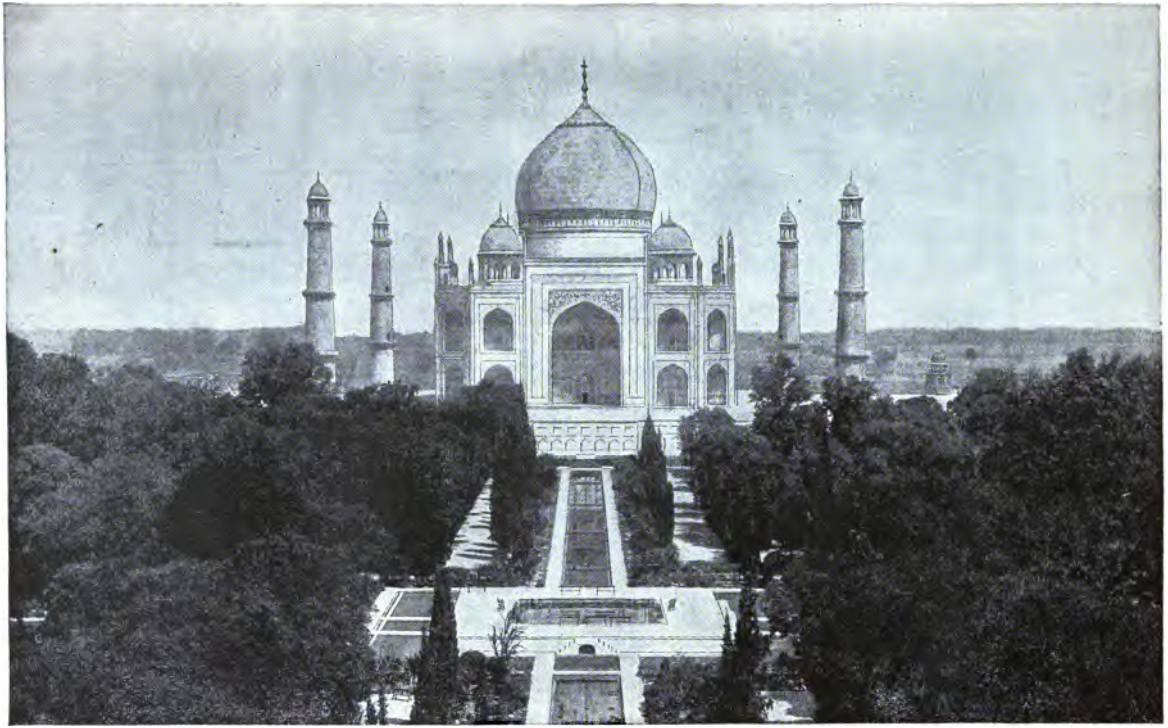
LIFE IN ASIA.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

LIFE IN ASIA.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL VIEW.

WHEN Columbus set sail with his little fleet, it was with the determination to find a shorter route to the East. For centuries the rich products and manufactures of Arabia and India had been known to the nations of southern Europe. The Romans had established no less than three routes by which to reach these lands. One was by way of the Red Sea, another across Syria, and the third along the shores of the Black Sea.

By these three routes the Romans received from India pearls and other precious gems, silks, and spices. These wearisome, and sometimes dangerous, caravan routes proved a barrier to extensive trade. In later times the Venetians revived the commerce with these distant and strange lands, and soon gained great wealth by dealing in "the spices of Arabia, the silks of Damascus, the woven stuffs of Persia, the pearls of Ceylon, or the rarer products of the wonderful regions whence travelers like Marco Polo brought back true stories that rivaled the inventions of Arabian story-tellers."

At last, in the year 1497, Vasco da Gama succeeded in reaching this much desired land by rounding the Cape of Good Hope. From this time knowledge of Asia rapidly spread, and it was found that her riches were even greater than Marco Polo or other early travelers had told. Moreover, Europeans discovered that Asia was the home of their ancestors, and that to it they owed much of their civilization.

Asia is sometimes called "the cradle of the world," for here the history of man really began. Here, the most progressive nations of the earth originated and thence migrated westward. When we see the horse, the cow, and the sheep about us, we think perhaps they have always been known on our continent, but, as we shall learn, they, too, came from Asia. There, many of our most useful plants, such as wheat, cotton, tea, and sugar cane, first grew. The apple, pear, and plum first ripened in the gardens of Asia.

Asia is the largest of the continents. Its northern shores lie within the frigid zone, while its southern peninsulas reach far into the tropics. It joins Europe on the west, and stretches thousands of miles eastward to the Pacific Ocean. It is about four times as large as Europe. Perhaps we shall think, by and by, that Europe is really a part of Asia, — its great western peninsula.

The coast line of Asia, like that of Europe, is very irregular. Great peninsulas jut out from the land, and there are numerous seas and islands along the coast. The three southern peninsulas, Arabia, India, and Indo-

China, are the most important, and may be compared to Spain, Italy, and Greece. On the southern and eastern coasts are many fine harbors; but the whole northern coast, thousands of miles in extent, is locked in ice nearly the entire year.

We have noticed the great size of Asia. It is not only the largest of the continents, it is also the highest. Across the central part, from east to west, extend several great mountain ranges. One of these, the Himalaya, is the highest mountain range in the world. Here, too, are the highest and most extensive plateaus.

From this huge central mass the land slopes to the Arctic Ocean, forming the Siberian Plain. This great low plain is larger than all Europe. To the east and south lie the plains of China and India. The western part is all a high plateau. From out the glaciers that lie in the valleys and gorges of the mountains, come the great rivers for which Asia is noted.

A little later we will visit some of the lofty mountains, and study more closely the country as it lies before us.

This great area, together with the high mountains and extensive plateaus, gives Asia every possible variety of climate.

The low northern plain is very cold. Along the Arctic shores the ground is frozen much of the year. There is a short summer, during which a thin growth of moss springs up, and herds of reindeer come to feed upon it. These low frozen lands are called *tundras*. As we go south we find a temperate climate, and see forests and grain fields; but, as we approach the mountainous

region, we see deserts on every side. The mountains shut off the warm, moist winds from the south, making the northern land cold and barren.

South of the Himalayas all is changed. The climate is hot, and there is an abundance of rain. This is the most fertile part of all Asia. The land is richly productive and in many sections highly cultivated. The vegetation is wonderful in its luxuriance and beauty. Here grows nearly every kind of tree and shrub known to man. One country in southeastern Asia has been called the "Garden of the World."

As Asia is the largest continent, we should expect it to be the home of many peoples. We are right in so thinking, for Asia contains more than half of the population of the whole globe. But its inhabitants are not settled over its entire surface. In some divisions, for example Siberia and the desert-like plateau of Tibet, the people are widely separated over lands for the most part cold, gloomy, and barren. In other sections, among the fertile fields of China and Hindustan, and especially in the great cities of India, China, and Japan, are to be found the most densely crowded places known. The people of Asia differ much from one another in the languages they speak, as well as in manners, dress, and religion. They are also very unlike Americans or Europeans.

Asia is the ancient home of civilization. The history of the settlement of Europe by tribes moving westward from Asia and the effect of their customs and industries upon the barbarian inhabitants of that continent have been carefully traced, and are a most interesting study.

At the present time, however, Asia is far behind Europe and America in civilization.

This is the land where gunpowder and the mariner's compass were invented; where, it is claimed, the arts of printing and paper making were discovered; where spinning and weaving have been known for more than two thousand years; and where the art of making finely tempered steel reached its highest development. The swords of Damascus and the silks and porcelains of China have never been surpassed.

While the peoples of other lands have been quick to invent and to improve machinery, the peoples of Asia have made no such progress; but the same slow, clumsy methods of work are practiced to-day which were in use centuries ago. If we visit the countries of Asia, we shall find the people doing their work in the same way it has been done for generations. There have been no improvements for ages either in utensils or in the ways of using them.

It seems as if the people of Asia reached a certain degree of attainment, and, with the exception of the Japanese, were content to make no further progress. They had shut themselves within their walled cities and had said to the rest of the world, "We wish to have nothing to do with you." But Europe and America have knocked at their gates until now they are wide open. To-day, ships from the principal nations of the earth are to be seen in the harbors where but a few years ago no foreigner was allowed to enter.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

ONE of the best-known countries of Asia occupies the great central peninsula. This is India, the land famed from earliest times for its costly shawls, its rich silks, and its precious gems. It is the land, too, as we shall see, of strange peoples, and the home of ancient religions.

The natural boundaries of India shut it off from the rest of the continent. On the north rise the great mountain walls of the Himalayas, separating it from the plateau of Tibet.

Its eastern shores are washed by the Bay of Bengal, and the blue waters of the Arabian Sea break along its western coast. It is like a great wedge extending far into the Indian Ocean.

"Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Here down the wastes of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named;
Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domain display,
And many a league far to the south they bend
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose
In conic form, the Indian regions close."

India is as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, and is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. It has a population of

290,000,000, or more than four times as many people as there are in the whole United States.

In the northern part of this great Indian peninsula are, as we already know, the Himalayan mountains. The word "Himalaya" means "The Abode of Snow," and well do these grand mountains merit the name, for their lofty heights are always crowned with snow.

From the foot of this majestic mountain range the great plains of India stretch far away to the south. They extend to the Vindhya Hills on the south, and from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea, including the most fertile, as well as the most densely populated, provinces of India. The country inclosed by these northern river plains is generally called Hindustan.

South of the plains the land rises to a rugged table-land, occupying nearly the whole of the southern half of the peninsula. This region, known as Deccan, or the South-land, is triangular in shape and bounded on all sides by low mountain ranges.

To the east and west, these mountains are called the Ghauts. Between the Ghauts and the sea, a narrow belt of land runs around the peninsula.

Thus we see these three great natural divisions in India, — the mountains on the north, the great plains in the central part, and the table-land of Deccan to the south.

The Himalayan mountain range is the grandest in the world. It is nearly two thousand miles long, one hundred and fifty miles broad, and includes peak after peak higher than Mt. Blanc, towering in "serried ranks" to the loftiest summit, Mt. Everest, which is

more than 29,000 feet above the level of the sea. One of the glaciers of this mountain range is sixty miles in length.

These rugged mountains have always proved an impassable barrier to an invading army from the north; but small companies of traders from Tibet are able, at times, to make their way through the dangerous mountain passes. On the northwestern frontier of India, at the extreme end of the Himalayas, is found the only point of entrance for a hostile force. It is the famous Khyber Pass. Through this deep mountain gorge all the earlier conquerors of India made their way. A strong garrison of British troops now guards this pass to prevent the inroad of any hostile force.

Although peace and contentment seem to reign supreme in this distant military station, the watchful care of the mountain passes is never relaxed.

The Himalayas not only protect India from outside foes, but are the direct and necessary cause of its great fertility. Under the tropical heat of the sun vast quantities of moisture are drawn from the distant Indian Ocean. The *monsoon*, or south wind, drives this moisture in dense clouds northwards across India, until, reaching the Himalayas, it descends either as rain or snow.

These torrents of rain, collecting into rapid mountain brooks, soon unite with larger streams and, in time, form the great rivers which make the land of India one of the most fertile of the divisions of the globe.

Of the great rivers which spring from the heart of

these mountains, three, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra, are of the greatest importance to India.

The Ganges is the most notable of these great rivers. Rising, as it does, thousands of feet above the level of the sea, amid the snow-crowned peaks of the Himalayas, what wonder that the early peoples of India thought it came directly from heaven, and so made it an object of sacred worship!

The Ganges is to India what the Nile is to Egypt; giving great fertility to the country through which it flows, and affording a highway for the commerce of the large cities which naturally have been founded upon its banks. Flowing southeastwards for 1500 miles, it empties its turbid waters through a vast network of channels into the Bay of Bengal.

The northwestern part of the river plains is called the Punjab, or "the land of the five rivers." These five rivers, flowing through this country, unite with the Indus. The Indus is the largest of the great rivers of India. Crossing the northwestern provinces of Hindustan, this magnificent river reaches the Arabian Sea about 1800 miles from its source in the snow fields of the Himalayas.

Many of the early invasions of India, as we have already learned, were made through the famous Khyber Pass, in the northwestern corner, where modern Afghanistan now bounds the country. The advancing armies were soon checked by the broad Indus. In this way foreign peoples came to know this river, and gave its name to the land beyond; hence the name *India*.

One of the upper tributaries of the Indus flows

through the "beautiful Vale of Cashmere," famed in song and story for its picturesque scenery, and noted for its production of the costly Cashmere shawls.

The third great river, the Brahmaputra, also takes its rise in the northern valley of the Himalayas, and,

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

flowing through hidden passes toward the eastern end of the mountains, makes its way across the eastern slope of India. At a distance of two hundred miles from the sea it joins the Ganges. The Brahmaputra is nearly equal in length to the Indus.

These rivers and their tributaries, as we have seen, are made to rise rapidly during the rainy season, and,

rushing down the mountain sides, they bring vast quantities of earth to be deposited on the plains below, thus year by year enriching the soil. A knowledge of these facts explains the luxuriant vegetation for which India is famous.

There are three seasons in India, — the hot, the rainy, and the cold. During the hot weather, especially on the plains, the heat is so intense that it is not safe for Europeans to be long exposed to it. The hot season extends from the middle of March to the middle of June, when the heat is at its height. This is followed by the rainy season, lasting until the end of September. During this season the sky is hidden by clouds which the monsoon drives towards the mountains; terrific thunderstorms are frequent, and the heavy rainfall refreshes the land after the scorching heat of summer.

The rainy season is followed by a short period of moderate heat; and then come the winter months, November, December, and January. Except in the vicinity of the mountains, the winter can hardly be compared to our idea of the same season, but is, rather, what in our land would be considered moderately cool weather.

The vegetation of India is as varied as the surface and the climate. All the southern slopes of the Himalayas are covered with forests of cedar and spruce, and with the oak, the fir, and the pine. Many of the trees grow to enormous size, and in springtime are festooned with all kinds of beautiful creeping plants and garlands of brilliant orchids. There are hundreds of square miles of rhododendrons with their glossy green leaves. Below these are masses of white clematis, with blos-

soms three inches in diameter, and many other varieties of beautiful flowering shrubs. What a delight it would be to gather a Himalayan bouquet!

Here, too, are the jungles. You have all read of these Indian jungles, but do you know what they are like? The word "jungle" comes from a word meaning *a desert*, but a jungle is not a barren, sandy desert. It is a tract of waste land densely covered with shrubs and tall grasses. Here and there are a few trees, covered with creeping vines and growing in a wild tangle of underbrush.

The variety of grasses is surprising. Gather a bunch of our prairie grasses, or go into the meadows and fields and count the varieties of grass you find. You will doubtless be surprised at the number. Now add many varieties you have never seen, many of them topped with waving plumes, and imagine them all ten or twelve feet high, growing together in densest luxuriance, and you will have some idea of the grasses in an Indian jungle. The undergrowth and thick grass furnish a hiding place for many wild animals.

These jungles are to be found in many sections of India, but the most extensive are at the base of the Himalayas and along the lower course of the Ganges.

No description of the vegetation of India, however brief, can omit the all-important bamboo. On the plains and in the rich valleys the bamboo grows in great luxuriance. A clump of bamboos is a beautiful sight. They remind one of great ostrich plumes, as their delicate, feathery tops bend and wave with every passing breeze. The bamboo is really a giant grass

rather than a tree. The larger ones are four or five inches in diameter at the base, and grow forty or fifty feet high, with joints two or three feet apart.

Along the coast lands the cocoa palm is abundant, and of great value to the people. It furnishes them food and shelter, and, like the bamboo, it is used for an endless variety of purposes.

Our poet Whittier sings its praises in his poem "The Palm Tree."

* * * * * * *

"Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

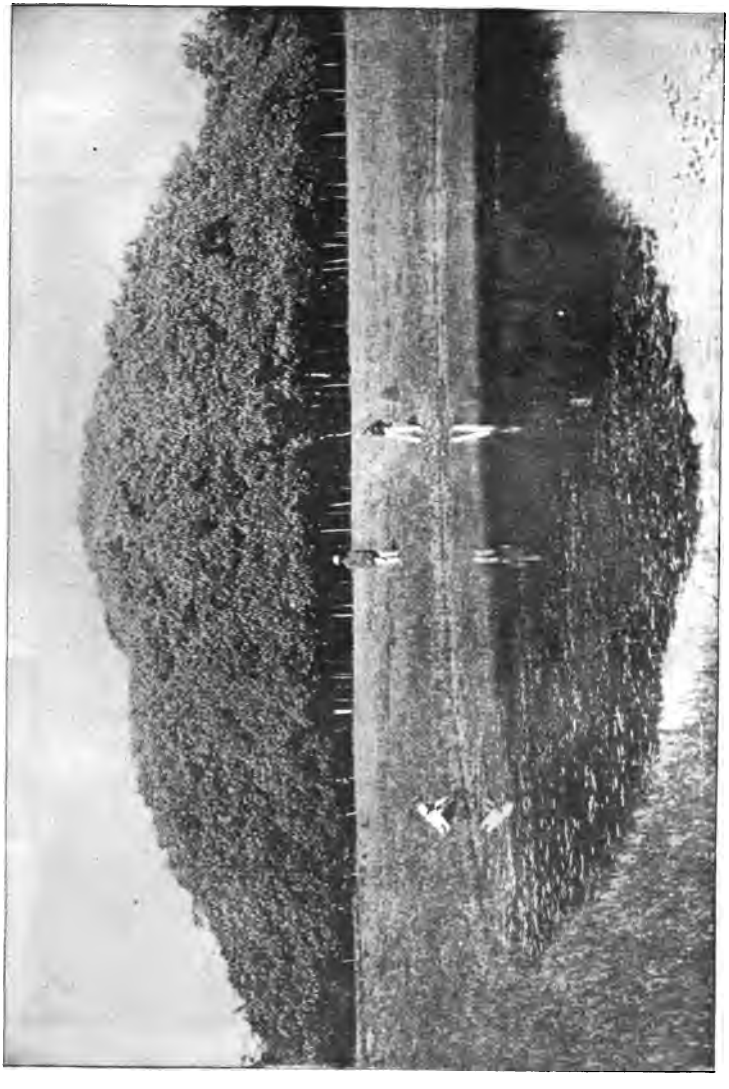
* * * * * * *

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!"

The wide-spreading banyan tree is planted in many parts of India for its grateful shade. Single trees of this species often cover a space over one hundred yards in diameter, and rise to the height of one hundred feet.

There is one plant, very largely cultivated in a portion of India, which is anything but a blessing to the vast multitudes that use it. On the southern slopes of the Himalayas and across the northern plains of India there are acres and acres brilliant with poppy blossoms. It is a beautiful sight, and one can hardly believe that



A BANYAN TREE.

this is the plant which produces the deadly opium. It is for this fatal drug, however, that these vast fields are cultivated.

Several times a day long lines of natives may be seen slowly traversing these fields of poppies. The first man carries a sharp knife with which he makes several cuts along the sides of the poppy pods. By the time the second man comes along a little drop of creamy white sap has run out from each cut, and this he carefully scrapes off into a cup. This seems an extremely slow way of obtaining the poppy juice, and yet the quantity secured in this very way is so great that thousands of pounds of opium are sent out from India every year. The larger part is sold to the Chinese, and is, as we shall see, a great curse to that people. The manufacture and sale of opium are under the control of the government, and permission must be obtained from it even to raise the plant.

A few of the almost numberless crops of India are wheat, barley, rice, cotton, indigo, various kinds of spices, dyestuffs, and jute. In the northern region, near the mountains, the tea plant is successfully cultivated, and is adding to the wealth of this part of the country every year.

The animal life of no country in the world is more interesting than that of India. Every boy and girl has read stories of jungle life, and is familiar with the names and characteristics of the principal animals of the Indian Empire.

Although the elephant and the tiger are more im-

portant in our estimation, we find, by a little study of the animal life of India, that we must give to the monkey the first place in our list. This is because monkeys are held in great reverence by the Hindus, and are very numerous in all parts of India.

There are many different kinds of monkeys, and, as we shall see a little later, they are worshiped in temples by the ignorant and superstitious Hindus.

In some parts of India great troops of monkeys come bounding along with an air of interest and curiosity to see the railway trains pass. Their agility is most wonderful. The long-armed apes will swing themselves from branch to branch with such amazing rapidity that they seem almost to fly through the forest. They feed on fruit, leaves, insects, birds' eggs, and young birds. From daybreak till noon, and again towards sunset, they give forth their powerful cries.

Many very interesting stories are told of the habits of these animals.

In some towns, especially where Hindus are numerous, the shopkeepers suffer great losses because of thievish monkeys always on the alert to seize anything left unprotected.

"A stout grocer nodding among his baskets, — while a monkey, intently watching the sleeper's face, rapidly stuffs his cheek-pouches with grain, — is a common sight, as well as a comical one."

Of late years the tradesmen in cities have felt that there are too many sacred monkeys abroad, and have ventured on proceedings that would not have been tolerated in former days. Numbers of the marauders

have been caught, caged, and sent on bullock carts to places many miles distant. There they have been let loose; but, as the empty carts returned, the monkeys, quick to perceive and defeat the plan of their enemies, bounded gayly alongside, and trooped in through the city gates with the air of a holiday party returning from a picnic!

The most noticeable wild animals, after monkeys, are the beasts of prey.

In former times the fierce lion was common in the jungles of India, but in these later years "the king of the forest" is becoming rare in this land.

Tigers, however, are still abundant in many parts. In the forests, at the base of the Himálayas, tigers are common. They have entirely disappeared throughout a large area of central India and from many parts of Bengal.

Tigers roam the forests at night, and rest during the day. They swim well and will frequently cross rivers. The ordinary game-eating tiger lives mainly on deer and pigs, and avoids the neighborhood of villages. The dreaded man-eater, or fierce tiger, will, when forced by hunger, attack a man in the fields. The destruction of human life by tigers is still considerable in India.

Leopards, which are generally distributed throughout India and Ceylon, are even a greater scourge than tigers owing to their superior courage.

The chetah, or hunting leopard, roams throughout a great portion of the peninsula. This animal can be tamed, and is then as gentle as a dog. When taken to hunt, the chetah is blindfolded, and fastened by a

leather belt to the [illegible] which it is driven out to the neighborhood of the [illegible] is to catch. When loosed, the cheetah springs toward his prey, and holds it till the keepers come up.

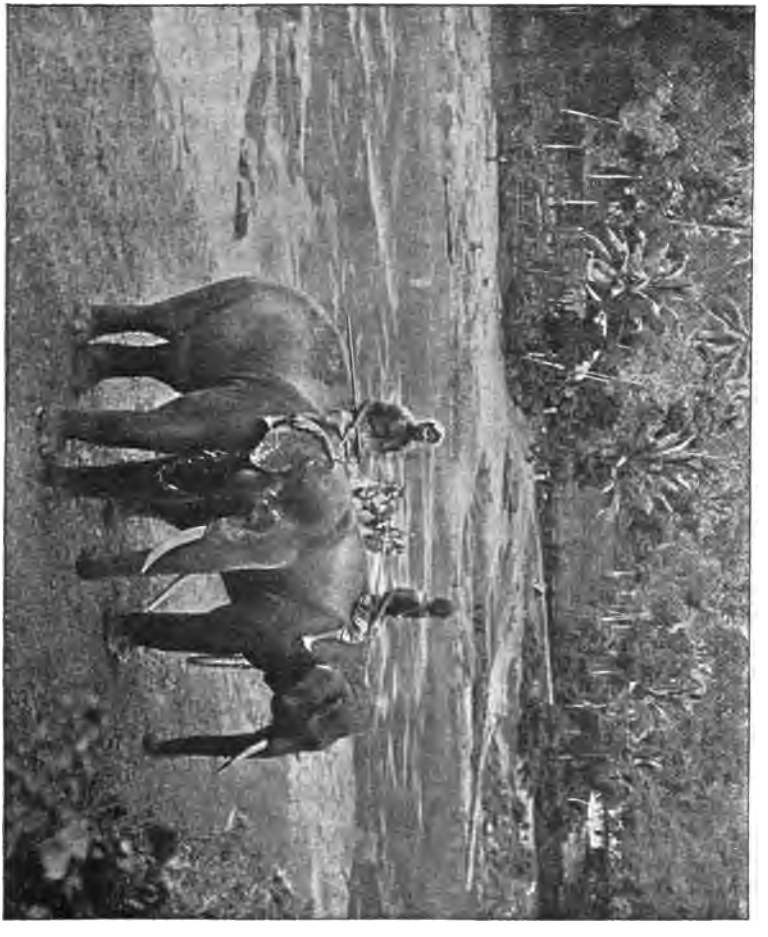
Other fierce animals are striped hyenas, wolves, and jackals.

Bears are quite common in the forests throughout India. The black bears found in the region of the Himalayas are very fierce, and they are feared by the natives even more than the tiger.

The sloth bear roams the forests from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and is one of the most remarkable animals in India. It feeds on white ants, and searches far and wide for the high ant-hills made by these busy insects. It lays bare, with its long, curved claws, the large cells at the bottom of each nest, and quickly devours the tiny inhabitants.

The noblest, the largest, and the most characteristic animal of India is the elephant. In the jungles at the base of the Himalayas, in the forests further south, and in Ceylon, this wonderful animal is still found wild. We will not describe the elephant more fully here as we shall learn of the many and valued services of "My Lord Elephant," as the Hindus call him, in our travels through Asia.

One cannot travel far in India without hearing the cry of the jackal, that animal which "the wolves despise because he runs about making mischief and telling tales, and eating rags and pieces of leather from the village heads." This we are told in "The Jungle Book," that thrilling story of animal life in India.



INDIAN ELEPHANTS.

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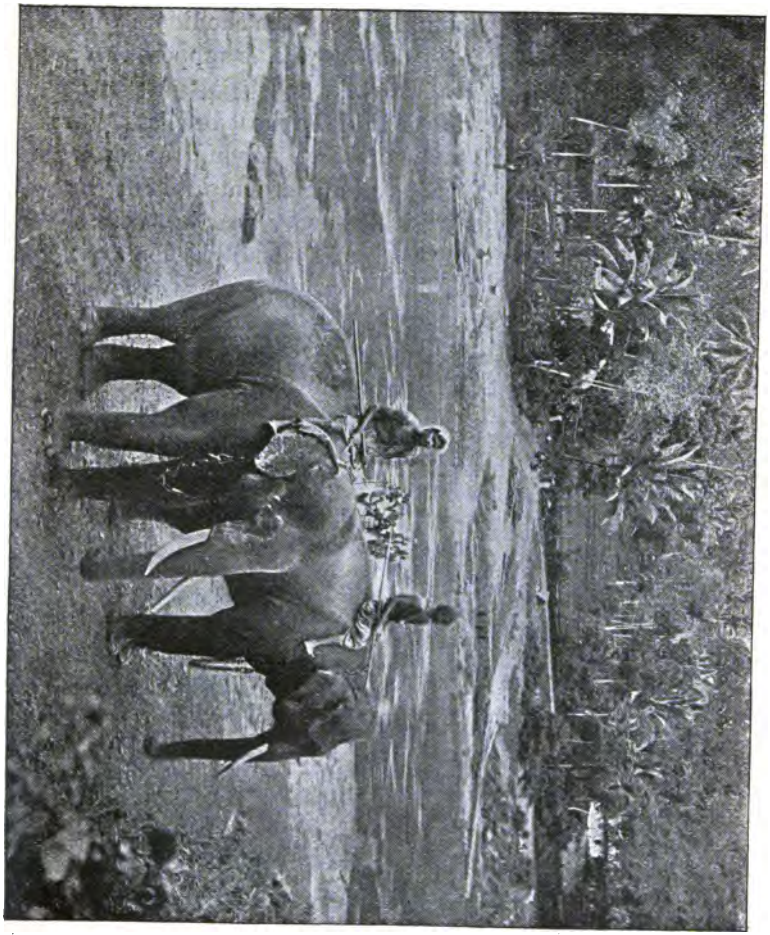


INDIAN ELEPHANTS.

The most sacred of all the four-footed animals in this land are the common humped cattle. These animals have a great fleshy hump between the shoulders which, like that of the camel and the yak, is supposed to act as a reservoir of food and drink.

In this land there are birds of the most brilliant plumage, and reptiles without number. Among the latter is the cobra, the most dreaded of all serpents. Many hundreds of the natives are killed every year by these serpents, so numerous are they, and so deadly is their sting.

The mineral wealth of India is mostly to be found in the plateau of Deccan. Coal is mined there, and beds of iron ore and copper are worked to some extent. Within this district was the once famous kingdom of Golconda, so noted for its trade in diamonds. In the river beds gold has been found, and now gold mining is made a profitable industry.

We may well think of India as a miniature of the whole earth, since within its borders are to be found every variety of surface as well as of climate. Here are snow-capped mountains, forest-clad hills, deep valleys, broad plateaus, barren deserts, and fertile plains. In going a distance of a few hundred miles, from the valley of the Ganges to the summit of the Himalayas, one may pass from the heat of the torrid zone to the region of eternal snow.

The native population of India is principally divided into two great sects, the Hindu and the Mohammedan. But there are among these people very many classes, speaking more than a hundred different tongues and

dialects. The early history of these races, their wars, the establishment of the empire of the Great Moguls, and the conquest of the land by the English, is a fascinating story, and we shall read it, in part at least, later on in our journey through India.

What is the present government of India? This great land, with its fruitful plains and navigable rivers, its stores of precious gems and costly fabrics, and its millions of dark-skinned inhabitants, belongs to the empire of Great Britain. It has been called "the richest jewel in Queen Victoria's crown."

To tell how England gained control of this far-away land would introduce to us many important and thrilling events in the history of India. The names of John and Sebastian Cabot are associated with the early history of our own country. We know of their explorations along the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Virginia, and that this was not the discovery they had hoped to make. They sailed from England expecting to reach the East Indies by passing through some unknown channel in the Arctic Ocean to the north of the New World. They failed in their attempt to open a new way to the Far East, but gained lasting fame in the history of America. From this earliest effort by Englishmen to find a shorter route to India, to their final conquest of that vast empire, is a long story, and we can take time only to glance at a few of the most important events that occurred in that eventful period.

In 1600 a company of English merchants were given a royal charter for the purpose of trading with the East Indies. Here was the beginning of the famous East

India Company, destined to become, in time, one of the greatest commercial powers of the world.

The first object of the great Company was to control trade with India. Little by little the territory of most value for commercial purposes was acquired, and thus the power of the Company was established in this remote land. Forts were built and an army was formed, to protect the English settlements and to make new conquests. From these small beginnings nearly the whole of central and southern India came under the power of the East India Company.

Among the noted governors of the great Company, the names of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings are the most famous. The foundations of British rule in India were laid broad and deep by these men and their associates.

After a history of more than two hundred and fifty years, the rule of the East India Company ended with the terrible Sepoy Mutiny, of which we shall learn more later, and the government of British India was then transferred to the English crown.

On New Year's Day, 1877, Queen Victoria was formally proclaimed Empress of India.

The government of India is now under the immediate authority of a governor general, appointed by the queen, and a council of fifteen members. The governor general bears the title of Viceroy. The whole country is divided into provinces, each of which has a governor acting under the direction of the Viceroy.

There are numerous small states which still have their native rulers. These kings and princes are

called Rajahs. They are rulers only in name, but are allowed to live in their palaces, in all their former luxury, so long as they obey English rule. Several of these native princes attended the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, in 1893, and then made a tour of our country, visiting the principal cities.

With this brief survey of the Indian Empire, we are to visit this ancient land, see a few of its interesting cities, learn something of the manners and customs of its strange peoples, and look with wonder upon its splendid palaces, temples, and tombs.

CHAPTER III.

THE WESTERN GATE OF INDIA.

STATELY Bombay is the second city in size in the whole British Empire, and has been appropriately called the Western Gate of India. It is exceeded in size by the city of London alone. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world, and well merits the name, said to have been given to it by early Portuguese sailors, of *Bom Bahia*, or "Beautiful Bay." It is crowded continually with the ships of all lands — China, Japan, Africa, and Australia, as well as England, America, and the countries of the Mediterranean.

The commercial supremacy of Bombay is due largely to its favorable situation. It is the first important port in India reached by steamers from Europe, and, since the opening of the Suez Canal, it has grown rapidly,

until it is now the most important modern city in Asia.

Bombay is situated upon an island about eighteen miles square, not far from the mainland, to which it is joined by a breakwater, or embankment. As we enter the harbor we seem to be approaching an English city. Our attention is attracted at once by the fine docks extending along the city front, the massive warehouses, and the immense public buildings — all reminding us of Liverpool. Because of its commercial importance, Bombay is sometimes called the Liverpool of India. We soon learn that nearly all of these great docks and buildings have been made at an immense cost by the English people, and represent, in some degree, England's interest in the Indian Empire.

Our first experience on landing at Bombay is with the customhouse; and this, except for the presence of so many Hindus in native costume, is not a novelty, but is, in fact, attended with the vexatious confusion and delay common to all customhouses. Leaving the customhouse, we find ourselves within one of the most important and interesting quarters of the city — known as "The Fort." It is in reality the business section, and during business hours is a scene of incessant activity. Here is transacted the immense trade in cotton and other staples for which Bombay is a center.

"Go to The Fort at seven o'clock in the morning," says a recent writer, "and traverse those long, dark, narrow streets; you will find them abandoned, except by the policemen on duty. But about ten o'clock a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream! At the

extremity of the vast esplanade that surrounds it on three sides, appears an army of carriages conveying masters, employees, merchants, and purchasers.

"All direct their course to The Fort; the streets fill, and in a few minutes the silence gives place to the noise and tumult of a great busy town.

"At four o'clock a fresh change is seen. The population retire from The Fort with greater haste than they used in entering it; the carriages are filled; horsemen ride away; and files of natives, armed with umbrellas and clad in white, pass along the esplanade."

Near The Fort stand the mint, the banks, and the town hall.

As we go farther into the city we see, in the English quarter, broad streets; and here, too, are the buildings seen from the deck of our steamer, some of which on closer inspection we find to be noble works of architecture. Among these larger buildings are the post office, the university, and the government buildings. A splendid, white marble statue of the Empress of India, a gift to the city by one of the native princes, stands opposite the post office.

Strange as it may seem, we find in this far-away city of Bombay the largest and costliest railway station in the world. It is the terminus of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, which, with connecting lines, extends to nearly every part of India.

Among other evidences of modern civilization, we discover, to our surprise, that we can ride in the ordinary street cars — tram cars they are called here — to almost any section of the city. We learn later that

the credit for the introduction of the tramway system is due to an American, Mr. George Kittredge, a Boston man.

Notwithstanding all that has been done here by the English people, Bombay is still a Hindu city. On every hand we see crowds of dark-skinned natives, all wearing immense turbans and dressed in snowy white, but

RAILWAY STATION, BOMBAY.

with legs and feet bare. The heat is so intense that laboring people go about their work wearing very little clothing. One article of dress, however, is sure to be worn. This is the turban. It often contains as many yards of cloth as would suffice for a whole American costume. Among the wealthy classes the turban is often made of costly silk.

It is India we have traveled so many hundred miles to see, and so we soon turn aside from our survey of

the great buildings to visit the native quarter, where the many nationalities in this city can be seen to the best advantage. In a short time we find ourselves among the bazaars, as the shops are called. The streets are very narrow and are densely crowded.

The shopkeepers sit crosslegged among their goods, seeming never to be in a hurry about business; but let a customer appear, and they begin with great vigor to recommend their wares. Within these shops we see skilled workmen engaged in manufacturing various useful and ornamental articles. As everything is made by hand, the sight is very novel and interesting. These bazaars are like small rooms in the walls of the houses, and all are open in front. In them we find exposed for sale every sort of article used for food, clothing, household utensils, jewelry, sweetmeats, and a great variety of things new and strange to us.

We cannot go far in Bombay without asking the reason for many strange customs. For instance, we see tattooed upon the forehead of the turbaned Hindu a peculiar mark. This, we learn, is to indicate the particular god he worships, or the caste to which he belongs.

Every Hindu is born into a certain caste, from which he has no power to change. There are four principal castes, the Brahmins, the Warriors, the Merchants, and the Slaves. Below these castes are the Pariahs. These original or principal castes have been subdivided, until there are countless other and minor classes. The poor people do not all belong to the lower castes. The slaves, or Sudras, as they were

originally called, often possess great wealth, while many Brahmins are very poor.

No matter how poor the Brahmin or how rich the

HIGH CASTE GIRLS.

Sudra, the caste line is never forgotten. It would be impossible to enumerate the many rules and regulations which separate the different castes. A few of these rules may illustrate the strange caste distinctions

of the people of India. It is not allowable for members of a higher caste to touch food cooked by one of an inferior caste. In all places the people of a lower caste must give precedence to those of a higher caste. When a low caste man is walking in the street he must be careful lest even his shadow should fall on a Brahmin, as that would defile the high caste man.

A good story, proving the rigid lines dividing the castes, is told of two men, both belonging to the same caste, but representing different sections of it. Their food was prepared by a Brahmin cook, who, being of a higher caste, could not eat after them; while they, belonging to different sections of the same caste, could not eat together. The Brahmin cook therefore ate his dinner first, and then served up the remainder separately to the two friends, who sat at the table with a curtain hanging between them.

A woman who had been seriously hurt was left lying by the side of a street, as no one could be found immediately to aid her. "Why should we take care of her?" the people said, "she does not belong to our caste." Some one had, it seems, offered her a drink of rice water, but she would not touch it because the person offering it belonged to a lower caste than her own. To have taken the water would have been to lose her caste, and her husband and children would then have deserted her.

A brave soldier of the Punjab, a native officer, had been severely wounded in one of the battles of India. He cried out for water, but there was none to be had on the battlefield. At length a water carrier was seen

coming from a distance with a great water skin slung across his back. He was hurried to the side of the wounded soldier, and would gladly have given him the cooling water. The suffering native officer, however, turned his face aside and refused the water because his caste prejudices would not allow him to take food or drink from the hands of a low caste man.

These caste distinctions are gradually disappearing, as the people become more familiar with European customs and civilization.

No city of India has more delightful suburbs than Bombay. One of the most beautiful is a promontory, just outside the city, known as Malabar Hill. The road leading to it winds along the shore of the Arabian Sea, and is very picturesque. It is lined with beautiful trees, through which may be seen the fine villas or bungalows of the governor and other high officials, as well as those of the rich English merchants. The views of the ocean from this point are most attractive, and the cool breezes in the evening, after the sultry heat of the day, are invigorating.

The wealthy native merchants also make their homes among the groves of cocoanut palms on Malabar Hill.

Of all the native peoples in Bombay, the most interesting are the Parsees. There are great numbers of them in and about this city. They are successful business men, and, through their enterprise and intelligence, they have done much to develop the manufacturing and commercial interests of Bombay. The larger part of the cotton trade and the management of the great cotton mills are under their control.

In every particular the Parsees differ from the other peoples of India, most of whom are indolent and careless of the future; and we are, therefore, not surprised to learn that they inherited their enterprise and ability from another nation.

The Parsees are the descendants of the old sun worshipers of Persia, who were driven from their native land by the Mohammedans centuries ago. They settled in western India, and there, unmolested by the Hindus, they continued the strange religious customs which have made them a notable people in their adopted land.

The Parsee temples contain no images, but the "sacred fire" is always kept burning upon the altars. They say their fathers brought this fire with them from Persia and it has never been allowed to die out. The Parsees also revere earth, air, and water as sacred.

One very strange result of their belief is the way in which they dispose of their dead. On the summit of Malabar Hill, in the midst of a beautiful garden, are several low structures called "The Towers of Silence." Near by are groves of palm trees in which great flocks of vultures make their nests. When a Parsee dies, the body is borne by their priests into one of these towers and left there exposed upon an iron grating. As soon as the priests retire the vultures swoop down upon the body and in a very short time it is devoured.

However revolting this custom may seem to us, it is to the Parsees the only natural course to pursue. The body cannot be buried, as that would dishonor the

earth; it cannot be burned, because fire is too sacred to be employed for such a purpose; and it cannot be consigned to the ocean, since water, the emblem of purity, cannot be so defiled.

Many of the Parsees are very wealthy, and their homes are beautiful villas surrounded by large gar-

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

dens. They are a generous people, and have given large sums of money to build universities, schools, and hospitals.

One of the most curious places in Bombay is the Jain Hospital. The Jains are a sect of the Hindus who hold all animal life sacred, and for this reason they have built this hospital for aged and infirm animals.

Here are to be seen diseased cattle, blind cats, lame monkeys, — in fact, all manner of helpless beasts and birds.

There are but three of these hospitals in the whole country, and of these we read, "They are not hospitals in the true sense, but simply refuges for halt, maimed, diseased, and blind creatures for whom nobody cares. Reverence for life, among the Hindus, does not include the performance of acts of mercy. It is enough to save the animal from immediate death, and to place food within its reach."

A good Jain never sits down till he has swept the place, lest he crush some tiny animal. He strains all the water he drinks, and wears a cloth over his mouth to prevent the destruction of any animal life.

The story is told of a Jain priest who looked through a microscope and offered his whole fortune for it. The owner made him a present of it, whereupon the priest immediately crushed it to atoms to prevent any of his friends being made as wretched as he had been by seeing the minute forms of animal life that must be destroyed in water and food. These are but a few of the strange religious customs to be found in India.

It is a land of idols. The more ignorant people still bow with reverence before these hideous idols, and offer many sacrifices to gain the favor of their gods.

The influence of Christianity and the spread of education among these peoples are gradually breaking down their trust in idols, and building up their faith in God.

As the Hindu temples and the Mohammedan mosques are more interesting in other cities we shall visit, we will not delay to view those in Bombay.

Across the harbor are the famous rock caves of Elephanta, which every visitor to Bombay will wish to explore. Elephanta is a small island, only six miles distant from Bombay, and was so named from the huge stone figure of an elephant which once stood on its shore. Not far from the boat landing we come to the

THE ROCK CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

caves which were cut into the face of the solid rock centuries ago. We are surprised at the greatness of the works undertaken and completed by those early peoples. These caves were hollowed out for temples, and they yet contain many huge rock sculptures of the Hindu gods. The largest one of these caves is nearly one hundred and fifty feet square; and the

roof is sustained by huge pillars of rock, beautifully carved.

The massive figures of the gods, from twelve to twenty feet high, are ranged around the walls.

Underground temples are to be seen in several other places in India. Those at Ellora are the most noted. There, a solid mass of rock has been sculptured into the form of a great temple; large rooms have been hollowed out with patient care, and the whole is adorned with elaborate carving. It is like a magnificent cathedral carved out of one block of stone.

As we stand before these vast rock temples, we are amazed at the ingenuity and the patience of the builders, who did their work long years before our land had been discovered.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELING IN INDIA.

It is not many years since the Hindus looked with awe and wonder upon the locomotive, and thought it some evil spirit which the white man had tamed. They crowded about, eager to worship it; brought garlands of flowers to hang upon it; and begged to be allowed to smear it with red paint, as they do their gods.

Now, railroads and telegraph lines stretch across the country from east to west, and from north to south. It will not be many years before there will be a continuous line from Calais, in France, to Calcutta, and

the Viceroy of India will then receive his mail in eight days from London.

The Hindus have not been slow to recognize the advantages of railroads, and their desire to travel from one part of the country to another in so easy and rapid a manner has been a help toward breaking down the evils of the caste system. Among the many curious customs in India, we shall be interested in several to be seen in railway travel. The cars are similar to those common in European countries, having doors along the sides and being divided into sections. Some roads have separate cars for men and for women. One day an Englishman and his wife, who had been in India only a short time, entered a first class compartment and took their seats. In a few moments the guard, or conductor, appeared at the door and told the lady there was a seat for her in another carriage. She and her husband were much surprised, but they were obliged to comply with the rules of the road.

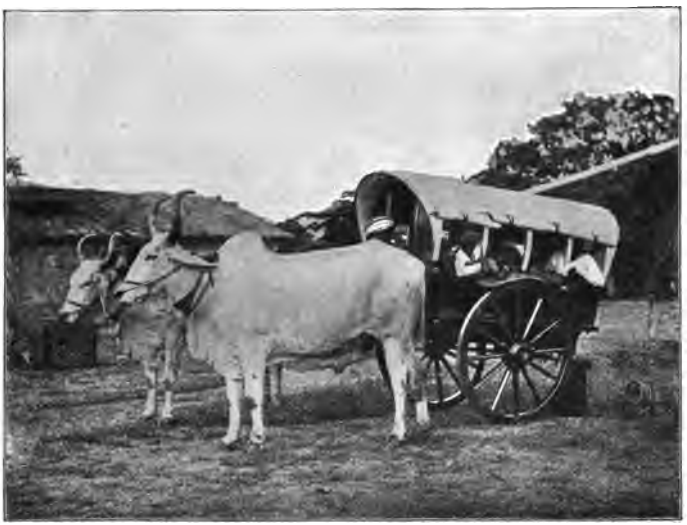
Wherever one travels in India, it is necessary to take at least one servant along to attend to all wants. Also if invited out to dine you must take your own servant to wait on you at the table.

It is customary for every traveler to carry a mattress and some bedding, as he finds, in the hotels and dâk bungalows where he is to stay, that only a bedstead is provided. The dâk bungalows, or wayside inns, were built by the English government for the accommodation of travelers by the post roads.

Before the English built the great railroads across India, the common modes of travel were by bullock

carts, on the backs of camels and elephants, by dâk carriages, and in palanquins. These have by no means disappeared, though they are passing away.

The bullock cart has been used from earliest times. It is a large covered wagon, mounted on heavy wheels, and is drawn by a pair of bullocks. It is not an easy



A BULLOCK CART.

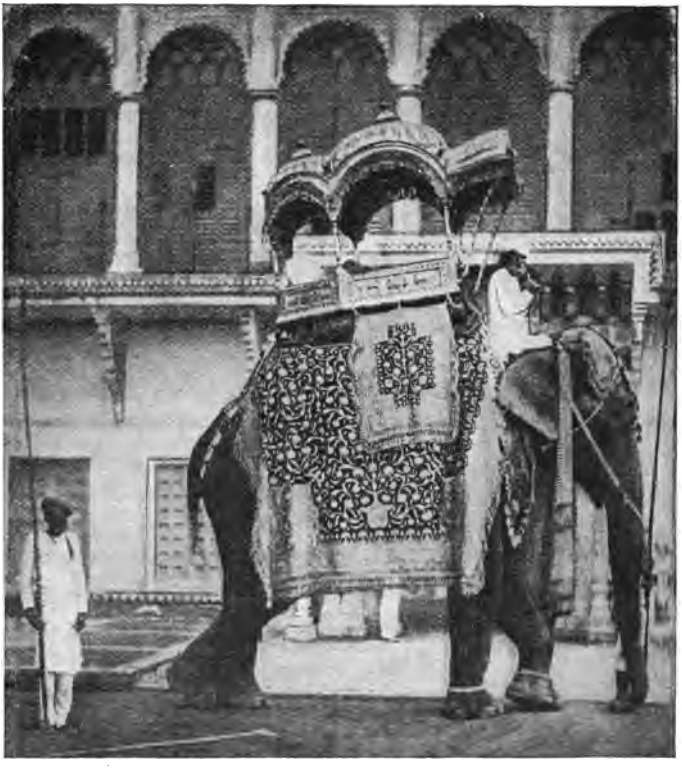
vehicle, and you would not care to ride far in it over rough roads. The creaking of the wooden wheels, which are never greased, is one of the characteristic sounds to be heard everywhere in India. The Indian bullock has a large, fleshy hump between the shoulders. In many parts of the country it is used in place of the horse, and is the common beast of burden in numer-

ous sections of Asia. The palanquin is like a sedan chair, and is borne by two or more carriers. It resembles a small cab mounted upon long carrying poles instead of wheels. The palanquin is frequently seen in narrow city streets where carriages are never allowed to go.

In days gone by elephants were much used for bearing burdens, and, especially in all great processions, for carrying the princes or chiefs. In many parts of India they are still used, and an elephant ride is one of the interesting experiences of a visit to this great country. Dressed for some state occasion, an elephant is a gorgeous sight. The *howdah*, or saddle, is often covered with silver, and its linings and cushions are made of the richest velvet. This magnificent couch rests on a velvet quilt, and on either side a velvet cloth, embroidered in gold, hangs to the ground. On the elephant's neck is placed a large silver chain from which hang many gold and silver ornaments, and his great flapping ears are pierced and hung with jewels and rings. The number of elephants owned by a man was once the measure of his wealth, as was the number of fine horses owned by an Arab chief.

While it is true of any country that to see the real life of the people one must visit not the cities alone, but the smallest hamlets, it is doubly true of India. The vast majority of the inhabitants of India live in small villages, and a glance at this village system will show us more of the native customs than we can possibly see in the cities. In India a village is not a

collection of houses, with a schoolhouse, a church, and a store. It is rather a tract of land varying in size from two hundred to five hundred acres, on which is



A STATE ELEPHANT.

a cluster of fifty or sixty small houses surrounded by mango, tamarind, cocoanut, and other native trees.

In the poorer parts of India these houses are built

with mud walls, and the roofs are made of a few bamboo poles covered with thatch. In these mud houses, in which millions of the natives live, there is little that can be called furniture. There are no chairs, for the Hindu sits on the floor; no table, for he eats his simple food from plantain leaves laid on the floor; no bed, but in its place a mat woven of palm leaves, which is spread on the floor at night and rolled in a corner during the day.

Each village resembles a large family. There is a headman, or chief, to whom all matters of importance are referred. He settles all disputes. In every village is to be found a Brahmin astrologer, a schoolmaster, a physician, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a washerman, and a potter, each of whom is employed at his trade by the whole village. The Brahmin is held in great respect, and no villager thinks of sowing or reaping, buying a bullock, building a house, or undertaking any other important work, without first consulting him.

Vast numbers of the lowest caste in India, so great is their faith in the Brahmins, believe every word of their Hindu scriptures, which say, —

"Before the Brahmins bow with awe,
Esteem their every word as law,
For they shall prosper all, who treat
The Priests with filial reverence meet.

"Yea, though they servile tasks pursue,
To Brahmins high esteem is due.
For be he stolid as a clod
A Brahmin is a mighty god."

The schoolmaster is also highly esteemed. Only boys attend the native schools. A Hindu boy goes to school before six o'clock, returns to his home at nine for breakfast, goes to school again at ten, and remains until two; at three he must be in school again, and remain until dark. If you were to visit one of these schools, you would find the boys sitting on the floor, not in classes, but each one by himself, either studying aloud or reciting. The teacher's care of the boys does not end when school is over, but extends even into his home. For instance, if a boy is ill and refuses to take bitter medicine, the schoolmaster is sent for to give it to him.

There are thousands of villages all over southern India. They never change in size, for, like bees in a hive, as soon as the village increases beyond the customary number, the people separate and start a new village.

Southern India is the place to see real Hindu life. The people live as their ancestors have lived for centuries. Their ancient temples and religious customs remain the same from age to age. If you ask a Hindu boy why he does a certain thing, he will be quite sure to answer that his father did the same, and it is the custom among his people.

A tour through this country, at some distance from the railroads, makes us familiar with customs so different from any we have seen in other lands that it is easy to imagine ourselves to be living in the far-distant past.

Northern India has been much changed by Mohammedan influences. The ancient temples have been

destroyed, and mosques have been built in their place. The people who live in sight of the great mountains on the north are more hardy than the natives of the hotter regions of the south. The Punjab was the last great Indian province to come under British control.

If England was to maintain her power in India, the conquest of the Punjab was of the first importance, for here is the western gate to be guarded against invasion. There were many hard-fought battles before these fierce fighters of the north were conquered.

It was through this part of India that the conquerors of earlier days had come on their way to the rich plains of the south. It has been a battle ground since the days of the Aryans. Here Alexander the Great came with his Grecian forces; and here, too, centuries later, the conquerors of India came and established their splendid empire.

Among these hardy tribes of northern Hindustan are the famed Sikhs of the Punjab, who make the best soldiers of the native army in India. The military spirit of these men has been described by the poet, who represents one of these Sikhs saying, —

"My father was an Afghan, he came from Kandahar,
He rode with Mirza Ameer Khan in the great Mahratta war,
From Deccan to the Himalay, five hundred of our clan;
They ask'd no leave of king or chief, as they swept through Hindustan."

The northwest portion of the Punjab is crossed by high mountain spurs from the Himalayas. Between the mountain ranges are deep valleys.

To the south, the country is quite level.

The five great rivers which give to the province its name furnish an abundant supply for the irrigation of the sandy plains, so that large crops of wheat, sugar, indigo, and cotton, together with fruits and vegetables of many kinds, are raised.

Lahore is the capital of this province. It is a very old city, and was at one time a much larger city than it is to-day. There have been many cities on the site of the present one, and the ruins to be seen in some places show a little of the former magnificence of its buildings.

Not far to the south of Lahore is Amritsar, one of the richest cities of northern India. It is the great religious center of the Sikhs, and is especially noted for its beautiful temple. In the middle of a small, artificial lake stands the Temple of Gold. It is built of marble, and is richly carved. The central roof is covered with purest gold, which reflects the sunlight, making the scene one of dazzling brightness. All around the lake runs a marble walk, and facing it are the homes of many faithful Sikhs who deem it a rare blessing to live in sight of their sacred temple. (See page 95.)

Among the notable cities to be seen in this part of India is Jeypore. We are surprised at the magnificence of the city, and interested in the people who crowd the streets. In the great squares, formed where the main avenues cross each other at right angles, are beautiful fountains and tanks. Temples and palaces are built in an imposing array around these squares. Just before sunset, these avenues are crowded with all classes of people, — merchants, nobles, and idlers; and patient

camels laden with goods, and great elephants bearing richly decorated howdahs, pass slowly through the crowded streets.

Vast numbers of pigeons are here maintained at the public expense, and are fed daily by the fakirs in the

A STREET IN JEYPORE.

squares. It is a sight worth going a long distance to see. The streets of Jeypore afford us a picture of life such as we have seen in no other country, and it prepares us for the many strange scenes we are to witness in the land that lies before us.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAND OF THE GREAT MOGULS.

THERE are few chapters in history more interesting than the story of the Mohammedan conquest of northern India. Here, a short time after the discovery of America, was established the empire of the Great Moguls.

A simple description of the splendor of these powerful rulers, their gorgeous palaces, and their beautiful mosques built of marble and richly decorated with gold and gems, reads like pages from the Arabian Nights' Tales. Here are to be seen ruins of palaces, tombs, and mosques, quite as interesting as any in England or on the banks of the Rhine. But all these remarkable structures are not ruins. Many splendid palaces and beautiful columns, as well as magnificent tombs of kings and queens, remain nearly as perfect as they were in the time of the great rulers by whom they were built.

Delhi and Agra were the centers of Mohammedan power. Delhi was the capital city till Akbar the Great removed the seat of government to Agra. Years afterwards, his son, Shah Jehan, made Delhi again the capital, and it so remained until the whole country came under English rule.

Delhi is one of the most interesting cities in Asia. It is a very old city. Its history runs back to a time hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. Not Rome, nor Athens, nor Jerusalem can claim so great

antiquity. In some respects Delhi may be compared to Rome. It was once the proud capital of Asia, as Rome was of the Roman Empire.

At least three cities have occupied the site of the present Delhi. The plain for miles around is strewn with the ruins of mosques and tombs. The city is

THE TOMB OF HUMAYUN.

situated on the Jumna River, and is surrounded by a wall seven miles in length, through which are ten arched gateways. Entering through one of these, the Lahore Gate — now called the Victoria Gate — we find ourselves on the *Chandni Chouk*, or Silver Street, which is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable

thoroughfares of the world. It is nearly a mile in length, and through the middle of it runs an old aqueduct from which the people formerly obtained their supply of water. By means of this aqueduct the gardens and fields about Delhi were irrigated.

On either side of the street are the houses, with broad verandas, and the shops of the rich merchants. The shops are like square cells, or recesses, of almost uniform size. Here are for sale rich shawls, brocades, gold and silver embroidery, jewelry, metal work, carpets, pottery, and all the other beautiful wares for which India is noted. One is besieged on every side by shopkeepers, and urged to buy the wares which are so temptingly displayed.

Not content with seeking your trade in their shops, the shopkeepers will follow you in the streets, and will even send their assistants to your hotel with large packages of goods to display. With great patience they show articles of silver of the most beautiful workmanship, shawls, ivory paintings, rugs, and many other things to tempt the purchaser.

If, after all, you still refuse to buy anything, they pack up their wares quietly and politely leave you, but at the first opportunity they renew their efforts. They will even follow you to the train, when you are leaving the city, and there strive to sell something at a much reduced price. If they fail in this last attempt their politeness vanishes, and they then heap all kinds of Hindu curses on your head.

The streets of Delhi are crowded with people from every part of central and southern Asia. The native

costumes lend a picturesque appearance to the scene. Every visitor to Delhi visits the *Jâmi Musjid*, or Great Mosque, and the Imperial Palace of the Moguls. These are two of the principal attractions. There are as many as forty mosques in Delhi, but the Great Mosque surpasses them all. It stands in the center of the city, and, like all other mosques, is open at all hours.

The dark red sandstone of which it is built, with

GREAT MOSQUE, DELHI.

its white marble ornamentation, produces a fine effect. There are marble domes of dazzling whiteness, turrets, and minarets. From the summit of one of these tall minarets is to be seen the best view of Delhi.

Above all other attractions, our attention is chiefly given to the Great Palace. When occupied by the Mogul emperors, it was probably the most splendid palace in the world. It was built by Shah Jehan, the greatest of the imperial builders of India, whose name will always be associated with this magnificent

structure. Neglected as it has been much of the time since the downfall of the Mogul emperors, the Great Palace is even now worthy to rank among the most beautiful buildings of India.

As we gaze upon the mighty fortress, we realize more fully the stately pomp and grandeur of these old Mohammedan rulers. A French traveler, who visited Delhi during the reign of the Great Moguls, tells of the crowds of courtiers and soldiers in gorgeous attire, the tumult of palanquins, horses with nodding plumes, elephants with howdahs of ivory and gold, and slaves carrying richly embroidered parasols to protect their masters from the sun. Such was the sight which met the eye of the stranger as he approached the gate of the palace.

But no sooner had he entered the walls than all the joys of fairyland seemed to be realized. Marble-paved courts musical with fountains, and groves of orange and other spreading trees, were surrounded by pavilions which shone like structures of polished ivory.

This wonderful palace is three thousand feet long, and sixteen hundred feet wide. It is built around an open court in which as many as ten thousand horsemen could be mustered. The throne hall is empty now, but the description by one who saw it in its glory will help us to imagine something of its regal magnificence.

"The ceiling was covered with a tissue of gold and silver, of elegant workmanship, estimated at a value of five million dollars. Heavy silk draperies, festooned with chains of solid gold, hung in the arched entrances.

"In the center stood the wonder of wonders, the famous Peacock Throne. This throne of solid gold measured six feet in length and was five feet wide, forming a low, broad seat, the back of which spread out in the form of a peacock's tail. A dais in solid gold, bordered with a long fringe of pearls and resting upon twelve golden columns, covered the rear of the throne. The front was a canopy formed by two colossal velvet parasols embroidered with pearls, and their gold handles inlaid with diamonds."

The eyes of the peacock were represented by two immense diamonds. One of these diamonds was the Kohinur, or Mountain of Light, which has had a most interesting history. When the Mogul Empire was overthrown at Delhi, and the Peacock Throne spoiled of its wealth, the Kohinur was not to be found. The conqueror could not be satisfied without it. It had been concealed in the turban of the conquered emperor, but at last the secret of its hiding place was revealed.

How to obtain it, without insulting the royal prisoner, was the question. At a great ceremony the conqueror proposed to the Mogul emperor to exchange turbans as a pledge of good faith. This the poor man could not refuse to do; and so the priceless jewel passed into other hands. It was taken to Lahore and there remained until 1849, when the whole Punjab was taken under British rule. Then the East India Company received the famous diamond, with the understanding that it should be presented to Queen Victoria. It was placed in the care of an army officer, who afterwards became the famous Lord Lawrence. Thus, after

having been for centuries the cause of strife, and the spoil of one conqueror after another, this famous gem passed into the possession of a powerful nation, whose greatness had, in large measure, been gained since the Kohinur was discovered. It now occupies a conspicuous place among the crown jewels of England.

There is one more sight which must be seen before leaving Delhi. This is a great tower called the *Kuttub-Minar*. Kuttub was one of the Mohammedan conquerors of Delhi. He, as did all the Mohammedan conquerors, turned the temples of the Hindus into quarries, and took the huge blocks of stone for the building of mosques.

The tradition is that this pillar was so transformed. It is covered from base to summit with broad bands of inscriptions, in Arabic, setting forth the praises of many emperors. The Hindus say that this tower was once a temple, and was built by a king to please his daughter. By ascending to its summit, she could worship the rising sun and behold its first gleam upon the sacred waters of the Jumna.

There are many reasons for believing that this gigantic pillar was built by the ancient Hindus. The carving on certain portions consists of clusters of bells, entirely different from Mohammedan art. The door faces to the north, which is the custom in all Hindu temples; while, if built by the Mohammedans of India, it would have faced to the west, or toward Mecca. Whoever built it, Mohammedan or Hindu, all are gone, and the splendid ruin alone remains to fill us with wonder and delight.

THE KUTTUB-MINAR.

This magnificent tower is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and is divided into five stories by projecting balconies. From its summit there is a fine

view of the whole Delhi plain, which is but a succession of ruined citadels and fortified palaces.

Near the Kuttub-Minar stands an iron pillar, which is one of the most curious things in India. It is interesting both because of the wonder as to its origin and the legend connected with it. It is a solid shaft of iron, sixteen inches in diameter, and stands twenty-two feet above the ground. How could such a large column have been forged without the aid of steam? It is a striking proof that the Hindus were skilled in one or more of "the lost arts."

The legend is, "that this pillar was erected in the sixth century. It went so deep into the ground that it pierced the head of the serpent god who supports the earth. The priests told the rajah that because of this his kingdom should endure forever. But the rajah was not satisfied, and so the column was dug up to see if the priests were right.

"The end was found to be covered with blood, and the priests then told the rajah his kingdom would soon pass away.

"The pillar was again planted deep, but this time it did not touch the serpent, and ever after was unsteady.

"So the priests named the place Dhilli, which means *unstable*, and prophesied that many evils would befall the rajah. He was killed soon after, and his kingdom was seized by the Mohammedans. Since that time no Hindu prince has reigned in Delhi."

Leaving Delhi, a journey of one hundred and thirty miles brings us to Agra, the second city both in size and importance in the Northwest Provinces. It is

situated on a great bend of the Jumna River. In many respects Agra is the most interesting place in all India.

In 1566 Akbar the Great removed the seat of government from Delhi to Agra, and, as his first great work, built the famous red sandstone fort which stands uninjured to the present day. The walls of the fort are about a mile and a half in circuit, and are eighty feet in height. The whole is surrounded by a wide moat, crossed by a drawbridge at the only entrance, which is called the Delhi Gate.

Within these walls are many beautiful and interesting buildings. Here is the Pearl Mosque (much larger and more beautiful than the one in Delhi), which was the private chapel of the Mogul emperors. Standing in the bright sunlight, the dazzling whiteness of this lovely building is simply blinding, and it can be viewed only through colored glasses. It is built entirely of white marble, and an inscription upon it informs us that it is "like a precious pearl, for no other mosque in the world is lined throughout with marble."

A short walk brings us to the emperor's palace, with its great corridors, its magnificent halls, its wide pavilions, and its marble baths. Within the great Audience Hall, the Prince of Wales, who may one day rule over a larger Indian Empire than that of the Mogul emperors, held a *durbar*, or public reception of the native princes, during his visit to India in 1876.

The great square of The Fort was where the emperors held their games, elephant tournaments, and other amusements; but it is now disfigured with ugly

brick buildings, or barracks, built by the English for their soldiers.

As we have already seen, beautiful buildings are quite common in other cities in India, but there is one structure in Agra which has no parallel in all India, and perhaps not in all the world. It is the Taj Mahal, the magnificent tomb erected by the emperor Shah Jehan in honor of his wife. It is more than three centuries and a half since this palace tomb was completed, and yet everything about it is as perfect as if the workmen had left it but yesterday. As we go from The Fort along the road leading to the Taj Mahal, we see before us its shining domes and minarets.

We gain some idea of the greatness and magnificence of this work when told that it required twenty thousand men more than twenty years to build it, and that its cost was fifteen million dollars. (See page 12.)

This wonderful structure stands upon the banks of the sacred Jumna, in the midst of a garden filled with orange and lemon trees, pomegranates, palms, and rare flowering shrubs. This garden is a third of a mile square, and is surrounded by a wall sixty feet high. Even the massive wall, built of red sandstone and inlaid with marble, is richly carved in every part.

Entering through a splendid gateway, which is in itself one of the most beautiful buildings in all India, we look down a long avenue of cypress trees to the great dome which, like a cloud of snowy whiteness, crowns the Taj Mahal.

The foundation on which the building stands is a marble platform nine hundred feet square and forty

feet high. At each of its four corners there is a marble minaret. These graceful minarets stand like sentinels about the grand central dome. The whole interior of the building is lined with mosaic work.

The Mohammedans were forbidden by their Koran to copy any natural forms, but, in spite of this fact, these decorations appear very lifelike.

We recognize wreaths of jessamine and clematis. The blossoms of the pomegranate and oleander, too, are easily distinguished. These are all made of separate stones inlaid in the polished marble. Each leaf and petal is a precious stone, and sometimes as many as a hundred different gems make up a single spray of blossoms.

There are agates, bloodstones, jasper, amethysts, lapis lazuli, onyx, and emeralds to be seen in these mosaics; while not a few more precious gems were used in the lavish decoration of these walls. Beneath the great central dome are two raised marble frames which cover the tombs of the emperor and his much loved wife.

A beautiful screen made of thick marble slabs, so carved and pierced with openwork patterns that it all appears like delicate lace, surrounds the marble tombs.

While standing here, let a few words be spoken, or a song be sung, and the notes come echoing and re-echoing from the lofty dome, like voices from that dim past to which this marvelous work belongs.

Fortunate is the visitor who is favored with a view of the Taj Mahal by moonlight; for then, as some one has aptly said, "it is a dream in marble."

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN THE GANGES.

ONE of the great railway centers of India is Allahabad. It stands at the junction of two sacred rivers and is, therefore, loved by the Hindus.

Here the clear water of the Jumna, flowing into the yellow, muddy Ganges, is seen keeping its own current for some distance, as if hesitating to mingle with that filthy stream.

Allahabad has great natural advantages of communication; hence it has become the halfway station between Bombay and Calcutta, and the starting point for all the cities of northern India. Just here the Jumna River is crossed by a great railway bridge.

The Brahmins declared that the gods would never tolerate a bridge over so sacred a stream; but, to their surprise, it was built, and it still spans the river in seeming security.

A great fair, or religious festival, is held every year, during the dry season, on the wide stretch of sand which is then to be found at the junction of the rivers. Pilgrims from all parts of the Empire come to this ancient festival, some to bathe in the holy waters; others, less religious, to sell their wares.

"Holy fairs" are held at various other places in India. One of the largest is at Hardwar, the city nearest to the source of the Ganges. The devout Hindu desires to visit Hardwar, and esteems it the highest privilege to be able to make a pilgrimage the

whole length of the river, visiting all the holy cities, and washing his sins away at every sacred bathing place from Hardwar to Calcutta.

To the fair at Hardwar, as to the one at Allahabad, come multitudes of pilgrims. Two hundred thousand people have often been known to gather at one of these fairs. Think what a large city is represented by that number of inhabitants!

As soon as the pilgrims and traders arrive, they pitch their tents by the river, and in a very short time the fair is well under way. The pilgrims are happy to be near their sacred river, and the traders are happy with thoughts of increased wealth.

These fairs present to a vast number of the village people the best market they ever see, and hence their trade is very large. Whole booths are devoted to the sale of hideous-looking idols. Sweetmeats of every description, dried fruits, jewelry, shawls, and all the other wares of native manufacture, as well as all kinds of European goods, are to be found in the tent bazaars.

The din made by the dealers is simply deafening. It seems, too, the less one has to sell the more he thinks it necessary to shout about it, so that the hullabaloo raised by the man whose whole stock in trade consists of one earthenware jar is quite overwhelming.

Allahabad seems destined to be a great commercial center. Besides its ready means of communication, it is surrounded by one of the most populous and fertile districts of all India. Great quantities of cotton, sugar, and indigo are raised here.

In this region there is a good opportunity to see the

real Indian bungalow. It is built one story high, with thatched roof and broad verandas. The ceiling is usually made of tightly stretched canvas, and you soon become aware that the space between the ceiling and the roof is the home of numberless small animals, — squirrels, lizards, and the like.

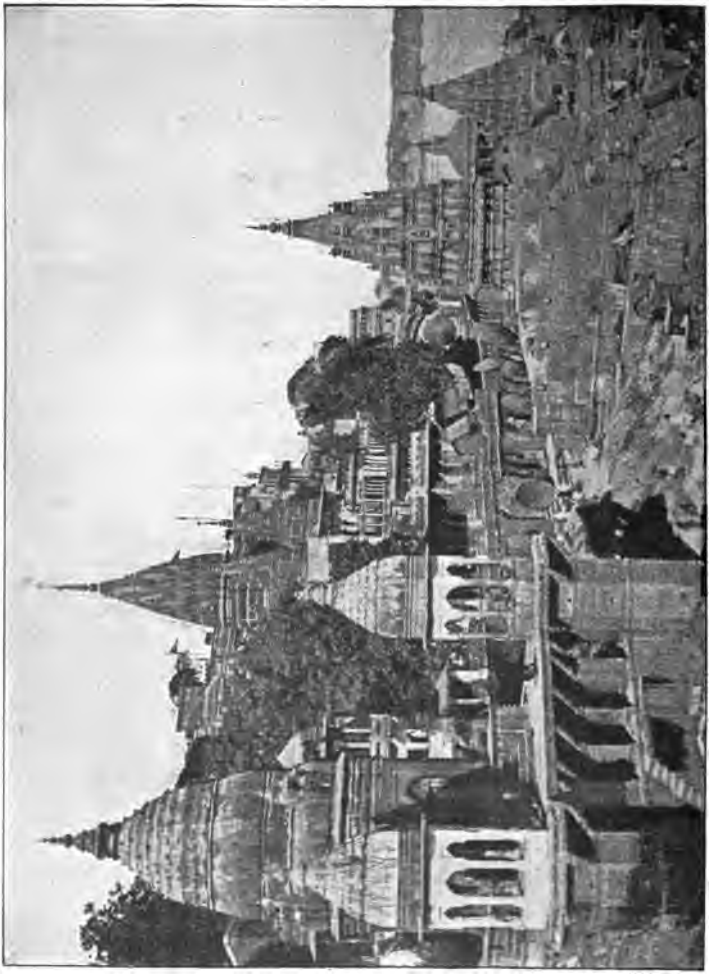
The house is divided into large, square rooms, provided with *charpoys* (the native name for a wooden bedstead) and deal tables. The floors are usually covered with straw matting. Opening out of each room is a bathroom, with jars of cool water ranged along one side. These jars are filled every morning by the water carriers.

A few hours' ride down the river from Allahabad we come to Benares, the sacred city of India. This is the place which every devout Hindu wishes to visit at least once during his lifetime.

Benares was conquered by the Moslems, and added to the Mogul Empire.

Here the great Aurungzebe built a mosque to establish the worship of "the true prophet"; but it was all in vain, as the Hindu, undisturbed by conquest, continued his faith in his gods Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma. Every year thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India come here. They come from far-away Himalayan villages, from the table-lands of Deccan, and from the lowlands of the coast.

In days gone by these pilgrimages caused much hardship, as the long journeys had to be made on foot, or in the rude, native conveyances. Now that so many parts of the country are traversed by railroads, the devout



TEMPLES IN BENARES.

Hindu who can afford it can accomplish the great desire of his life with comparative ease.

To bathe in the Ganges at any place is to the Hindu a choice blessing, but the water near Benares is supposed to possess special virtue. There are vast numbers of pilgrims even now who drag their weary limbs hundreds of miles to gain the blessings of their sacred river. Should the pilgrims be so worn and sick that, as often happens, they die in sight of the river, they are thought to be most fortunate, since this will gain for them immediate entrance into the regions of the blessed.

Benares is one of the oldest cities of India. It has been destroyed many times, but its temples and palaces have always been rebuilt. It is a city of temples. They are built for several miles along the Ganges, crowding close to the river's edge. Great flights of stone steps, called *ghats*, lead down to the water, and are covered at all times by devout pilgrims anxious to bathe in the sacred river. Besides the bathing ghats, there are the burning ghats, where the Hindus burn the bodies of their dead.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, in one of his letters from India, gives a vivid description of these scenes.

". . . This is the sacredest place in India. There are five thousand Hindu temples in Benares. You stumble at every step on a temple with its hideous idol. If you hear a gentleman or lady muttering behind you in the street, they are not abusing you, but only saying prayers to Vishnu or Siva, who has a little shrine somewhere in the back yard of the next house. There is one sweet temple to their monkey god, where they keep five hun-

dred monkeys. I went to this temple yesterday morning, and the little wretches were running over everything, and would hardly let you go, wanting you to feed them. They are so sacred that if you hurt one of them you would have an awful time.

". . . Then I went down to the Ganges, where hun-

BATHING GHATS ON THE GANGES.

dreds and hundreds of people were bathing in the sacred river. Pilgrims from all over India had come to wash their sins away, and were scrubbing themselves, as thick as they could stand, for two miles along the bank of the stream. . . .

"By and by we came to a place where in a little hollow

by the river's side a pile of wood was burning; two men were waving a big piece of cloth to fan the flame, and gradually as it burned you caught sight through the flame of a strange bundle lying in the midst of the wood and slowly catching fire. Then you knew that it was the funeral pile of some dead Hindu who had died happy in knowing that he would be burned beside the sacred river, and that his ashes would be mingled with its waters.

". . . While this was going on they had brought down the body of a child perhaps seven or eight years old, and for it they built another pile of wood close to the water. Then they took the body into the stream and bathed it for a moment, then brought it out and laid it on the wood. The father of the child went into the water and washed himself all over. After he came out, the priest at the altar chanted a prayer for him.

". . . They had covered the little body with a bright red cloth, and it was the prettiest funeral pile of all. By this time another body, a wasted and worn old man, had come, and they were already bathing him in the Ganges, while some men were gathering up the ashes (of somebody who was burned earlier in the day) and throwing them into the river, where they float to certain bliss. So it goes on all the time, while a great crowd is gathered around, some laughing, some praying, some trafficking, some begging."

It is for people believing in such heathen rites that earnest missionaries have labored for many years to make known to them the Christian faith. To aid in this good work, elementary schools have been estab-

lished in which more than two millions of the Hindu children are receiving an education.

Although the Hindu temples, the throngs of worshipers, and the strange scenes along the Ganges attract our first attention, they are not the only points of interest in Benares. In our walks about the crowded streets we see the fakirs, or religious devotees, the

HINDU DANCING GIRL.

snake charmers, the dancing girls, and beggars of every description.

The Far East is the home of conjurers and jugglers.

In all parts of India, in cities and by the village roadsides, these wandering magicians are to be met.

For a little money they will perform for us many astonishing tricks of magic. Things as marvelous as

many that are related in the Arabian Nights' Tales seem to be done before our eyes by these skillful performers.

One of the most remarkable performances of these conjurers is known as "the mango trick."

The mango is a delicious fruit grown in the East. Taking the stone of this fruit, the juggler will say, "Now, watch me, and see if I do not cause this stone to take root in the earth, and grow into a tree which shall bear fruit." We watch him carefully. The conjurer forms a little hill of soil, and in this he places the mango stone, at the same time chanting many a Hindu proverb. The whole is then covered with a cloth. After a few moments he uncovers the earth and we see that a little green shoot is pushing its way through the soil.

Again the cloth is spread, and the conjurer mutters many things to himself. When we look again we find that the little shoot has grown into a plant a few inches high. Gradually the plant becomes larger and larger, until it stands full-grown above the soil.

Perhaps the juggler will then turn to the people grouped about him, and, taking off his turban, a piece of muslin three yards in length, give one end to one person and the other to another, and then request a third party to cut the muslin right through the middle. When this has been done, the juggler, taking the two pieces and rubbing them in his hands, will spread out the turban as whole as it was at the beginning.

Another curious feat is to throw a cocoanut into the air and catch it on his head, when the nut shivers to fragments instead of breaking the juggler's head as might be expected.

Here is another story as related by a recent traveler:

"After this the juggler took a large earthen jar with wide mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water of course ran out. He then reversed the jar, which all present perceived to be quite full, and all the earth around was perfectly dry. He then emptied the jar and handed it round for inspection. He asked one of the company to fill it to the brim; after which he upset it, but not a drop of water flowed. Nevertheless, to the astonishment of all, the jar was quite empty.

"This trick was shown several times, and at last the juggler broke the jar to prove that it really was nothing but the ordinary earthenware that it appeared."

These, and many more tricks as wonderful, are performed in the open air, surrounded by spectators, and must be considered very remarkable exhibitions of skill.

Here in Benares, and, in fact, everywhere in India, are to be found wandering snake charmers, who, like the jugglers, for a trifling sum will favor you with an exhibition of their ability to charm the snakes, which they carry about in a basket or hidden away in their garments.

Taking these snakes out of the basket, and placing them on the ground, the snake charmers play weird music upon a curious native instrument, called a *tubri*. The effect of the music upon the snakes is wonderful; they raise their heads and sway backwards and forwards with a curious motion as if dancing.

Then one of the men seizes the nearest snake and

twines it about his neck; the next one he throws over his shoulders; and so on with others till the writhing, hissing reptiles seem to cover him completely.

The very thought of snakes is repulsive to us, and we find it difficult to understand that the natives of India can really worship such reptiles. Many of the

SNAKE CHARMERS.

people, for fear of them, do worship poisonous snakes, hoping thereby to escape the venom of their bite.

On every side in Benares we see the sacred monkeys scrambling along the balconies of the houses, and peering in to see what they can steal. Occasionally one darts down upon some unlucky fruit seller's stand to seize a banana or a custard apple, and then escapes

to some point of safety, looking wise and wicked, as monkeys always do.

It is not in Benares alone that such numbers of monkeys are to be found. They are in all parts of India. Within recent years the Himalayan monkeys have been captured for the sake of their long black fur, which has been exported to Europe and America.

One of the many stories told of the sacred monkeys will illustrate how annoying they often are. An English lady living in India was to give a dinner party. She was especially anxious to have everything very pretty, and superintended all the arrangements herself. When the fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats had been put in their proper places on the table and all was ready, the lady went to her dressing room, charging her servants on no account to leave the room. The desire to smoke, however, proved too strong for them, and they went out onto the veranda, forgetting the open window. In a large tree near by sat a number of monkeys watching all that was going on.

We can better imagine than describe the feelings of the lady when she came in just as her guests arrived and found "a busy company of monkeys hard at work, grinning and jabbering, their cheeks and arms crammed with expensive sweetmeats, while the table presented a scene of frightful devastation, — broken glass and china, fair linen soiled, — everything tossed about in hopeless confusion!"

Everywhere in Benares the sacred bulls roam about unmolested, and the adjutant birds fearlessly seek their food along the narrow streets. The kites and crows, as

well as adjutant birds, seen in great numbers near an Indian bazaar, present one of the most curious sights. In a land where drainage is unknown these birds act as valuable scavengers.

In one of his masterly essays Lord Macaulay has given us this beautiful description of Benares: "His [Warren Hastings'] first design was on Benares, a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds.

"The traveler could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshipers.

"The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindus from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came hither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river.

"Nor was this superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels, laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the

balls of St. James's and of Versailles; and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the sabers of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere."

Though this was written to picture Benares as it was a century ago, much of the description continues to be true, and the flights of steps are still worn by the feet of innumerable worshipers.

We entered India at Bombay, which is really the commercial capital, and we now find ourselves in Calcutta, the political capital of India.

Here the viceroy, or governor general, makes his official home, and the government offices are established.

Calcutta is situated on the Hoogly River, the most important branch in the delta of the Ganges. It is nearly one hundred miles from the ocean, yet the largest ships can come to its wharves.

Although the river is so deep, navigation is seriously obstructed by numerous sandbars. The vast amount of earth brought down by the river from the mountains is deposited along its whole course, thus making the land very fertile; immense crops of rice are produced, and the cocoa palm is abundant. Nearer the ocean, where the current becomes slower, this earthy deposit settles to the river bed and forms sandbars which, in time, change the course of the river. Thus the great delta has been formed.

Calcutta is often called "The City of Palaces." The first view of the city is sure to give this impression, and it might be lasting did we visit only the European quarter.

CLIVE STREET, CALCUTTA.

In the harbor one sees a perfect forest of masts and the flags of all nations. In the heart of the city are magnificent buildings, broad streets, beautiful parks, and fine residences, which give the imposing appearance suggested by its popular name.

A wide esplanade, called "Garden Reach," extends along the river front, and back of this is the famous *Maidan*, or park of Calcutta. The Maidan is one of the most beautiful parks in the world, and is the pride of all Calcutta. On the east side of the Maidan is the Chowinghi Road. Here for a distance of two miles are the homes of the wealthy residents of Calcutta. Many of these bungalows are like little palaces.

To see fashionable Calcutta one need only come to the Maidan toward the close of any day, as this is the time when the wealthy people and the families of government officials take their drives. The beautiful streets are thronged with the costliest equipages. The gay dresses of the ladies, the costumes of the rich natives, decorated with gold lace, the horses adorned with gold-mounted harnesses, and the barefooted attendants running beside the carriages, make a scene hardly to be equaled elsewhere in the world. As darkness comes on, the whole place is made brilliant with electric lights, while music by the military band completes the charming day.

Government House, the winter home of the viceroy, would not be out of place in any European capital. It is a handsome building standing in a beautiful park.

As Calcutta is the seat of the central government and of the superior courts, as well as a great commer-

cial center, a large number of pleasant people must make their homes here. This makes the social life attractive, and there are dinner parties, receptions, and balls to while away the time, and to remind the self-exiled English people of their homes in Merry England. There are several theaters and gentlemen's clubs, as well as European hotels, a large English cathedral and other churches, all of which give the city an English appearance not equaled by any other place in India.

There are a number of daily English newspapers filled with the news of the world, and especially with the daily events in all parts of India, since the head-quarters of the Indian Telegraph Department is at Calcutta. These are all very attractive features, and make Englishmen choose Calcutta as a home, if possible, while in India. The climate is more desirable than that of any other large city in this country.

Fine buildings, beautiful drives, and all the modern improvements in Calcutta, however, do not make up the real life of the vast majority of its inhabitants.

If we would see the natives in their homes and learn more of their customs, we shall not have far to go; for, lying close upon the magnificent Chowinghi Road is the native quarter of Calcutta. Here the people live huddled together in mud or straw huts. The streets are narrow and very dirty, and the whole appearance is one of poverty. These mud hovels are crowded in little groups, or villages, around an open water tank in which the natives wash themselves and their clothing. As we go further out of the city, the houses are less

crowded, and small gardens and groves of cocoa palms begin to appear.

The native bazaars are like those of Bombay and other Indian cities. In the narrow streets each house is a shop where the native trader sits smoking his curiously shaped tobacco pipe, with his wares surrounding him.

Many important municipal improvements have been made within a few years. Among these we note the system by which water is brought from a distance beyond the city, furnishing an abundant supply to all the people.

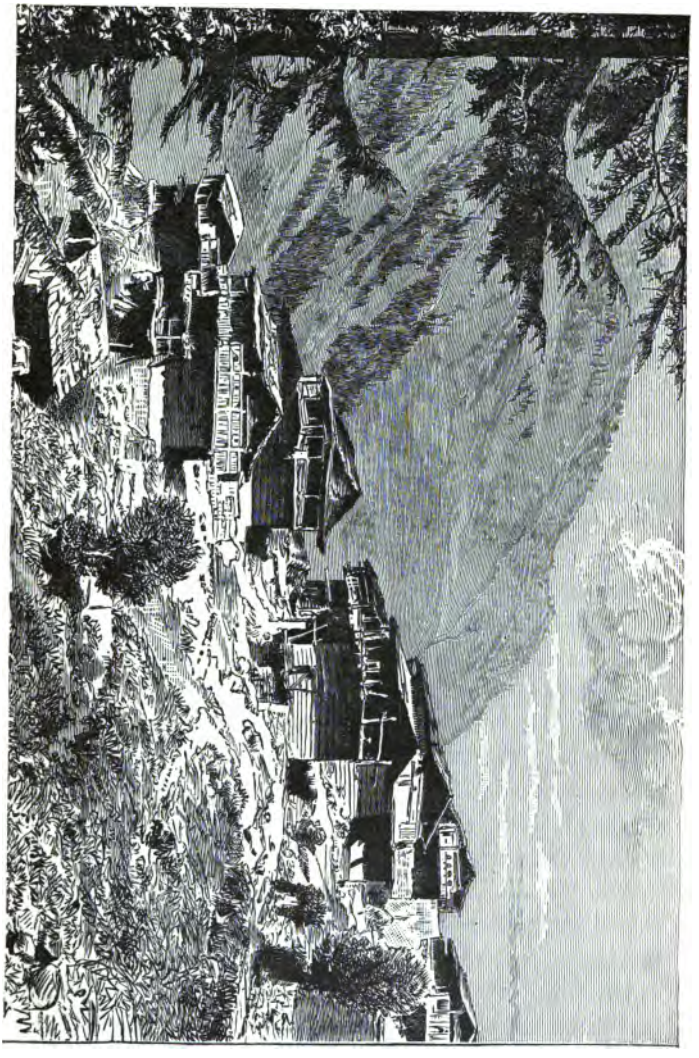
This is, in large measure, the reason why Calcutta is the healthiest city in India.

The extensive introduction of tramways makes it very easy to travel about the city.

The many railroads connecting Calcutta with the different sections of India afford an easy highway for its extensive commerce, and make it a close rival of Bombay for being the commercial center of India.

When the hot weather comes on, every Englishman in Calcutta thinks of the cool climate of the Himalayas. For many years it has been the custom of the governor general and his officials, with their families, to leave Calcutta during the hot months and to reside in Simla, a beautiful town in the northwestern part of India, among the foothills of the Himalayas. Simla is, indeed, the summer capital of India.

There are many other "hill stations," as they are called, to which the people of the plains who can afford it are glad to flee for the summer. One of



A HIMALAYAN VILLAGE.

the most attractive is Darjiling, about two hundred and fifty miles north of Calcutta. The journey may be made in twenty-four hours, and is one of the grandest railway journeys in the world. From Calcutta to the hills the route lies over the great fertile plain of Bengal, with its fields of rice, sugar cane, and indigo.

As it begins the ascent of the mountain, the road passes through dense jungles, the home of the tiger and the elephant. A little higher, extensive clearings have been made, and here the tea plant grows in greatest luxuriance. The cultivation of tea is becoming a great industry in this section of India.

The road winds in and out of the great forests of cedar and pine, and climbs higher and higher up the mountain ridges. Every moment the grandeur of the scene increases, until at length the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas are seen in all their magnificence.

Darjiling is surrounded by the grandest scenery in the world. It is almost under the shadow of Kunchinjinga, the second highest mountain on the globe, twenty eight thousand feet high. A few miles distant a good view of Mt. Everest is to be had; but, though higher, it is not as interesting as Kunchinjinga. On all sides are snow-covered peaks, from ten thousand to twenty thousand feet high, and between them lie vast snowfields and glaciers.

The houses in Darjiling are built along the sides of the cliffs, wherever room can be found for them, and the effect is, indeed, picturesque.

In winter this famous hill station is almost deserted; but when the summer exodus from Calcutta takes place,

the beautiful villas and bungalows are thrown open and the hillsides are thronged with people.

The market place, or bazaar, is at the center of the town, and is one of the most interesting in all India. Here the hill tribes come to trade and have a grand holiday. Sunday is the great market day, when thousands of these people come together to exchange their goods. The stalls, which are all around the market place, contain a great many curious articles of trade, —such as yaks' tails and old bottles, also umbrellas, tobacco, cotton and woolen goods, to say nothing of pigs, goats, and poultry.

There are many different tribes, each with its own dialect and peculiar costume. Among the most interesting are the Lepchas and the Bhutias. The Lepchas are distinguished by their coarse black hair, which is worn in a braid as long as a horse's tail. The women dress and appear much like the men, except that they display a great deal of jewelry and wear their hair in two braids instead of one.

The Bhutia women make an interesting picture. Each one wears above her mass of black hair a circlet of coral and turquoise beads. With gold earrings four or five inches in length, and with never less than four necklaces, of different-colored beads, each one may be said to be gaily caparisoned.

CHAPTER VII.

MADRAS AND THE SOUTH.

LEAVING Calcutta we embark on one of the large steamships which come to this port, and, after a voyage of nearly a thousand miles to the south, arrive at the city of Madras.

Sailing down the river we again call to mind the importance of this mighty stream. We know that the Hoogly, on which our steamer is plowing its way, is but a branch of the great river, and that all about us stretches the delta with its network of streams. The mud and sand, which through long ages have been forming this delta, have been brought from the mountains fifteen hundred miles away.

An ingenious estimate has been made of the amount of fertilizing material brought down by the Ganges in a single year. A train of freight cars is supposed to be loaded with this mud, each car carrying fifty tons. It would require a train of more than seven millions of such cars to carry the amount. This train would be sixty-seven thousand miles in length, would reach twice around the earth and leave a sufficient number of cars to run two parallel trains through the earth's center!

The contrast between Madras and the other great seaports of India is very marked. Although the most important city in southern India, Madras is situated at one of the most exposed points on the Coromandel coast. Hurricanes are frequent and the surf is always high.

Its artificial harbor is one of the most interesting features. Two immense breakwaters, extending far out into the bay, have been built. Within these it was thought ships might anchor in safety, but in stormy weather this has not proved to be the case. Large ships do not come into docks as at Bombay, but anchor in the roadstead. Even in the finest weather the embarking and landing of passengers is a difficult matter. The natives have peculiar boats which they paddle through the surf with much skill, and in them they convey passengers to and from the shore.

We wonder that so great a city should have grown up on this unprotected shore, and yet Madras was the first English capital of India.

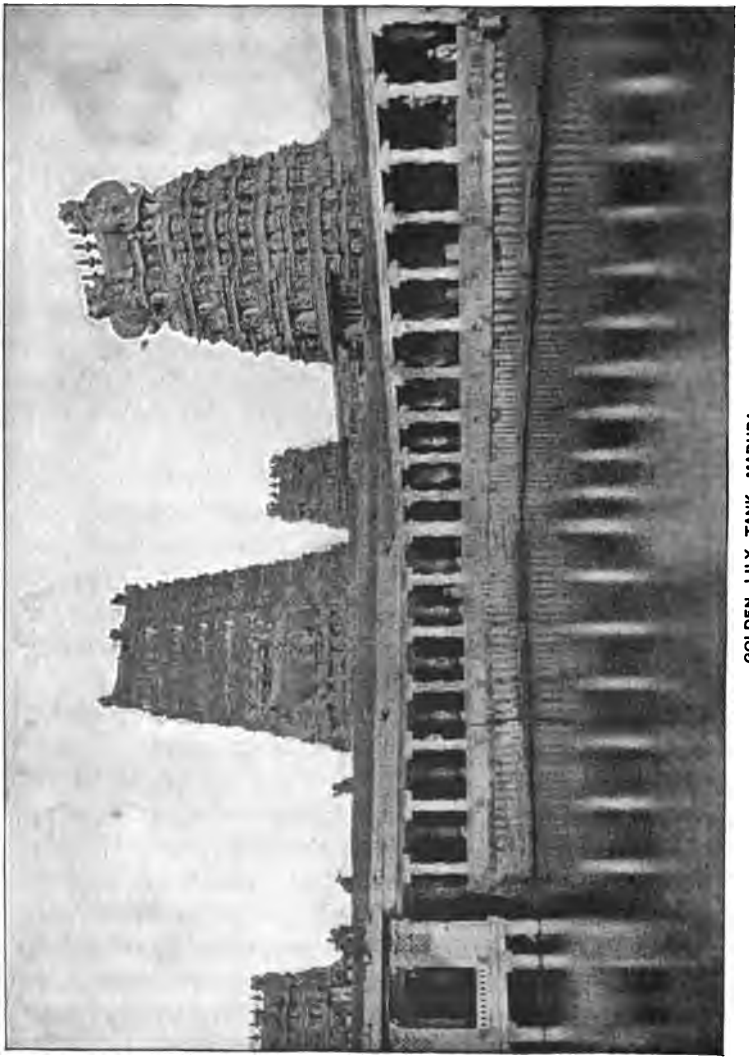
The city covers a wide territory, and in the English portion is quite attractive. The native portion, called Blacktown, is near the harbor.

Its narrow streets are crowded with people, many of them dressed in white; but here and there may be seen a red, orange, green, or blue costume, giving a brilliant color to the scene.

The houses, one story high, are built of mud or brick, and have small thatched verandas.

Dancing girls are a noticeable feature of all Hindu cities, and here in Madras they are to be seen dancing on the streets. If a prince gives a reception, one part of the entertainment is sure to be dancing; but it is done by these dancing girls, who are hired for the purpose. The people of the East say, "We like dancing, but we prefer to hire it done!"

Fort St. George, standing on a slight elevation near



GOLDEN LILY TANK, MADURA.

the shore, is one of the most important places in the city. The great power won here by the English, in 1757, was due almost entirely to the genius of Robert Clive. The story of his life, told by Lord Macaulay, should be read by every schoolboy.

Clive was first a clerk of the East India Company and was stationed at Madras. Although but twenty-five years old he saw clearly the vast possibilities of an English empire in India, and he urged upon the directors of the East India Company the necessity of decisive action. His plan was approved and, with the rank of captain, Clive was placed in command of a small force of English soldiers. It was not long before he became commander of the British forces in India. The stories of his battles, in which he was always victorious, — sometimes, too, with a few hundred soldiers conquering a large army, — remind us of the brilliant campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte. "The siege of Arcot," "the defense of Trichinopoly" (see page 104), and "the battle of Plassy" have given to Clive a high rank among great soldiers.

There are many other places of interest in southern India. It is the region of all others in which to see real Hindu life.

The railroad from Madras passes by many famous temples. Those at Tanjore and Madura are among the most interesting. The temple at Madura is one of the largest and most imposing, while that at Tanjore is, next to the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful structure in India.

From the train we see the native farmers plowing

with just such rude plows as were used by their ancestors, and lifting water in buckets to irrigate the land in the same primitive fashion which has been the practice in the East for thousands of years.

"Two women grinding at a mill" are to be seen here, as in other parts of India. The mill is made of two circular stones, the lower one fastened to the earth while the top one turns on a pivot. The grain is poured into a hole in the center of the upper stone, and comes out as flour at the edges of the mill. Each family grinds its own grain, the women, of course, doing the work.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEPOY MUTINY.

WHEREVER we go in India we are reminded constantly that it is no longer the land of Mohammedan emperors or Indian princes, but an important part of the great British Empire.

We see British troops in charge of all the forts established by the East India Company, and of the military posts which have been founded since that greatest corporation known to history resigned its rule to the crown. This brave show of British power was made necessary by the mutiny of a part of the native troops in 1857. Before that date the army in India was made up very largely of *sepoys* (native soldiers), under the command of English officers.

GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

For a long time a spirit of uneasiness among the native troops at certain stations in Bengal had been observed by the officers in command. The causes of this discontent were but little understood by Englishmen.

For years the native Indian princes had been working secretly among the people, arousing them to rebel against the hated English, hoping, of course, in the end to regain the thrones of their ancestors. The wildest rumors of the intention of the English government to abolish caste, and to convert the whole of India by force to the Christian faith were circulated.

During the year preceding the mutiny a mysterious signal was given to the people living in the villages. It was known by the English officers that messengers had appeared in the villages along the Ganges and Jumna rivers, bearing small flour cakes to the headman, commanding him to have similar cakes prepared and forwarded to the next village. The messenger then disappeared, but his order was obeyed.

For many months this continued, until the secret information, whatever it may have been, was conveyed far and wide.

At the same time, as it happened, the native troops were furnished with rifles of a new pattern, in loading which it was the custom of the soldiers to bite off the end of the cartridge.

Like wildfire the rumor spread from rank to rank that these cartridges were greased with the fat of cows and pigs (the one abominable to the Hindu, the other to the Mohammedan), with the intent to destroy the

caste of the soldiers handling them. The English officers were unable to convince the sepoys that this was a false report.

The spirit of discontent grew more and more marked, until several of the native regiments refused to receive these cartridges and broke into open mutiny at Meerut, a small station north of Delhi.

The mutiny spread in all directions, and nearly all the Bengal troops revolted. The struggle lasted more than a year, and all India was in a state of great excitement. The English knew not whom to trust.

The sepoys first turned against their British officers and shot them down. They then rushed toward Delhi and offered to restore to the throne the descendant of the Mogul emperors who, a pensioner of the British Government, was living quietly in the Great Palace.

On Sunday morning, May 11, 1857, the English residents of Delhi were aroused by the news, "The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything."

This was the beginning of the great mutiny. The fatal blow was struck; the native troops in Delhi joined the mutineers and sacked the town. Jails were thrown open, and the convicts were set free to aid in the work of destruction.

The infuriated natives killed English men, women, and children in the streets. The suddenness of the attack found the English unprepared to resist it. The garrison, only nine in number, could do almost nothing to defend the city against such odds, and, having blown

up the powder magazine, to deprive the sepoys of so much ammunition, the little band tried to escape.

The mutineers held the city until the following September, when the faithful Sikhs, with the small force of British troops that could be mustered for the siege, under command of the brave General Nicholson, compelled the surrender of the city.

It has been said that Delhi was taken, and India saved, by the personal character of Sir John Lawrence. As commander of the Punjab he had so inspired the natives with confidence that they never wavered from their allegiance.

The siege of Delhi was the most brilliant event of the mutiny. Here a mere handful of men, about thirty-seven hundred in number, encamped before the city and met the continued assaults of an army of rebels numbering as many as seventy-five thousand men.

"Thirty times they were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and thirty times did they drive back the enemy behind their defenses."

At last the day came when all was ready for the attack upon the city. Bags of powder were placed beneath the Cashmere Gate, and the fuses lighted by brave men. The troops were soon marching through the breach in the walls. After a fierce and deadly contest the rebels were routed, and the British flag was again floating above the walls of Delhi.

At Cawnpore the rebels, led by Nana Sahib, were enabled by treachery to gain, as they thought, a victory. The English residents at Cawnpore took refuge

within the fort which had been hastily made by the soldiers. For three weeks they suffered every privation, and then, trusting the promise of Nana Sahib to give them a safe retreat to Allahabad, they surrendered. The soldiers were marched to the river and embarked upon the boats. The treacherous Nana then gave orders to his followers to open fire, and all but four of the Englishmen were slain.

The women and children, more than two hundred in number, were held as prisoners. When it was known that English troops, sent to their rescue, were nearing Cawnpore, they were all cruelly murdered, and their bodies were thrown into a well. A beautiful stone inclosure has since been built around the well, and the spot is now visited by travelers, who find it difficult to believe, as they survey the quiet surroundings, that it was ever the scene of such a tragedy. Over the well stands a white marble angel with palms of victory in either hand, as a memorial to all who here were slain.

Although too late to save their friends at Cawnpore, the British troops, under General Havelock, pushed on to Lucknow (only forty miles from Cawnpore), with fear in their hearts that the same sad fate had befallen the English people in that city. It was with great rejoicing that they came in sight of the city and saw the British flag waving above the Residency, as their headquarters was called.

The city of Lucknow became the most famous of all the places affected by the mutiny. Here were gathered together within the walls of the Residency more than two thousand English people.

MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

Through long and weary months the siege was continued. The English garrison, under command of Henry Lawrence, bravely resisted the attacks of more than fifty thousand rebels, until General Havelock

with his soldiers came to their assistance. The end was not wholly gained until a second and larger force under Sir Colin Campbell arrived, and the relief of Lucknow was made sure.

Among the many thrilling stories told of the siege of Lucknow is one of a Scotch girl, who, long before the English troops came to their relief, claimed she knew they were to be saved, because she could hear the bagpipes played by the Scotch Highlanders. No one else in the Residency heard any such sound, and it was thought the poor girl was becoming insane. But she still persisted that she could hear the notes of the wild slogan of Scotland.

Nearer and nearer it came, until, with unspeakable joy, all could distinguish, above the shot and shell of the enemy, the welcome sound : —

"Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers;
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!"

The Sepoy Mutiny is not to be ranked among the great wars of history, but it added several names to the list of the world's greatest heroes. First among them is that of Sir John Lawrence, commander of the forces in the Punjab, and the real leader in crushing the mutiny. He afterwards became the viceroy of India.

The English garrison at Lucknow was commanded

by the gallant Henry Lawrence. He had prepared the Residency for a long siege, and by his brave example inspired all to hold the position against every attack. He was killed early in the siege by the explosion of a shell fired by the sepoys, and lies buried near the

RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

Residency. His simple epitaph, dictated by himself, has become famous the world over: —

"Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

At the breaking out of the mutiny, Sir Henry Havelock was a lieutenant in the English army, after many years of service. His superior ability was displayed during the mutiny in conducting a small force through the very heart of the region in revolt, winning victory after victory, until at last they reached their goal and assisted in the defense of Lucknow.

After the relief of the city, Havelock, worn by the fatigues of his long task, was attacked by sickness and lived only a few days. He was rewarded by the grateful British government with rank and honors, and his name is placed high upon the roll of England's noblest soldiers.

John Nicholson, the commander of the British forces before Delhi, gained the most brilliant victory of the whole Sepoy Mutiny. In trying to express his admiration of Gen. Nicholson, a brave Sikh said of him, "The tramp of his war horse could be heard miles away." He was loved by his soldiers, both English and native; and the memory of his unflinching courage is an inspiration to duty, no matter how hard it may seem to be.

Many more brave men there were in those days of doubt and fear, but the four named were the most famous.

The great mass of the people had taken no part in the rebellion. The warlike Sikhs of the Punjab, under the powerful influence of Sir John Lawrence, had remained loyal to their English rulers. And so peace was rapidly restored.

Nana Sahib, the chief rebel, disappeared immediately after the capture of Cawnpore and was never seen again. The great treasure he was known to possess had been concealed in a well near his home. After long search, it was found and was seized by the English government. It made in all seventeen bullock loads of gold and silver, which were drawn to Calcutta.

The cannons captured after the siege of Delhi were wheeled over the road to Calcutta, being exhibited in

ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY.

every town and village on the way, to show the natives what British power could do.

The control of India was now taken from the East India Company and was assumed by Queen Victoria. A royal proclamation was soon issued, assuring all the native people of protection and right treatment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PEARL OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

At the southern extremity of the Indian Peninsula is the famous island of Ceylon. It is shaped like a pear, and appears to hang by a stem of islands and sandbars to the coast of India.

The Mohammedans have a legend that Adam, driven from the garden of Eden, crossed this isthmus on his way into Ceylon; and for this reason the name Adam's Bridge has been given to it.

This island, called the "Pearl of the Eastern Seas," is thought by many travelers to be one of the most interesting places on the globe. Its size is nearly three times that of the state of Massachusetts.

The northern part of Ceylon is low, and is covered with forests and jungles. Among the many valuable woods growing here, the ebony, teak, and satinwood are most abundant.

The central and southern parts of the island are mountainous. The most famous mountain is Adam's

Peak, where the legend says Adam took refuge. The summit of this peak is a rocky cone and is ascended by means of chains fastened to the rocks. Here you may see the so-called footprint of Adam, a natural indentation in the rock, but artificially made to look like a

A CINGALESE BOAT.

human footprint. It is five feet long and two and a half feet broad !

The central highland forms a perfect water parting, so that the streams flow from it in all directions. This abundant water supply makes the country very fertile. Banana groves and breadfruit and cocoanut trees grow luxuriantly.

If we land at Colombo, the capital, and journey across the island, we shall find much to interest us. Colombo owes its importance to the great breakwater, which, running far out into the harbor, makes a safe anchorage for all vessels passing to and from the East. The building of this breakwater was a great undertaking, but when it was completed, Colombo became at once an important port.

The Portuguese first came to this place in 1517, and gave to it the name Colombo in honor of Christopher Columbus.

In the harbor are ships from foreign lands, and, darting here and there among them, the queer little boats of the natives. The Cingalese boatmen are skillful in handling these skiffs, and in them many passengers are taken ashore from the steamers and ships anchored in the harbor.

Point de Galle, at the southern extremity of the island, was formerly the principal port of Ceylon, and the coaling station at which steamers landed on their way to and from the Far East. But since the building of the breakwater at Colombo the greater part of the commerce with Ceylon is carried on there, and Point de Galle has lost its former trade.

The first curious sight to greet us on landing at Colombo is a two-wheeled, canvas-covered cart drawn by a pair of white bullocks. In this cart the luggage is to be taken to the hotel.

The driver carries no whip; but it is not because he is a merciful man and merciful to his beast. He is soon discovered to be a fit subject to be restrained by "The

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," for he urges his bullocks onward by violently twisting their tails.

This busy city is quite unlike any other we have thus far visited. In its very center is a beautiful lake, its shores fringed with banana and cocoa palms.

NATIVE HUTS AND COCOA PALMS, CEYLON.

The English quarter, with its shops, banks, and modern houses, occupies but a small part of the city; and, while very pretty, it does not interest us as do the strange sights we see in the native quarter.

There are crowds of people passing to and fro, and, as their dress indicates, they belong to many nationalities; but the Cingalese and Tamils are the most

numerous. These two peoples came originally from southern India, and are to be found in all parts of Ceylon. They form two distinct castes, and differ in dress, language, and religion; for the Cingalese are Buddhists, while the Tamils are Hindus. One characteristic feature of the dress of a Cingalese man is the large, semicircular tortoise-shell comb which he wears on the top of his head, with the ends projecting to the front. The dress of the women is very much like that of the men, both wearing bright jackets and striped skirts.

The roads leading from Colombo are lined with cocoa palms, and beneath them are clustered the native huts. Groups of brown children, humped cows, donkeys, and poultry are everywhere to be seen. The cocoa palms are carefully cultivated, as they do not grow wild in Ceylon. As the Chinese find uses without number for the bamboo, so do the natives of Ceylon find an endless variety of uses for the cocoa palm. They use the kernel for food; the shell serves for drinking cups; from the fiber is made strong rope and matting; the woody stems form the framework of cabins, and the great leaves thatch them. In the rude huts to be seen in some of these villages, Cingalese workmen are engaged in the manufacture of cocoanut oil. A native, on being told there were no cocoa palms in England, was greatly surprised and exclaimed, "How do the people live?"

Near Colombo are the famous cinnamon groves covering hundreds of acres. The cinnamon bush is a shrub of the laurel species, and when once planted

A COCOANUT OIL MILL.

grows without much cultivation. The well-known cinnamon spice is obtained from the inner bark. The preparation, sorting, and packing of cinnamon gives employment to many of the natives of Ceylon.

There are two seasons for gathering cinnamon — one in the month of April, the other in the month of November.

Because of the great quantity of cinnamon grown on the island the very air has been thought to be filled with its spicy fragrance; but this cannot be true, since the plant gives forth no odor until the leaves are crushed or the bark is peeled.

The railway journey from Colombo to Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon, affords a good opportunity to see more of the life of this beautiful island. The road passes first through rice fields, or, as they are here more correctly called, paddy fields, since rice in the husk is known as *paddy*, throughout India and Ceylon.

Rising to a higher level we see palms without number. The most interesting, the talipot palm, may perhaps be seen in bloom. This is a rare sight, as the tree never blooms until seventy or eighty years old, and after this it dies. The blossom is a great spike of yellowish-white flowers, twenty or more feet in height, rising above a crown of dark green, fan-shaped leaves. Some of these leaves are eight feet in diameter, and are used by the natives for umbrellas.

As the train ascends into the cooler regions, we pass tea gardens where once were coffee plantations. Coffee was, until within a few years, one of the chief products

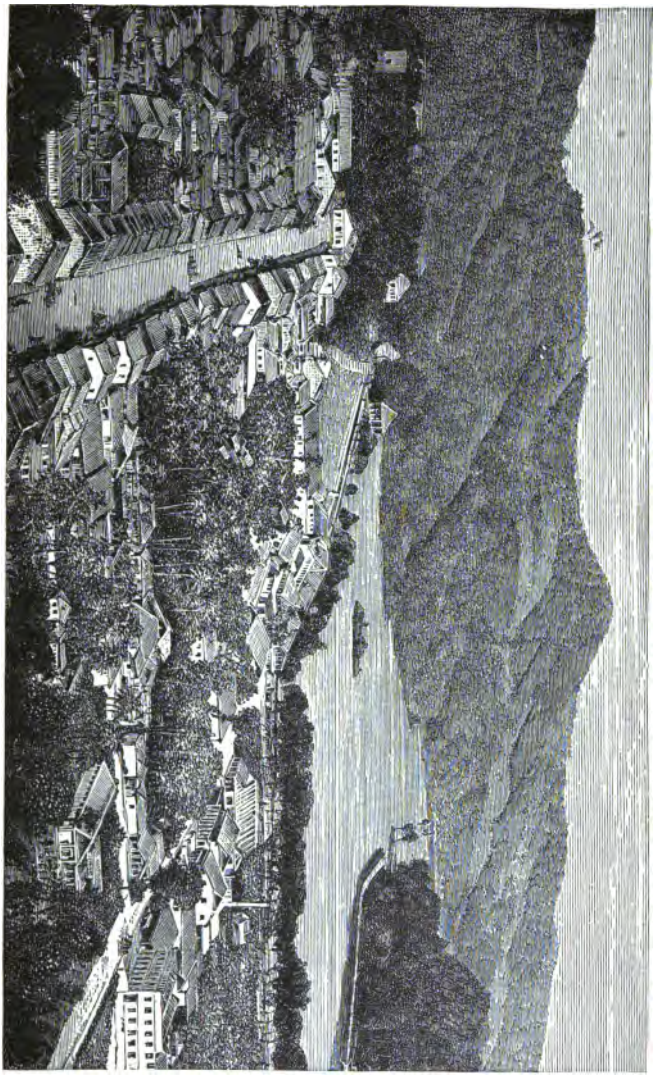
of the island, but, owing to a blighting disease which attacked the coffee trees, the crop has failed and the cultivation of tea is fast taking its place.

Kandy is situated far up among the hills, on the shore of an artificial lake. It was the stronghold of the Kandyan, or Highland kings, who maintained their independence for more than three centuries after the lowlands had fallen into the hands of the English. The story of the construction of the artificial lake is of peculiar interest, since it gives a good idea of the ability and skill of these ancient kings.

It is related that one of the Kandyan kings, in order to cool the atmosphere of the mountain town, built an embankment at the end of a valley and so imprisoned the waters of a shallow river. The lake thus formed is encircled by a road, from which the view is one of ideal beauty. Here is still to be seen the palace of the kings, now occupied by government offices.

The object of greatest interest in Kandy is the Temple of the Tooth, the most famous of Buddhist shrines. Within its walls is the sacred tooth, believed, by his faithful followers, to be a relic of Buddha.

On rare occasions only is the sacred tooth exhibited, and at such times most imposing ceremonies are observed. It is described by the few privileged visitors who have seen it as an ivory fang at least three inches in length! It is kept in a casket of precious gems, which rests upon a table covered with richest draperies. It is held in reverence by Buddhists everywhere. Year after year priests from Burma and Siam come here with beautiful gifts, besides paying yearly



KANDY, CEYLON.

tribute to support the priests and monks who guard the temple.

From Kandy the mountain railway winds upward to a height of six thousand feet above the sea. Soon after leaving the historic town the road passes through dense forests of palm and bamboo, and then come the tea plantations.

The mountain sides have been cleared of jungle and the fields thus gained are set in rows of tea bushes. Brown coolies are at work among the tea plants. Many of these workmen are natives of southern India, coming here every year to work for the great planters, and returning to their humble homes after the harvest season.

The pearl fisheries of Ceylon form one of its most notable industries. Pearls of large size are classed among the world's most valuable gems, and have always been highly prized. The principal pearl oyster beds of Ceylon are found near the northwest coast of the island. Large numbers of the natives are engaged in the work. The divers, who secure the oysters in which pearls are formed, are trained to their work and become very expert. They can remain under water from sixty to eighty seconds, and during this time collect many shells in the net with which each diver is provided.

CHAPTER X.

INDO-CHINA.

ACROSS the Bay of Bengal is the peninsula of Indo-China. The western portion is Burma, which belongs to England and forms a part of the Indian Empire. It is sometimes called Farther India.

The country is a succession of river valleys bounded by long ranges of hills and mountains. Much of the hilly country is covered with dense forests. Among other rare and useful trees growing in Burma is the teak. Great quantities of teak wood, cut in these forests, are floated down the rivers to the seaboard, there to be shipped to distant ports.

Teak wood is used for building ships and bridges, and for other kinds of work requiring strength and durability.

The great river Irrawady, rising among the snowy ranges of Tibet, flows through Burma and enters the sea by a network of channels, forming a great delta. It is navigable by steamers for more than eight hundred miles. During the rainy season this great river presents a grand spectacle. It overflows its banks and floods the valleys far and wide. The whole country from one range of hills to another appears to be a series of great lakes. The fields, roads, and bridges are covered with water from one foot to twelve feet in depth. In the villages cattle are to be seen stabled in the houses, which, like the houses along the rivers in Siam, are always built upon posts high above the river.

The people go from house to house in canoes. The children sometimes amuse themselves by catching fish on lines let down through holes in the floors.

BURMESE WOMEN.

Although this great overflow causes much inconvenience, there is very little excitement when the river begins to rise, because the people are so accustomed to

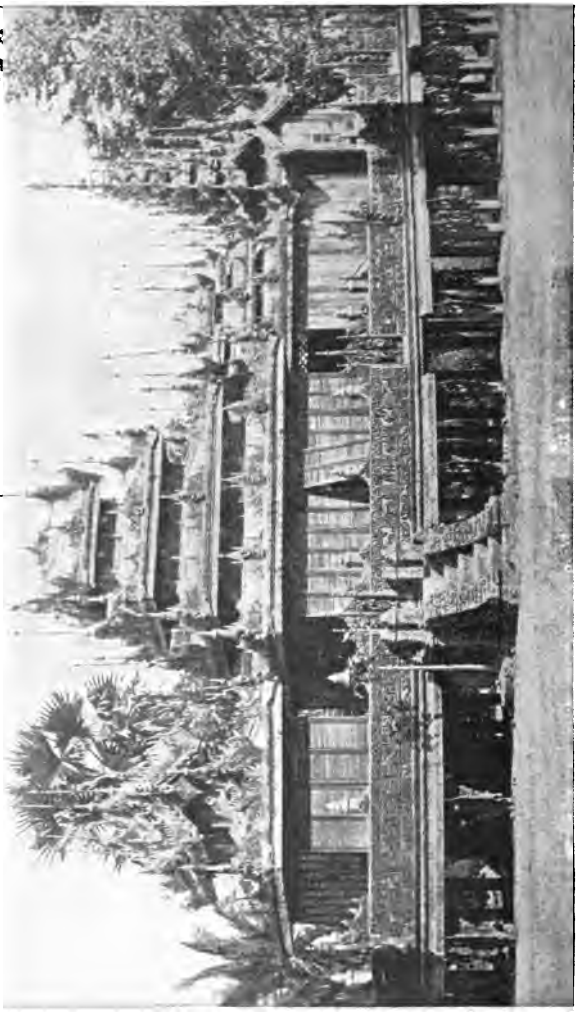
it. Besides, they know it is one of their greatest blessings, for upon it depends the success of the rice crop.

The people of Burma are not of the same race as the natives of India. They belong, rather, to the same family as the inhabitants of Tibet and China. The Burmese occupy the rich river valleys, and are, in some respects, superior to the other native tribes.

The hill districts have a scattered population of Karens, who live either in small huts, or in long, low buildings, where, under one roof, from fifty to eighty families are to be found.

The Karens differ in their religious beliefs from all the peoples around them. They believe in one true God, the Creator of heaven and earth, who at one time left them on account of their wickedness. Because of this belief, Christianity has been welcomed quite readily by the Karens, and many Christian churches have been established among this rude people. Wherever Christianity has been accepted, great changes for the better have been made in the life of the Karens.

At Rangoon, the principal city, are many large lumber yards, where teak wood is made ready for use. Here elephants are employed in moving the heavy logs. The elephant has almost the entire handling of the logs from the time they are taken from the water, where they have been stored, until they have been cut into thin planks used in shipbuilding. A dozen or more elephants may be employed in the same yard. These intelligent creatures will balance a log on their tusks and, holding it firmly with their trunks, will walk off with it to the sawmill. They will then hold



BURMESE MONASTERY.

the log up to the saw, and see that it is sawed crosswise or lengthwise as may be desired. The skill displayed by these elephants in taking logs from the water and piling them up in the yards is remarkable. They will pile logs in the neatest manner, and will not leave a pile until satisfied that it is perfectly arranged.

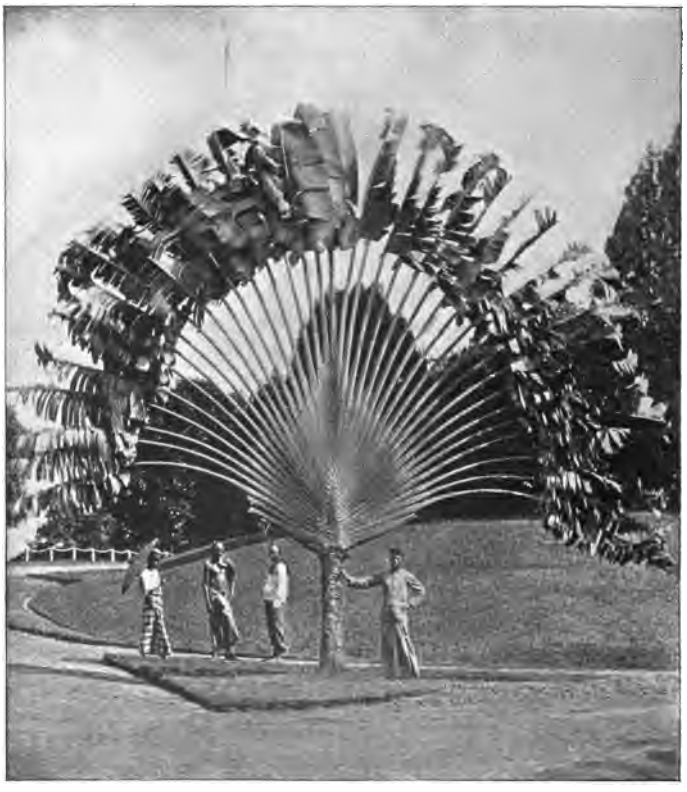
The heat of this climate does not affect the elephant as it would any other beast of burden. On this account the yard owners look upon a trained elephant as almost priceless.

Rangoon is the chief rice port of the world. The Burmese farmers, sailing down the river in rice boats heavily laden with rice, sell their cargoes to the Rangoon rice firms who, in turn, ship it to all parts of the world.

The most prominent feature, on approaching Rangoon from the sea, is a tall, graceful pagoda glittering in the sunlight and rising toward the sky like a tower of gold. It is the Shway Dagone Pagoda, the most sacred of all the pagodas in the country. It is the most venerable place of worship in Indo-China, and was erected as a shrine to Buddha. As the Burmese priests journey to the temple of the Sacred Tooth in Ceylon, so do many devout Buddhists from Cambodia and Siam come to this pagoda at the annual festival in March. The Burmese have erected a large number of pagodas and shrines for the worship of Buddha.

Burma is famous for the manufacture of sweet-toned bells. Every pagoda has a large number of bells hung on sacred posts only a few feet above the ground. None of these bells are fitted with iron tongues, and

when the worshiper has finished his prayers he strikes one of the bells with a wooden mallet to attract the



TRAVELER'S PALM, SINGAPORE.

attention of the god. A number of small bells are hung at the top of each pagoda — some of them made entirely of silver or gold, — and these are fitted with

metal tongues so that they ring out as the bells swing to and fro in the breeze.

Between Burma and Anam is Siam, the most important country of Indo-China. Besides these countries there are the smaller kingdoms of Cochin China, Cambodia, and Tonquin.

At the end of the Malay Peninsula—the name given to the southern portion of this country—is situated the important English city of Singapore. It is really on a small island, but so near the mainland as to be practically a part of it. Singapore was built up and made a city of great commercial importance by the East India Company. It continues to be of vast importance, as it commands the Strait of Malacca, the great highway for steamers between Europe and the Far East.

It has been a free trading port for many years. Its inhabitants are from every nation on the globe. Really to know what Singapore is one must visit the native quarter of the city. "For days you may wander about without ever turning on your track, through miles upon miles of semi-native houses and shops, through crowded streets, in variegated bazaars, with all the merchandise of all the East spread out endlessly before you."

The French people have long wished to cut a canal across the narrowest part of the Malay Peninsula. Should this ever be accomplished, the distance between India and China will be much shortened, but the commerce of Singapore will be destroyed.

It, therefore, is not surprising that the English government opposes this plan, and wishes to keep in

her control the rich trade in spices, sago, and gutta-percha which yearly passes through this famous port.

We have become so familiar with the common spices used in preparing our food that they do not always remind us of the distant lands from which they come.

RAFFLES SQUARE, SINGAPORE.

Not far away are the large islands of Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, all of them furnishing an important addition to the commerce of the East.

Between Siam and Singapore are several states, some under the protection of Great Britain, others independent. These states are little known to the western world, as few white men have traveled through

them. Native villages are scattered here and there with the unbroken jungle lying between. In all the larger towns there are great numbers of Chinese. They control the business of every community.

Siam occupies the central portion of the Indo-China peninsula, and is often called the "Land of the White Elephant." The country is interesting, and of so great importance that three nations — France, England, and China — stand at her gates eager to add her to their possessions.

All the rivers of Siam flow through low plains, and overflow their banks in the rainy season. During the annual overflow the whole country looks like a lake. The streets in the cities are filled knee-deep with water, and the people go everywhere in boats.

The native villages along the rivers are built of houses of the simplest character. They consist only of a framework of bamboo poles covered with straw matting, and roofs thatched with straw. Because of the frequent freshets these houses are built upon posts some eight or ten feet above the river.

Hundreds of square miles are so enriched by the annual deposit of the black soil brought down from the mountains by the rivers, that Siam is made one of the most fertile portions of the earth. All tropical fruits and cereals grow in luxuriance, but rice is the great crop.

A very large number of people are engaged in the cultivation of rice, and it is estimated to make up two thirds of the entire export trade of the country.

The most important part of Siam is the valley of the

Menam. Here are the most productive lands, and the largest towns and villages. The Menam River is to Siam what the Nile is to Egypt, and the Ganges to India.

Everything depends upon the river. Should it not rise high enough, or should the overflow continue too

A MALAY HOUSE.

long, the rice crop would fail. When the water does not begin to go down at the usual time, the people are alarmed and appeal to their Buddhist priests to help them.

State barges bearing priests who chant prayers and wave wands, commanding the waters to recede, are then sent down the river. Sometimes the waters continue

to rise, in spite of these services, and then the priests go away in disgust.

Fish swarm over the rice lands during these periodical floods, and are easily caught as the water recedes. This furnishes an abundant food supply. In many of the small villages every man, woman, and child is occupied in catching and drying fish, during this period of the annual overflow.

The native Siamese form but a small portion of the population of Siam. The fertile soil, the fruitful gardens, the forests of teak, and the mines of gold and tin have attracted people of many nations to this richly favored land.

The Chinese are to be found in every part of the kingdom, and by their industry and energy are taking the lead in all business enterprises.

The Siamese are a peaceful, mild, and submissive people. They lack the energy of the Chinese and the Japanese. Not being devoted to business they give much time to simple amusements, and are fond of showy processions. They celebrate many holidays, some of which last for a whole month, and give much time to the preparation of new games. The games and tricks played by the young people are very comical.

These amusements are largely enjoyed by all the people. They are celebrated by processions both on land and water, and at such times the river is crowded with boats and rafts, all beautifully decorated. At night displays of fireworks, and boats brilliantly lighted with lanterns and torches, add a new interest to the scene.

It may be that some of the king's boats, shaped like great dragons, will appear in the procession.

These river festivals are incomplete without a boat race, and all the people linger to watch the amusing sports of the racers. Instead of being anxious to win the race, as boat crews in our country are, the Siamese racers are more intent upon running down and upsetting other boats, and so compelling their crews to swim ashore, to the great delight of the spectators.

Situated not far from the mouth of the Menam River is the most important city of Siam. This is Bangkok, one of the strangest cities of the Far East.

As we enter through one of the many beautiful gates we may think we are in the "Venice of the East." The river with its many branching canals and creeks is especially interesting.

Here are floating houses, built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves, the homes of thousands of the poorer people. These houses are buoyed up by bamboo rafts and moored to the bank or to posts driven into the mud. In and out among them dash hundreds of tiny boats, as well as the steam launches of the European merchants or the rich Chinese traders.

One could spend days in sight-seeing about Bangkok and yet go everywhere in his own boat. It is not many years since it could be said that there was not a single wheeled vehicle in the city. Now street cars traverse the principal streets, electric lights flash upon the strange costumes of foreign peoples, and telephones are in daily use. Railroads connecting the city with different parts of the kingdom are being built.

Bangkok is the residence of the king, and the royal palace is by far the most conspicuous work of Siamese architecture. The city is surrounded by a wall six miles in circumference, and is a little realm in itself. Within these walls are temples, audience halls, images, shrines, and public offices.

From earliest times the kings of Siam have desired to own white elephants, and have encouraged their capture by awarding titles of nobility to the people discovering them.

It used to be commonly believed that the Siamese worshiped the white elephant as a deity, but this was found to be untrue. The feeling on the part of the people, it was learned, was only one of great respect for "a sacred beast."

Whenever a white elephant is captured, the king and his attendants meet the illustrious animal, a long distance from the city, and escort it in royal state to the capital. A procession of soldiers, dressed in bright uniforms, leads the way into the city. Then come the state elephants, dressed with trappings of gold and bearing on their backs richly decorated howdahs.

Behind these are seen the king's bodyguard, surrounding his Majesty, who, seated on a litter-chair and sheltered beneath a huge gilt umbrella from the scorching rays of the sun, is borne by his attendants. Next comes the white elephant, the hero of this occasion, led by his keeper.

Extravagant stories were formerly told of the almost royal state in which white elephants were kept; how

they were fed from golden dishes, and were decorated with gems and chains of gold. These stories may have been true many years ago; but a sight of the common sheds in which the white elephants are now housed,

A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

and the simple manner in which they are fed, makes us realize that the Siam of to-day is giving up many of the customs and superstitions once common in that kingdom.

Of more importance than the palace are the temples, or *wats*, as they are called in the Siamese language.

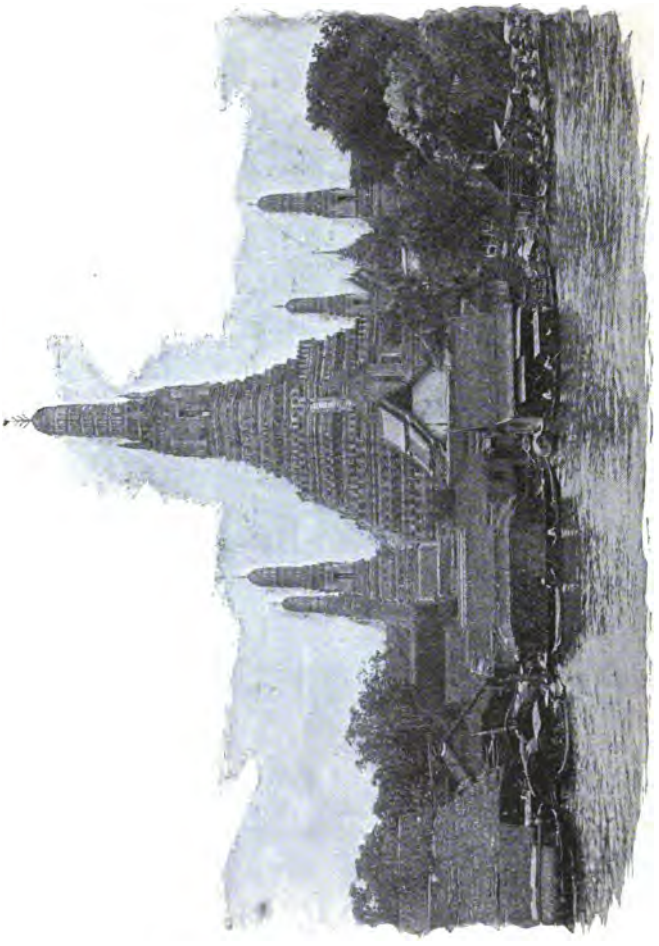
The religion of Siam is Buddhism, and the people are devout worshipers. The king, although a Buddhist, has made a proclamation that all religions are to be free and unmolested in his land. The Christian missionary is, therefore, met with cordial good will, and not with opposition.

Among the imposing temples of Bangkok the most prominent is the *Wat Chang*, and the following vivid description, written by Bayard Taylor, will reveal its beauty: —

"Within a stone's throw of my window rose the shining tower of the most splendid temple in Bangkok. From its broad octagonal base to the tip of its splendid spire it must measure, I should think, a good deal more than two hundred feet; and every foot of its irregular surface glitters with ornament.

"Curiously wrought into it are forms of men and birds, and grotesque beasts, that seem with their outstretched hands, or claws, to hold it up. Two thirds the way from the base stand four white elephants, made of shining porcelain, facing one each way toward four points of the compass. From the rounded summit rises, like a needle, a sharp spire. This was the temple tower; and all over the magnificent pile, from the tip of the highest needle to the base, from every prominent angle and projection, there were hanging sweet-toned bells, with little gilded fans attached to their tongues, so swinging that they were vocal in the slightest breeze."

Along the east coast of Indo-China is a region known as Cochin China which, with Anam and Ton-



WAT CHANG.

quin on either side, is now under the control of France.

The people are very largely Mongolian, and their language is like that of the Chinese.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

"What shall we call
This Curious One who builded a great wall,
That rivers crossing, skirting mountain steeps,
Did not keep out, but let in, the invader?
With twinkling almond eyes and little feet,
She tottered hither from her fields of flowers,
From where Peking uplifts its pictured towers,
And from the markets where her merchants meet
And barter with the world."

You are familiar with the names Hong-Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and Peking. What pictures come to your minds as these names are repeated? These are but a few of the great cities that fringe the coast of the mighty Chinese Empire.

We may form some idea of the immense size of China when we know that, with the exception of Russia, it is the largest empire the world has ever known. It occupies about one third of the whole continent of Asia. This vast empire has been, till recent times, one of the least-known countries on the globe. Look at your maps, and you will soon discover why

this is so. It is shut off from Europe and western Asia by trackless deserts, hundreds of miles wide. To the east is the broad Pacific Ocean.

The Portuguese, and later the Dutch, ventured across unknown oceans to the Far East to establish trading posts and to open a highway of commerce between the Old World and the New. But not until the days of the locomotive and the steamship was it possible to carry on a great commerce with this remote land.

The seclusion of China, then, will explain why her civilization should be quite different from that of any other country. The Chinese have their own way of doing things, and very many of their manners and customs are unlike those of any other people.

Within the boundaries of the empire are all varieties of surface, from the lofty table-lands of Tibet to the lowlands along the coast.

In northwestern China is an area as large as France which is entirely covered with a fine, yellowish soil. The high winds, which frequently sweep over this country, bring great clouds of dust from the inland deserts and deposit it over this region.

In some places the yellow soil covers the earth to the depth of a thousand feet. Rivers easily cut their way through this light soil, and their banks are high, perpendicular cliffs. Many of the natives dig caves in the face of these precipices, and in them make their homes.

This curious formation is called *loess*, meaning yellow soil; and this part of China is known as "the loess country."

The rivers of China, winding in a tortuous course from the mountains to the sea, are its most characteristic feature. Two of these, the Hoang Ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, are classed with the world's greatest rivers. For ages these two mighty streams have been wearing away the mountain sides and building up the great delta plain.

The Hoang Ho, or "Yellow River," is sometimes called "China's Sorrow"—a name given to it by one of the emperors. Much of its upper course is through the loess country, from which it brings down every year vast quantities of yellowish soil. This has formed that great plain known as "the garden of China."

When the rainy season comes and the torrents pour down the mountain sides, a great change takes place in the harmless and insignificant-looking river. It rises rapidly and sweeps along with terrible velocity, carrying away everything in its path. Houses and crops are destroyed, and often thousands of people with their flocks are drowned.

From very early times large sums of money have been expended in erecting huge embankments along the river, like the levees along the banks of the Mississippi. In spite of this precaution, however, terrible floods have from time to time occurred.

Owing to the sluggish character of the people very little is done to guard against this danger. When the flood is over and the long, dry season comes on, the embankments are neglected, and so when the waters rise again, as they surely will, the weak spots soon give way. Then frantic efforts are made to re-

pair the breaks, but it is too late to prevent awful disaster.

If the Hoang Ho is a cause of sorrow to China, the Yang-tse-Kiang is one of its greatest blessings. It is navigable by ocean steamers for more than a thousand miles, and forms the great highway of trade and travel for a densely populated portion of the country.

There are few roads in China, and, consequently, nearly all the travel is by means of rivers and canals. This shows us at once that a great river like the Yang-tse-Kiang must be of even greater importance to China than the Mississippi is to the United States.

Many important cities and towns are on or near this great river. Shanghai, the chief seaport of China, is situated on a wide opening of the Wusung River, which joins the Yang-tse-Kiang not far from the sea. It is a city of a million inhabitants; or, rather, it is two cities in one, since the native city is entirely distinct from the foreign city.

There are English, French, and American sections in the foreign, or modern, city, although it is only one mile square and contains about ten thousand inhabitants.

There is every evidence of progress in the management of the modern city. The private residences, as well as the public buildings, — banks, warehouses, churches, hotels, and stores, — are all large, substantial stone structures; and, handsome as they are externally, they have been beautifully fitted up with all the conveniences of modern life.

There is a wide river frontage, or boulevard, as it

CHINESE MERCHANTS.

would be called in Paris, but known here as the "Bund." This is the center of commercial activity, and it is a very busy place during the business hours of the day.

On the river, in front of the city, are great iron steamers, loading with cargoes destined for distant ports in other lands. The Chinese *junks* and *sampans*, as the native boats are called, present a decided contrast to the modern steamers, and help us to realize how slowly changes are made in this land of ancient customs.

It is well said, "the foreigner lives in the present and looks to the future, and is full of vigor and hope; the Chinaman lives in the present and looks to the past, and is satisfied if only his daily wants are supplied."

The streets in the foreign quarter of Shanghai are well paved, and are kept clean. There is one thing very commonly to be seen on the streets of Shanghai to which the natives can point as a proof of their genius and originality, and that is the vehicle in which many passengers are conveyed about the city. It is a double-seated wheelbarrow, and it is popular with the natives. To ride with safety in this novel conveyance requires a nice adjustment of weight, and the coolie driver takes much time so to place his passengers that the load will be well balanced. The fare for a ride is one *cash*, a small brass coin, and as twenty-five *cash* make only a penny it cannot be called a very profitable business!

A brick wall, which was built around the city sometime in the middle ages, separates the old city from the new. The low, tumble-down, mud or brick houses; the narrow, crowded streets, filthy beyond description; the pools of stagnant water to be seen in

many places — all combine to make a scene sure to be long remembered.

The streets fairly swarm with people all intent upon gaining the little they need to sustain life. A walk through these crowded streets will afford us many novel sights. The cobbler, the fish dealer, the tailor, and the carpenter are all to be seen in their shops working at their several occupations. They seem to be almost upon the street, for their little cupboard-like shops are open to the view of every passer-by.

Paper lanterns, some of them very large and of many different shapes and colors, hang before these shops. If we look closely, we shall see a stick of incense burning in front of each shop. This is an offering to the god of Prosperity, the one deity worshiped by every Chinaman.

Many kinds of trade are carried on in the streets. If a man's jacket needs to be mended, or his shoes repaired, he may easily summon a passing tailor or a cobbler, and, while waiting for the work to be done, he may employ a barber to plait his queue.

In China merchants occupy the lowest rank in the social scale, but they have done more than any other class to make her a powerful nation.

From the shops we turn to study the people thronging the narrow streets. The majority are men with their long queues and blue jackets, looking just like the Wah Lees and Yu Lungs whose laundry shops are to be seen in every city of our own country.

Here comes a sedan chair, and, as the four coolies who bear it pass through the crowd, we can see that the occupant is a richly dressed mandarin.

Coolies bearing great burdens suspended from bamboo poles pass to and fro.

We must not tarry longer in the streets of Shanghai, but go on board the steamer which is to take us up the great Yang-tse-Kiang. As we cross the bar into the main stream, we notice several large vessels anchored just outside the mouth of the river. The Chinese government makes no effort to remove the great quantity of sand and clay which every year is brought down by the river, and for this reason many of the largest vessels cannot come up to the city.

Our journey on the Yang-tse-Kiang will take us through the very heart of Old China, and give us an opportunity to see much of the life of her strange people. We pass many large towns, and at length reach Nanking, the former capital of the Chinese. For many centuries this was one of the largest and most powerful cities in the world. The wonderful porcelain pagoda, the most beautiful monument in all China, once stood here.

Nanking was the capital from 1853 to 1864, and it was during the Taiping rebellion, which occurred at this period, that the porcelain pagoda was destroyed. The army raised to defend foreigners and protect their interests was organized by General Ward, an American adventurer. He was killed during the rebellion. The command then passed to General Gordon, an English officer, whose experiences with the Chinese commanders make a vivid story. In this rebellion General Gordon, leading The Ever Victorious Army, won great fame. He was afterwards known as "Chinese Gordon." The

story of his life is very interesting and should be read by every boy and girl. Several years after the settlement of the war in China he was sent by the English government to take command of the army engaged in fighting against rebellious Arabs in Africa, near the head waters of the Nile. Stationed at Khartoum, he held the place for a long time, but was defeated at last and killed by the fierce followers of the Mahdi.

Nanking is celebrated chiefly for the manufacture of satins. The richly dressed Chinese mandarins and all the wealthy merchants are clothed on state occasions in satins of the most gorgeous colors, ornamented with the figures of dragons woven in gold thread.

A great deal of the beautiful porcelain and china ware for which China is celebrated is made at Nanking.

Outside the walls of the city we see many curious monuments carved in the forms of elephants, camels, and tortoises bearing columns upon their backs. These, we learn, are the tombs of the ancient emperors.

As we sail on up the great river, we find almost as much to interest us on the water as on the shore. We meet strange junks, and other curiously shaped vessels. Perhaps a mandarin boat, covered with gold dragons and other grotesque ornamentations of beasts and birds, may pass. Flags of every color and design, together with gorgeous pennants bearing the mandarin's name and titles, fly from the top of the cabin.

All Chinese boats have one interesting feature in common — an *eye* painted on the bow. The ingenious Chinaman says, by way of explanation, "No got eye, no makee see; no makee see, no can go."

The simple-minded Celestial has strange ideas about the size of ships. He firmly believes that the number of masts determines the size of any vessel, and that a small three-masted gunboat is much larger than a huge two-masted ironclad. "Him very big ship," says Ah Sin, "three piecee bamboo stick have got."

A TEA HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

We are now approaching one of the great tea districts of China, and find at Hankow the center of the tea trade. Most of the tea used in Russia and Siberia is carried by camels over the famous caravan route through central Asia. This is the longest caravan route in the world.

As the cost of transporting it is so great, the tea is selected and compressed into solid "bricks," from which

fact comes the name "brick tea." There are several large factories at Hankow for making "brick tea."

We shall find it an interesting experience while at Hankow to visit a duck farm. The breeding of ducks and fishing are important occupations of the people along the river; for on the low land, so liable to floods, but little can be grown. There must be thousands of ducks raised on some of these farms near Hankow.

It may be thought a simple thing to manage a duck farm, but the patient Chinaman exhibits no little skill in its care.

A large shed stands near the river, in which the ducks are sheltered at night. The farmer also stays here to protect his interests from all harm. Early in the morning the door is opened and out run the ducks into the river, where they feed all day. As sunset approaches, they come from all directions, and it is amusing to see them scramble one over the other to get into the shed.

The reason is soon made clear. By the door sits the Chinaman, a long cane in his hand, and woe to the last duck to enter, for down on its back falls the unsparing rod. This is a daily lesson in punctuality!

We shall be amused if we meet one of these farmers driving his flock of ducks to market. Seated in his boat, he soon gathers his flock together and then drives them before him.

If any of the ducks swim away to either side, the farmer quickly overtakes them and, with the long bamboo pole they know so well, he brings them into line again.

Although we are six hundred miles from the sea, the river at this point is a mile wide. On all sides there are still level plains, but the country soon changes and hills begin to appear. The scenery now becomes as varied as it has been monotonous. Huge boulders are strewn along the river bank; steep precipices rise on either side, between which the river forces itself with great velocity.

The Yang-tse-Kiang is the greatest natural highway in China, but there is another waterway which is of especial interest. This is the Grand Canal. Extending from Peking more than six hundred miles to the south, it was, in days gone by, a most important means of communication between many of the large cities.

At the time it was built, a thousand years ago, there was nothing like it in the world. It is still used to some extent. There are many shorter canals throughout China, but few of them are now in good repair. These canals have always been favorite highways of travel and commerce.

The modes of travel in any country tell much of the state of its civilization. Rapid transit is not one of the absorbing questions of the day in China. The two-wheeled cart with neither springs nor seat (the same kind that has been in use for thirty centuries) still satisfies the demands of millions of the people of northern China. Sedan chairs are the principal mode of conveyance in the south, because here the roads are too poorly made, or too narrow, to permit the use of wagons.

One of the most interesting vehicles in use is the wheelbarrow, as we saw in Shanghai. A common sight is one of these immense wheelbarrows loaded with both passengers and goods. Finely dressed ladies, as well as servants and coolies, may be seen riding on these curious vehicles.

Perhaps we may meet a farmer going to market, sitting comfortably on one side of the wheel, while a large pig or a basket of ducks balances the other side.

A huge sail is often hoisted to aid in propelling these strange vehicles. The creaking noise made by these wheelbarrows is a sound with which we become familiar in China. It is, perhaps, the best proof we can have of the extreme economy of the owners of these wheelbarrows, to be told that they do not oil the wheels because they cannot afford to pay the cost of the few drops of oil needed for that purpose.

Many attempts have been made to introduce railroads into China, but with little success, up to this time, as the introduction of any kind of machinery is regarded as a national calamity.

The first railroad was built, in 1876, from Shanghai to Wusung. After running successfully for a few months, it was bought by the government, and the rails were torn up and carried off to Formosa.

From time to time money has been appropriated to build railroads, but some opposition has always arisen to prevent its being used for that purpose. There is now, in 1896, one railroad about one hundred and eighty miles long, extending from Tientsin along the coast.

This railroad has been built almost wholly because of the influence of Li Hung Chang, who believes in the advantages sure to come to China when railroads open up the country.

Plans for an Imperial Railroad to be built from Peking to Hankow are now under consideration.

The Chinese are especially devoted to agriculture. In many portions of China every inch of land is carefully cultivated. The hoe is an emblem of honor. Farmers are everywhere held in highest esteem. In the social scale they rank next to scholars.

In the early spring the emperor and his nobles offer sacrifices in the Temple of Agriculture. After these ceremonies the emperor, escorted by hundreds of princes and nobles, as well as musicians and other attendants, goes to a field near the temple and pays honor to the tillers of the soil.

Here are in readiness as many bright yellow plows as there are members of the royal company. Each plow is drawn by a buffalo, led by a peasant dressed in yellow. The emperor, dressed like a peasant, puts his hand to the plow and turns nine furrows across the field, being followed by the other members of the royal party, each one turning a like number of furrows, while bands of musicians chant the praises of Agriculture.

In like manner the empress sets an example to the women of the empire by picking the leaves of the mulberry tree, as soon as they begin to appear in the spring, to be fed to the silkworms.

The food of the Chinese consists very largely of the

products of the soil. Two bowls of rice, with a few scraps of vegetables or pieces of fish added, make the daily food for each one of countless numbers of the poorer people.

With all, rich and poor alike, rice and vegetables form the staple food. This is well illustrated by the fact that these words have come to stand for all food. In his invitation to partake of a most sumptuous repast the host will ask his guests "to eat rice"; and a servant will announce a feast by saying "the vegetables are served."

The Chinese never eat fresh eggs, milk, or butter. If eggs are to be used, they are first boiled very hard, and then kept for months, or even years, before they are thought to be fit to eat.

In place of knives and forks the Chinese use two small, round sticks, called *chopsticks*, to convey all food to the mouth.

Next to rice, fish is used more than any other article of food. The lakes and rivers abound in fish and they are caught in a great variety of ways. The most singular method is by the use of cormorants. The fisherman, standing on a raft, takes a position in the middle of the stream. On the raft are four or five queer-looking birds, which at a signal from the master dive into the water to search for fish. As soon as a fish is caught the bird rises to the surface and swims to the raft. On the neck of each bird is a bamboo ring to prevent the fish being swallowed. Great pains are taken in training the cormorants, and they seldom refuse to obey their masters.

Among the provinces included within the Chinese Empire the one least known is Tibet.

Surrounded as it is by lofty mountains and trackless deserts, few travelers have been able to reach this land. From the accounts of the few adventurers who have invaded this inhospitable country we learn that it is the highest plateau on the globe — sixteen thousand feet above the sea — and that it is a dreary waste.

Lofty ranges of mountains cut off the moist winds from the ocean, and so the uplands of Tibet are bleak and barren.

The air is so dry that the rocks crumble into dust and sand, which the fierce winds drive in blinding sand storms. The cold is intense, and the continual wind, snow, and sleet compel traders and travelers crossing these plains to protect their faces with horse-hair veils.

The soil is so barren that large tracts of country do not produce enough vegetation to support any animal life. In the valleys where irrigation is possible, the soil is cultivated and good crops are raised.

The people of Tibet are, for the most part wandering shepherds, living in tents. Immense flocks of sheep and goats are raised on these desolate steppes. The quality of the wool brought to the markets by the Tibetan traders is so fine it always commands a good price.

In the eastern portion of Tibet is a famous body of water known as the Koko-Nor, or Azure Lake. This large lake, 250 miles in circumference, is nearly 11,000 feet above sea level.

Tibet is known as the land of the *lamas*, or priests. These lamas control extensive tracts of land and hold a great power over the people.

Although by faith the lamas are men of peace, they are always prepared for war. The home of the lamas is called a lamasery, and it is fortified like an armed camp.

The Tibetans are a superstitious people and have faith in many curious ceremonies. Praying wheels are to be seen everywhere — many of the people carrying them in their hands and turning them rapidly all the while. These prayer wheels are even fastened to the roofs of houses that every passing breeze may help to turn out more prayers for these strange people.

The city of Lassa is the capital and the principal market of Tibet. Chinese traders come here every year bringing silks, carpets, and hardware.

The lamas are so jealous of foreigners that it is often very difficult to carry on trade with them. The Tibetans are fond of tea, and the English merchants of India are anxious to supply them; but, owing to the suspicion and animosity of the people, difficulties are constantly arising to prevent the rapid growth of the trade.

Lassa has been visited by only two or three Europeans, so jealously is it guarded against all foreigners.

The time will soon come, it is believed, when the Chinese government will withdraw all opposition to travelers entering Tibet. When the country has been fully explored, and the sacred city of the lamas visited, it will not be found so great a land of mystery as it has

been imagined to be. Few travelers will then care to visit the country and endure the difficulties of such a trip; but traders, always alert for new markets, will do much to arouse and enlighten the people of Tibet to the advantages of trade with other nations. This will be the first step toward the fuller development and civilization of these people.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE PRODUCTS OF CHINA.

"CHINA without the bamboo would not be China," some one has said. When we see in what a variety of ways the bamboo enters into the daily life of every Chinaman, whether he be prince or peasant, we realize the truth of this statement. Bamboo grows in nearly every part of the empire.

From it is derived food and shelter for thousands. An inestimable number of things, from fishing rods to houses, are manufactured of bamboo. The little composition which follows was written by a Chinese boy, and in it he tells, quite fully, of the almost countless uses of this precious grass: —

"We have a bamboo hedge in our grounds, and nothing could be prettier. I am writing with a bamboo-handled pencil, and I have seen boats with bamboo masts. On the whole, the bamboo is one of the most precious possessions of China. Its tapering stalks sup-

A CLUMP OF BAMBOOS.

ply joists for houses, ribs for sails, shafts for spears, tubes and buckets for water, fishing rods, and the handles and ribs of our fans; and the great bamboo,

split, makes a most excellent roof. In a freshly cut bamboo, so full is it of moisture, flowers can be sent long distances. Middling-sized bamboos make neat bottles. Indeed, one can have all sizes of bottles. From the roots of the bamboo are carved children's toys and canes for the aged and infirm; and its leaves, sewed upon strings, form a snug rain cloak for the traveler and farmer, while the poor man can use them to thatch his house. Rafts are made of the bamboo, baskets are woven of it, and the stout twisted boat cable and the soft mat are alike woven of it.

"Not only does the wise Chinaman write out his heaven-given thoughts with a bamboo-handled pencil, but he sits in a bamboo chair, at a bamboo table, and he may rest himself in the heat of the day beneath the shade of bamboos, a bamboo hat upon his head. At dinner he may eat the soft and succulent young shoots of the bamboo stewed with rice, or as pickles, with bamboo chopsticks, and, untying the bamboo strings that close the porcelain jar, regale himself with bamboo preserves.

"Boys who are permitted can accompany their songs with bamboo clappers. (I never had a pair of these delightful instruments, for my honorable father would not permit me to make such noise.) Schoolmasters punish careless or mischievous pupils with the bamboo. (I never had to suffer blows: Mo-Me has a kind heart; then, stripes will not make a dull boy clever.) The carpenter putting up a bamboo fence or shed uses a bamboo rule. The druggist pours out all his medicines into a bamboo measuring cup, and he and the mer-

chant use a bamboo abacus to help them add up their accounts. The cook blows his fire with a bamboo bellows, and old gentlemen keep their pet birds in bamboo cages.

"My honorable father once said that silkworms' eggs are sent out of our land of flowers to the people on the edges of the earth in boxes of bamboo; and I have a bow and arrows of bamboo, while I have seen old Fun-Ban, who shaves men in the streets, whetting up his razor on a bamboo strop. There are many other uses for this 'Lord of all the Reeds,' which is too beautiful and useful for a boy like me to describe fully. But when, like our honorable cousin Hi-Wang, I have gone all about the edges of the world in a fire junk, and have seen all sorts of strange sights and strange people, I ask nothing better than to come back home and sit under the shade of a bamboo veranda, and, when my life shall be accomplished, to ascend the sky from a bamboo bed."

For thousands of years the tea plant has been known and valued in China. Its cultivation has been one of the most important industries of the people; and, since the Chinese have been engaged in commerce with foreign nations, the tea trade is one of their great sources of income.

The tea plant is an evergreen shrub, and frequently grows to a height of six or eight feet. It flourishes best in a warm, moist climate. The tea plant is grown from the seed, and its culture gives employment to large numbers of Chinese laborers.

It is interesting to see the process of cultivating this valuable plant. First the seeds are placed in cold water, and, as soon as they begin to sprout, they are planted. When the little tea plants are four or five inches high, they are set out in rows. The tea plant yields its first crop at the end of the third year, and after this four crops are taken every year.

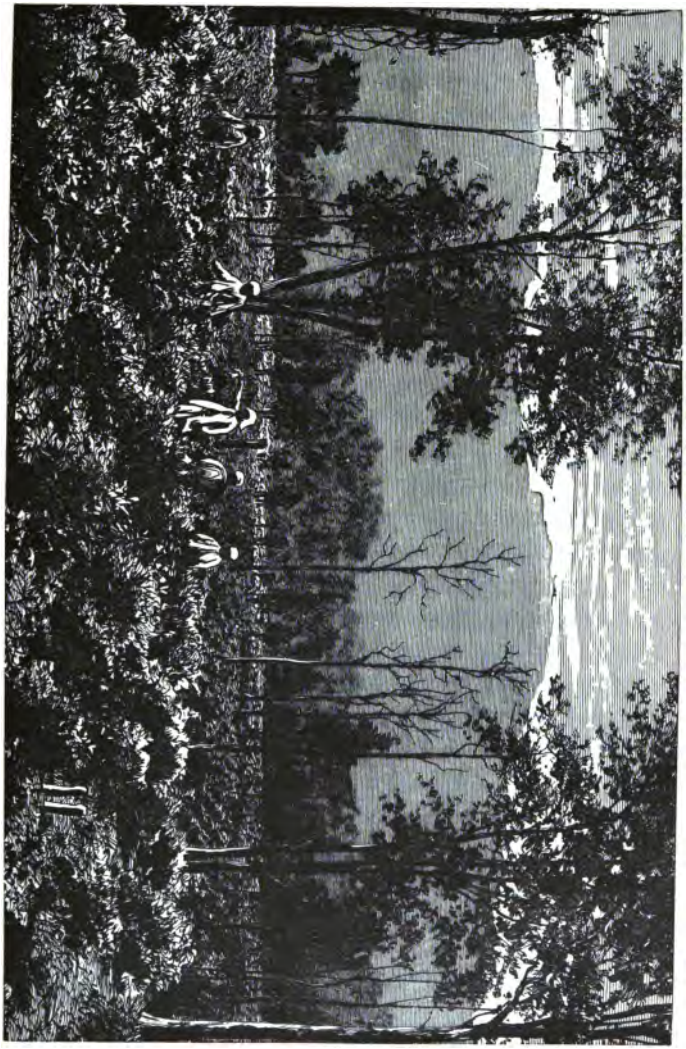
During the picking season the tea farmer and his family may be seen gathering the precious leaves in wickerwork baskets. The leaves are first dried in the sun for a short time, and then taken to the tea factory to be fired. These tea factories are large buildings, each divided into several rooms, some for firing, others for sorting, and yet others for weighing and packing the tea.

The firing room contains many stoves, and, on the top of each, a pan made of iron or copper is placed. The tea is placed in these pans, each one of which is cared for by a coolie whose duty it is to keep turning the leaves over and over until they are thoroughly dried. The leaves are then rolled into the shape so familiar to all of us.

If you will place a small quantity of tea in cold water for a short time, and then carefully unroll each leaf, you can see its original size and shape.

Finally the prepared tea is sorted and packed into the chests we so frequently see in our tea and grocery stores. These chests are lined with lead, the tops are soldered to make them air tight, and the tea is then ready for the market.

It would be a valuable study for us to try to esti-



A TEA PLANTATION.

mate the influence this one little plant has had upon the whole world. We can hardly think there ever was a time when tea was not an important article in every home, but it is not very many generations since Dutch traders learned the habit of tea drinking from the Chinese and taught it to the western world. Now millions of pounds are imported every year into our country alone, and the whole civilized world counts it no longer a luxury but a necessity.

There is a pretty legend told in the tea countries of the origin of tea. There was an Indian saint, so the story runs, who had watched and prayed for many years. One day he fell asleep. When he awoke he was so ashamed of his great weakness, — for so he esteemed it, — that he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. They took root, and grew into "the shrub which has ever since had power to keep the world awake."

The rearing of silkworms is one of the most ancient as well as important industries of China. There is no real record of its origin, so old is this industry; but history tells us that in very early times the queens and nobles of China considered it worthy of their special attention.

One of the great festivals of the Chinese year, the cocoon festival, is in honor of that empress who, the legend says, discovered the use of silk. The story is that, as she was walking one day among the mulberry trees in the palace garden, she became much interested in the cocoons hanging among the branches. She thought the tiny fibers might be unwound and made

into a fabric which could be used for clothing. After many trials, a way to unwind the cocoons was invented, and the delicate threads were twisted and woven into the beautiful fabric we are now familiar with as silk.

The people were so grateful to the empress for her discovery that they gave her the name by which she has since been known, "The Goddess of the Silkworm."

Silk is produced in every province of China. Especial care is necessary to obtain the best quality of silk. The silkworm is a kind of caterpillar which feeds on the leaves of the mulberry, and great mulberry orchards are cultivated to provide food for these worms. The eggs are carefully watched, and as soon as the silkworms are hatched they are fed every half hour with fresh leaves. After a little while they require less food, and eat only twenty-four times a day. For five weeks the silkworms eat in this way, and then begin spinning. In about five days the cocoons are complete. These are at once collected and placed, on bamboo shelves, near a slow charcoal fire to kill the silkworms and prevent them from breaking through the silk. When the cocoons have been carefully unwound, the chrysalids are sometimes boiled and eaten by the Chinese as a great delicacy.

For many years all the silk used in the world came from China; and the people were forbidden to send any silkworms out of the country, or to tell any one the secret of making silk. At length two Persian monks, who were traveling in China, saw the process of rearing the silkworms. They succeeded in obtaining some of

the eggs and, hiding them in a bamboo cane, they took them to Constantinople. When the silkworms were hatched they were fed on the leaves of the wild mulberry. From this small beginning the great silk industries of western Asia and the countries of Europe have been developed.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT CITIES OF CHINA.

THE most eastern of Great Britain's possessions in Asia is Hong-Kong. This little island, about forty miles in circumference, is a mass of hills and mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge. The harbor is one of the best on the eastern coast of Asia. It is a natural stronghold, like Gibraltar, and commands the approach to Canton, as well as the commerce of the Chinese coast. It is nearly surrounded by hills, which shelter it from the terrible winds that frequently sweep along the coast. Hong-Kong is one of the most important ports in the British Empire, and is sure to become of yet greater importance when the commerce of China is developed.

There is a large city here which is of especial value to England as a naval station. This is the city of Victoria, which appears to every traveler approaching it to have been built in three layers. The lowest layer, near the water, is, of course, the commercial part of the city. Here are the business streets

upon which are the banks, courts, post office, and shops of every kind. Above this, on the second layer, are the homes of the foreigners, and the residence of the governor. The streets leading up to these beautiful homes are lined with great palms and tall, graceful ferns.

At the top of the island comes the third layer. Here, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, are the summer homes of the wealthy people, where they live in comfort and escape the terrible heat of the city.

The view of the city of Victoria and of the harbor from the "Peak," as this highest part of the island is called, is one of great beauty.

"Hong-Kong harbor is the focus of the traffic of the East, though what this means one cannot realize until he has here looked down upon the great mail liners ready to cross the oceans, the white-winged sailing vessels resting after their long flights, the innumerable high-sterned junks plying to every port on the Chinese coast, and all the mailed host of men-of-war flying every flag under heaven, from the white ensign of the English flagship and the black eagle of its Russian rival, to the yellow crown of the tiny Portuguese gunboat or the dragon pennant of China."

But how came England in possession of this far eastern port? The story is soon told. For many years China had been importing large quantities of opium from India. At last the Chinese government determined to forbid this importation. England was quite as determined not to lose the revenue which annually came from the sale of opium. This difference of opinion,

together with other questions, resulted in a cruel war, known as the "Opium War."

The Chinese seized and destroyed an immense quantity of opium at Canton. But, as we should expect, England conquered in this war, and in 1842 a famous treaty was signed. By the provisions of this treaty England received from China several million dollars as pay for the opium destroyed and for the expenses of the war. The island of Hong-Kong was henceforth to belong to England, and, most important of all, there were to be opened to commerce five ports where consuls representing the different nations might reside to protect foreign residents and their interests. The five ports were Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Foo-Chow, and Ningpo.

In all the years that have passed since these ports were opened to foreign commerce, the Chinese people have not learned to prize the advantages of trade as, in a shorter time, the people of Japan have done.

It may be that the Chinese have not forgiven the English people for their conduct during the Opium War, and so do not wish to deal too freely with them or with other foreigners. It is doubtless true that much of this indifference to trade with other nations is due to the natural slowness of the Chinese to perceive that the manufactures of other nations are superior to their own. We shall see some of these characteristics as we visit the treaty ports.

Imagine a great city containing miles and miles of narrow streets — so narrow that only a strip of sky can

be seen overhead — and through these streets, half blocked with long hanging signboards, a great throng of bareheaded people continually passing. This is Canton, the great city of southern China.

We have come up the Pearl, or Canton, River, a distance from Hong-Kong of nearly one hundred miles. The country on all sides is very fertile. Here the Chinaman shows his skill in farming, as he raises at least three crops every year.

Great fields of rice stretch far back from the river. Beyond them are hundreds of villages, for this is the most populous section of the Middle Kingdom.

The river in front of the city is covered with boats of every description. Here are Chinese junks, canoes, sampans, and, most interesting of all, the house boats. These house boats are ranged in tiers, and form regular streets along the river sides.

The boat population of Canton is one of its most interesting sights. More than one hundred thousand people know no other home. Some of these boats are not more than twenty feet in length and yet are the homes of men, women, and children. In them we can see people working at their trades.

Little children are to be seen playing on these house boats, fastened by ropes about their waists, so that if they fall overboard their mothers may easily rescue them.

To provide for the wants of this vast floating population, there are market boats of every description, — rice boats, vegetable boats, and boats for the sale of crockery, salt, and clothing.

Like all other eastern cities, Canton is surrounded by high walls, through which are many gates. A high partition wall divides the city into the new and the old quarters. All the gates are shut and guarded at night.

As we pass through one of these city gates, we find the streets narrower and more crooked than we had imagined. There are no sidewalks, for none are needed, as there are no wagons or vehicles of any kind passing through these narrow lanes. No horses are to be seen in them, but on all sides we see an endless throng of people.

Once in the streets of Canton, it is easy to see much of the daily life of the Chinese people. We notice that the buildings are very low, and that the shops are all open to the street, and that every shop is a factory. In these tiny workshops are made many of the rare and costly Chinese wares which are now so well known and so highly valued all over the civilized world.

Workmen can be seen busily engaged in making the paper umbrellas, fans, and Chinese lanterns which we always, in our thought, associate with China. Beautiful silks woven on hand looms, and gold and ivory ornaments carved and fashioned by hand, compel our admiration as much for the patience of the workmen as for the wonderful skill displayed.

In some parts of the city a whole street is given up to one trade. That for the working and sale of jade is especially interesting. Jade is to the Chinese what the diamond is to western nations. This valuable stone is obtained chiefly in the Kuen-Lun mountains in Turkestan. It is much used for jewelry. It is

usually of a greenish color, and the darker the color the more it is prized.

For more than twenty-five hundred years jade has been held in the highest estimation by the Chinese, who ascribe to it rare qualities and consider it an emblem of all the virtues. Visitors to Canton are always impressed with the great value of pure jade, and are told, as an illustration, that a necklace of green jade beads will cost five thousand dollars.

After hearing much about the filthy streets of Canton, it is a great surprise to be shown the "Street of Refreshing Breezes"; but as we pass through it we exclaim "What's in a name!" Other streets bear names quite as odd and meaningless, as for instance, "Everlasting Love," "One Hundred Grandsons," and "Celestial Bliss."

The long wooden signs which swing before the shops are as interesting as the street signs. The names given to these shops are a source of amusement, and we examine with curiosity the Chinese characters painted upon the signboards. Here is a hat store bearing the name "Everlasting Increase Hat Shop." Another shop near by, for the sale of silk, pongee, and satin, is advertised as the "Delightful Harmony Establishment."

The shops are very small and there are no "show windows," for the whole front of each shop is open. The merchants look very contented as they sit, fan in hand, waiting for trade.

In another part of the city are to be seen the processes of making flour and husking rice. These and other occupations are interesting chiefly because they show

us how the same work has been done for thousands of years.

The art of printing was invented by the Chinese more than four hundred years before America was discovered, and yet there are now less than a score of Chinese newspapers published in the whole empire.

While the rest of the world has taken her invention and made it one of the greatest forces of civilization, China has stood still and kept her people in darkness. A visit to the printing office of the "Canton News" will show how little progress has been made. The crude printing presses and heavy block types, known many years ago, are used, and no desire to improve upon these clumsy methods is shown by the Chinese.

We turn from the shops to learn more of the homes of this strange people. The houses are all one story in height, with windows facing upon an inclosed court-yard. The greater number are built of sun-dried bricks and are covered with thatch. The richer people use burned bricks and stone, and the roofs of their houses are covered with tiles. The windows are small and are commonly made of thin white paper pasted over latticework. We occasionally see a small pane of glass, and in rare instances the windows are pieces of oyster shell scraped very thin.

The home of a wealthy Chinaman covers a large area. Within it there are long halls supported by numerous pillars, and here and there hanging lamps and other decorations are to be seen. Under one roof are many different branches of the family.

Beautifully carved chairs and tables of the most

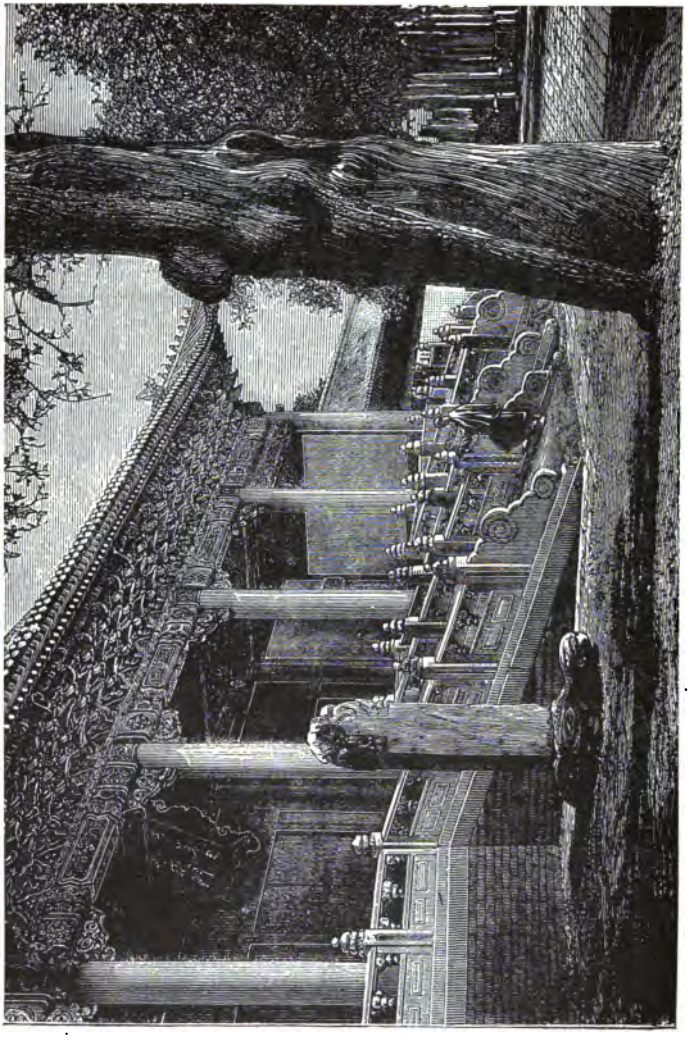
exquisite inlaid work, are to be found in these homes of the wealthy Chinese.

The Chinese do not sit on the floor, as is the custom with all other Eastern peoples. In the houses of the poorer people there is little furniture, usually only a few things that answer for seats and tables. The one article of furniture sure to be found is the *kang*, or brick bed, built across one side of the room. This answers for a seat to sit on by day and for a bed to sleep on at night.

In northern China, where the weather is often very cold, these brick beds are heated by passing the smoke and hot air from the small charcoal stove upon which the cooking for the family is done, through a flue built into the brickwork.

Many temples are to be seen in Canton, but most of them are very dirty and show few signs of care or reverence. One of the largest and most interesting is the Temple of Five Hundred Gods. On all sides of the great hall are ranged the five hundred life-sized figures. The priests of the temple conduct a service consisting principally of beating tom-toms, wailing, and burning incense.

The religions of China form a very interesting study. Every true Chinaman is a believer in Confucius, a great philosopher who lived in China about five hundred years before the birth of Christ. His name is held sacred throughout the empire, and this veneration has become the center of a great religious system, of which the most important rites are the worship of heaven and earth, and the veneration, or worship, of ancestors.



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

The ancestral tablet is to be found in every home. It is a small strip of wood, set into a wooden base, usually painted red and bearing a gilt inscription to show its purpose. These tablets are the household gods, and are worshiped daily. Twice each year religious sacrifices are offered by all faithful Chinese believers at the graves of their ancestors. These sacrifices are intended to provide for all the needs of the ancestors, and so food of various kinds and pieces of silk for clothing are placed before their tombs. After a short time the spirits are supposed to have used all the food they desire, and then the thrifty Chinaman, with his never failing economy, sets out the baked meats, the rice, and the wine, to furnish forth a feast for his family!

While it is true that the Chinese are nearly all believers in Confucius, a great mass of the people are, at the same time, worshipers of Buddha, whose temples, large and small, are to be found in all parts of the country. Many of these temples are in a most dilapidated condition, but they are open day and night, and priests are always in attendance.

The form of worship is very simple. The worshiper buys of the priest a few sticks of incense. These he lights and places before the image of Buddha, and then prostrates himself three times before the idol, each time knocking his forehead three times upon the floor, while the priest sounds a gong or beats upon a drum to wake up the god.

Two hundred miles to the north of Hong-Kong is Amoy, another port of considerable importance and one of the first opened to foreign commerce.

Between Amoy and Shanghai are many cities. The most important of these are Foo Chow and Ningpo.

These are situated, as are all the other ports of China, not on the coast, but several miles up a river.

Foo Chow is on the Min River, a picturesque stream which in some respects resembles the Hudson River.

Hills and mountains rise from the river banks and the scenery is beautiful.

The commerce of Foo Chow is large, the most important export being tea.

It is one of the cleanest cities along the whole Chinese coast; and this is no small praise, considering the usual conditions existing in the cities of China.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

We have traveled far enough in the "Celestial Empire" to have learned that the customs and manners of the Chinese are, in nearly every particular, the reverse of our own.

In all the outward forms of politeness the Chinese are carefully trained. All classes of people, from the rich mandarins engaged in matters of state ceremony to the ragged beggars along the streets, are mindful of every one of the ancient forms of politeness. It will be of interest to note some of these curious customs.

When Chinese friends meet, instead of shaking hands

with each other, as is our custom, each shakes his own hands. In China no one carries a cane unless he is aged or very infirm. To see men carrying singing birds in cages is a common sight throughout China. The Chinese devote time and patience to the training of these pet birds, and teach them many curious tricks.

An American removes his hat as a mark of respect, but a Chinaman keeps his head covered for the same purpose. To remove one's hat in the presence of a superior would be a serious breach of Chinese etiquette.

There is nothing to correspond to our ideas of social life, since men and women are not expected to appear together in public. A Chinese gentleman would under no circumstances ride in the same carriage with his wife. Women never go shopping, but all articles they may wish to purchase are taken to their homes for their selection.

It is impossible for the Chinese to understand some of our ideas of pleasure, and many things we do must appear as strange to them as their customs do to us. It is related of the first Chinese minister to the United States, that, on attending a reception in Washington where dancing was a part of the entertainment, he watched the dancers for some time in astonishment, and then asked: "Why do they do all that hard work? Can they not afford to hire people to do it for them?"

The relations between China and foreign nations have frequently been disturbed because of some blunder committed by the foreigners. The Chinese, especially those holding official positions, insist upon the observance of the most minute forms of ceremony, and are

careful not to pay higher honors to a foreign official than would be shown to a native official of the same rank.

An amusing illustration of the difficulties of this system occurred some years ago in Canton. The main entrance to government offices in China is provided with three doors: a central door, large and imposing, and on either side of this door a smaller one of ordinary dimensions. By the rules of ceremony in China, the central door is to be opened to admit only officials equal in rank to the Chinese official in charge of the office. The viceroy at Canton refused to admit the consuls of foreign nations through the central door to his office, and for several years they had no interviews with him. The consuls protested that, although of a rank below that of viceroy, it would be an insult to the dignity of the nations they represented if they entered by any other than the central door. After much discussion and correspondence, delaying the transaction of business for years, the viceroy finally yielded the point.

In the same manner much of the ceremony attending an audience with the emperor has been modified, until now the representatives of foreign governments are expected to make three profound bows only, as they approach His Imperial Majesty, instead of kneeling three times and knocking the forehead upon the floor nine times, which is the rule for Chinese officials and even princes of the royal line.

It would seem a very simple matter to accept a cup of tea from a Chinese acquaintance, but to do so properly requires a knowledge of these rigid forms of eti-

quette. An interesting story is told of an American who called upon a Chinese official to secure permission to visit some place in that district. Of course it was important that no mistake in proper ceremony should be made, and the American was on the alert to make a good impression.

The Chinese official received him with formal politeness and ordered a servant to bring tea. Taking a cup in both hands the official presented it to his guest. Supposing it would be proper to drink the tea at once, the American did so, only to discover that a serious mistake had been made. The Chinese official would not even listen to the request he wished to make, and dismissed him without ceremony.

The American had committed two offenses in the eyes of his host, and by so doing had lost all claim upon his favor. In the first place, he should have stood before his host when receiving the cup of tea, and then should have waited until urged to drink it. He should have known, too, that this would be the signal for his departure, and that the official considered the interview at an end.

Like everything else in China, the dress of every official is regulated by law. On a certain day there appears in the Peking Gazette a simple announcement something like this: "The emperor has put on his summer hat." This is all; but now throughout the empire comes a change. Every official must lay aside his fur-lined robes and put on his summer clothing. To be sure the climate of Peking differs very much from that of Canton, but this does not change the law.

There are many other curious laws regulating the most minute details of daily life. It is believed that many of these customs will be changed, as railroads make progress through China, and the Chinese become more and more familiar with the ways of other peoples.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM CANTON TO PEKING.

On leaving Canton it would be very interesting to make the overland journey to Peking, which is in the northeastern portion of the empire. We should learn about the life of the country people and see customs which have been common among them for ages. We should find opium growing quite extensively and occupying land capable of producing food for the thousands now so scantily fed. In the north we should find millet, Indian corn, and beans taking the place of rice.

In many parts of the country roses, peonies, hydrangeas, azaleas, and hundreds of other flowers grow in great luxuriance.

Traveling by land in China is difficult, owing to the absence of inns and the intense hatred of foreigners. We will therefore return to Shanghai and journey by water to the great cities of the north.

Sailing up the Pei-Ho a distance of thirty miles from its mouth, we arrive at the city of Tientsin.

Tientsin, the "Heavenly Ferry," is the port of Pe-

king. Like the other cities in the Great Plain, the country surrounding Tientsin is very low and is often flooded.

In many respects it resembles Shanghai, especially in the contrast between the well-kept foreign settlement and the Chinese city. While Tientsin is not so important a port as Shanghai, many ships enter and leave here every year. As it is the only port for a vast region in the interior of China, an immense trade is carried on here.

To foreigners Tientsin is best known as the residence of Li Hung Chang, for many years the most distinguished of Chinese officials. His name has become known throughout the civilized world as that of a great statesman; and he is, perhaps, the only one among all the millions of Chinamen whose name would be recognized in any public assembly.

Whatever progress has been made in China during recent years is largely due to this great viceroy. Through his influence, telegraph lines connect the principal cities, and railroads are being built in different directions through the empire.

When the first telegraph line between Tientsin and Peking was being repeatedly pulled down by the infuriated natives, Li Hung Chang was told that these acts were committed by the spirits of the earth and water (called Fengshui by the Chinese), who were disturbed by this new and hateful invention.

Li Hung Chang replied that if he caught one of these "spirits" interfering with the telegraph line it would be a serious matter for him! After this hint the line was not tampered with again.

When General Grant visited China, on his tour around the world, Li Hung Chang received him with especial attention, and the two great men became firm friends.

Soon after war between China and Japan was declared in 1894, Li Hung Chang was deprived by the emperor of his yellow coat and his peacock feather, the badges of his power, because the Chinese army was defeated in battle. This is the usual custom in China when a general has been defeated, and it is designed to inspire him to greater efforts in future battles, in order to regain the emperor's favor. The war resulted in the total defeat of the Chinese forces.

Li Hung Chang was soon restored to power, and at the close of the war was sent to Japan to arrange a treaty of peace.

Leaving Tientsin, a journey of eighty miles brings us to the great capital of the Chinese Empire. Peking, the imperial city, is one of the largest cities on the globe. It has the undesirable reputation of being the dirtiest city in the world. It is surrounded by a wall forty-five feet high, and so wide that six horses could be driven on it abreast. It seems to be, what in reality it always has been, a great and strongly fortified camp. All around the wall runs a wide moat, the beginning of the Grand Canal.

Peking is a very ancient city, so old that no record remains of its foundation. It is supposed that as long ago as the time when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea there was here a flourishing city.

Peking is made up of three cities, the "Tartar City,"

GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG.

the "Chinese City," and the "Forbidden City." The Tartar, or imperial, city is six miles in circumference, and is occupied by the nobility and the soldiers. Here, too, are the numerous public buildings. The "Forbidden City," surrounded by a wall and also by a moat, includes the palaces of the emperor and his court. Foreigners are not allowed to enter it, and must be content with a view of the yellow roofs of the palaces to be seen from the top of the city wall.

The emperor is like a prisoner within the "Forbidden City," only coming out from his seclusion at stated times. Notice of this great event is sent abroad by heralds. He is held in greatest reverence, as is shown by his title "Son of Heaven"; and only those who by reason of high rank are near to him are allowed to look upon his face.

In the celebration of all great religious ceremonies the emperor is the high priest of the empire. At various points about the city are the temples to Heaven, Earth, Sun, and Moon.

At each of these temples the emperor worships in person.

When he goes to worship at the "Temple of Heaven," the people along the way are obliged to prostrate themselves and to so remain until he has passed. Along the principal street great yellow screens are hung to prevent the shopkeepers and bystanders from looking at him.

The city proper is fourteen miles in circumference. Unlike those of other Chinese cities, the principal

avenues are very broad, — some of them being eighty, and even one hundred, feet in width. On these are the shops and warehouses. The side streets and lanes contain the houses and smaller shops.

The population that crowds the narrow lanes, and that surges in and out of the gateways of the city, makes a vivid picture of life in China.

Here are mandarins borne along in curtained palanquins; merchants in clumsy carts so common in Peking; priests wearing flowing yellow robes; coolies bearing heavy burdens; criminals in *cangues* (wooden frames placed about the criminals' necks) on which are inscribed the crimes for which they have been sentenced. The punishment for crime is very severe in China, and it is well-known that every year large numbers of criminals are beheaded for offenses which in other countries are punished with little severity.

Here in Peking is the great examination hall where, every three years, students come from all parts of the empire to take the examinations which, if successfully passed, will give them the highest positions under the government. This hall is really a large inclosure, on all sides of which are rows of cells. Each cell contains two boards, or shelves, which serve as chair and table by day, and can be placed together and used for a bed at night. In these narrow cells the candidates are compelled to stay for two or three days at a time, while they write the essays and poems which constitute the examination.

Each candidate carries with him the food he will

need during the examination, and with it a little stove on which he can prepare his rice and tea. This examination can be taken only after years of preparation, and is an event of the greatest importance in the life of a Chinaman. "Secure an education and become an official," is an expression familiar to every Chinese boy. He is sent to school with this end in view, as in no other way can he ever reach any position of influence. In this particular the poor boy has an equal chance with the son of a rich man, for in these examinations each must stand on his own merits.

Schools are to be found all over the great Chinese Empire, and in every school the pupils are learning the same lessons and being instructed in exactly the same manner.

A Chinese boy begins to go to school at five years of age, and continues to go nine hours a day and every day in the week until he completes the course of study.

The schoolroom is not an attractive place. A plain table and chair for the teacher, and a smaller table and bench for each pupil, comprise the furnishing. But to these must be added the bamboo rod and the spectacles, — the master's implements of warfare.

The boy commits to memory the book given him by his teacher. He studies every lesson by shouting it over and over again at the top of his voice. The quiet boy is singled out for his idleness by the teacher and is made acquainted with the bamboo rod. The noise made in a room crowded with studious boys can easily be imagined.

There are no regular classes, as in our schools, and

A CHINESE PROFESSOR.

each pupil pursues his own studies. As soon as a boy has learned his lesson, he takes his book to the teacher and then, turning about, stands with his back toward him and repeats his lesson.

During the cold days of winter the Chinese boys sit in their schoolrooms clothed in so many layers of thick, wadded garments that there is scarcely room for two boys on the same bench. Their stockings and shoes, as well as their hats, are wadded. Instead of a stove in the schoolroom, there is an iron kettle of ashes in the middle of the floor in which there are a few pieces of burning charcoal. Out-of-doors at play, boys do not need to wear mittens or gloves, because their long wadded coat sleeves keep their hands well protected.

We must not leave China without a sight of the Great Wall. From Peking the journey is not a long one, but it must be made in one of the springless carts so common in this country, over a road worn by centuries of travel. In places the road is simply a trench from ten to fifteen feet deep.

We pass villages, in many of which the houses, built of sun-dried brick, are huddled together in the greatest confusion. For long distances there are few trees or fences to be seen. A caravan from Mongolia to Peking passes us, and we count more than a hundred camels laden with grass and sheepskins.

At length the Great Wall is reached. As we gaze at this mass of stone and brick, and learn something of its history, we are not surprised that it has been called one of the wonders of the world.

This wall was built as a defense against the people of Manchuria and other northern tribes, it is believed, two hundred years before the time of Christ. It is about forty feet high and eighteen feet wide at the top. At certain intervals great square towers rise from the main wall. Crossing valleys and plains, rivers and mountains, it extends nearly sixteen hundred miles from the Gulf of Pechili to the Desert of Turkestan.

Before the days of gunpowder it proved a valuable protection to the country; but the time came when the very people whom the Chinese most dreaded broke through the wall and took possession of the country.

Some one has written this witty description of the Great Wall: "The most important building in China is the Chinese Wall, built to keep the Tartars out. It was built at such enormous expense that the Chinese never got over it. But the Tartars did."

This was more than three hundred years ago, and from that time to the present a Manchu has been the emperor of China.

It is interesting to know that the great viceroy Li Hung Chang, the emperor's chief counselor, is a pure Chinaman, with no trace of Tartar blood in his veins.

During the year 1896, Li Hung Chang made a tour around the world, having first attended the coronation of the Czar of Russia as the representative of the Emperor of China.

Visiting the great rulers of Europe, the aged viceroy was received with distinction and treated with great honor.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean, he was welcomed to our country by the President.

In the short time he could remain in the United States he visited a few of our great cities; he examined with care many forms of machinery and the latest marvels of electricity, — in all of which he took a special interest.

Almost as soon as Li Hung Chang arrived in New York he visited the tomb of General Grant, and thus showed his deep regard for the man he had long admired.

The long journey by rail across the continent must have impressed this keen man with the advantages of railroads to a great land, and shown him how they develop all the resources of a nation.

It is hoped the many things he learned in this journey around the world will be impressed upon the emperor by Li Hung Chang, and that he may live to see the railroad, the telegraph, and many other improvements introduced into all parts of The Middle Kingdom.

There was a time when China was the equal, if not the rival, of the rest of the world. She built mighty walls, great canals, and led the way to some of the world's greatest inventions. To this day some of her manufactures have never been surpassed. She has within her borders almost boundless resources, great rivers, fertile plains, and mines of untold wealth. We can but wonder what her future is to be!

Her hatred of foreigners; her rejection of all modern improvements and labor-saving machines; and her evident belief that she can learn nothing from the outside world, are impassable barriers to progress.

But the time must come when China, no longer content with the wheelbarrow and the palanquin, the paper lantern and the clumsy junk, will welcome the more modern inventions of the Western World and strive to take a place among the leading nations of the earth.

"Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

LYING far, far to the East, in the path of the rising sun, is the Island Kingdom of Japan.

"Cradled and rocked in the Eastern seas
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane,
Through the clear realms of azure drift;
And on the hillsides I can see
The villages of Imari."

This land is sometimes called the "Land of Flowers," and the "Chrysanthemum Empire." It can lay good claim to these titles, for nowhere else do we hear of the "Feast of the Chrysanthemums" or the "Feast of the Cherry Blossoms."

No country on the globe is more interesting than

Japan. Shut away from the rest of the world, the Japanese developed a civilization far superior, in many respects, to that of the Hindus, the Chinese, or any other Oriental peoples. Many useful arts, which have won the admiration of the whole world, were invented by the Japanese.

Until the year 1854, but little of the Japanese Empire was known to Americans. This old nation was then suddenly forced, at the cannon's mouth, to open its ports to the people of the United States. There were many causes which led to the sending of an American expedition to Japan at this particular time.

For a number of years the whaling industry had attracted many American ships to the north Pacific. The stories of cruelty and imprisonment told by sailors who had been wrecked upon the shores of Japan were the first cause in deciding our government to compel the Japanese to recognize the rights of shipwrecked American sailors.

There were other important reasons for seeking at this time to arrange a treaty with Japan. The discovery of gold in California and the growing trade with China caused a larger number of steamships to be sent to the Pacific. This made it necessary to have coaling stations and ports of shelter on the Japanese coast.

At length an expedition was fitted out and intrusted to Commodore Perry, who sailed for Japan with a proposal from the United States government for a treaty. When the squadron appeared in the Bay of Yeddo it caused the greatest commotion on shore.

Rumors of a foreign invasion spread among the people and created the wildest excitement.

Commodore Perry proved to be the right man for the occasion. Leaving the proposed treaty to be examined and discussed by the Japanese rulers, Commodore Perry sailed for China to protect Americans there during the Taiping Rebellion, which was in progress at the time.

After many months of conference and hesitation on the part of the Japanese, the treaty was made, and a little later similar treaties were exchanged with other nations. The Japanese soon saw that their unwelcome visitors were their superiors. Since that time the people of Japan have made the most rapid advance in modern civilization ever witnessed in any country. Railroads have been built, telegraph lines extended to all parts of the empire, steamship routes established, electric lights introduced, and all the latest improvements in agriculture, mining, and manufacturing have been adopted. Because of this progressive spirit Japan now stands as the leading power in the Far East.

What a contrast to China, with her inveterate hostility to foreigners and her rejection of all modern improvements and labor-saving machines!

Four large islands form the main part of the Empire of Japan. Besides these there are four thousand small islands within its territory. This island empire, with an extensive coast line of more than seventeen thousand miles, is about the size of California.

From north to south it measures a distance as great

FUJIYAMA.

as that from southern Florida to northern Newfoundland. The island of Hondo covers a larger area than any of the others, and is by far the most important part of the empire.

The native name for Japan is Dai Nippon, meaning The Great Sunrise Land.

Japan is very mountainous, and volcanoes are numerous. Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, is an extinct volcano. Volcanic eruptions are frequent in Japan, and have caused much suffering in certain sections of the empire.

In one of the recent eruptions the whole top of a mountain was destroyed, and the surrounding country was covered with a shower of scalding mud. Great streams of mud poured down the mountain sides. Seven villages were destroyed, and very many lives were lost.

The history of Japan abounds with frequent records of terrible earthquakes. Many, many times whole cities have been destroyed, and thousands of lives lost.

The constant danger from earthquakes has determined the style of building throughout the empire. The houses are all low, and therefore less liable to be overthrown.

The mountainous character of Japan affords a variety of charming scenery, and many places in this land are noted as among the fairest portions of the earth's surface. The hills are covered to their summits with beautiful forests. There are many rivers, but they are all short and too rapid to be navigable.

If we reach Japan directly from Shanghai, we shall form a very different opinion of the climate from that

given us by a journey from San Francisco across the Pacific Ocean.

The warm ocean current, called the Kuro Shiwo — the Gulf Stream of the North Pacific — flows along the eastern coast of Japan, while the western shores are chilled by the cold current flowing down from the north.

A JINRIKISHA.

Less than one eighth of the land is cultivated, yet forty millions of people find homes here, and there is less suffering than in some other lands having a smaller population.

"A sky such as ever arches over the Mediterranean bends over Japan. The ocean walls her in, and an

ever green and fertile land is hers. She has a healthful air, a fertile soil, a temperate climate, a land of mountains and valleys, a coast line indented with bays and harbors, and food in plenty. She is a country resplendent with natural beauty, but liable at any moment to awful desolation and hideous ruin."

If Japan is the "England of the Orient," Yokohama is its Liverpool. When Commodore Perry visited Japan in 1854, there was only a small fishing village where now stands the great commercial metropolis of Japan. Great steamer lines connect Yokohama with other parts of the empire, with America, and with England. The bay which forms the harbor is very beautiful, and is now being enlarged and protected by breakwaters.

We are forcibly reminded of the victory won by the courage and genius of Commodore Perry, when we learn that within this bay are Perry Island, Webster Island, and Cape Saratoga, so named in honor of the American people.

From Yokohama Bay a fine view of the sacred mountain Fujiyama is to be seen. We can with difficulty believe it to be sixty miles distant. The air is so clear that all objects seem near at hand. This famous peak, the highest in Japan, is more than twelve thousand feet above the sea. Rising in solitary grandeur and crowned with glistening snow, this cone-shaped mountain is visible to the people in many parts of Japan.

The Japanese love their sacred mountain. Its picture is to be seen painted on all works of Japanese art, and even the commonest fans and vases are thus decorated.

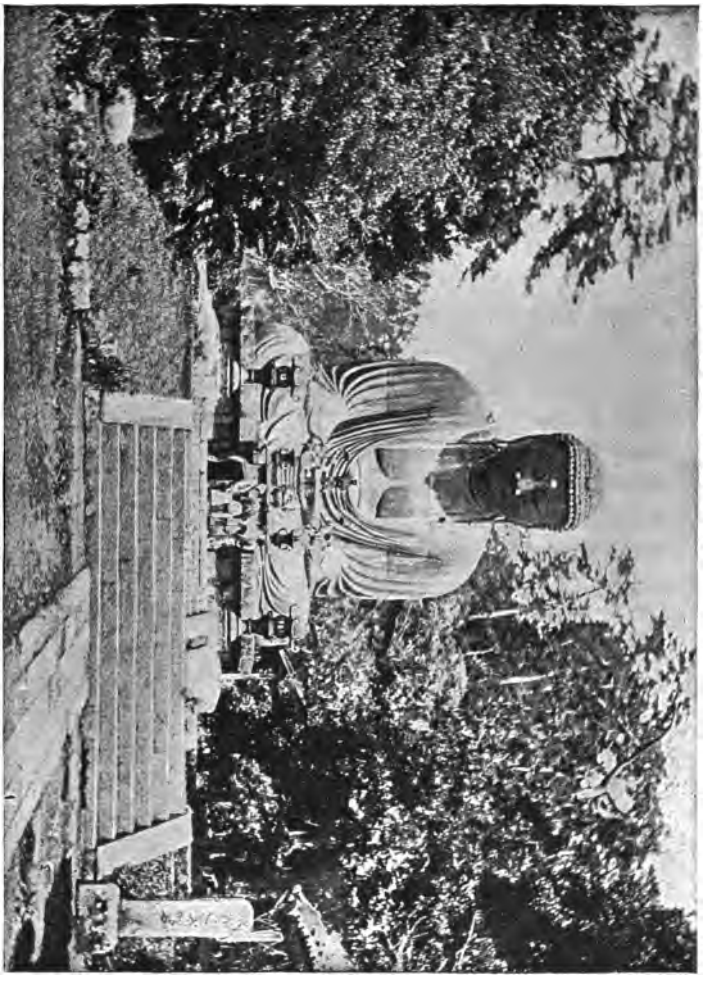
On the left, as we approach the city of Yokohama, is a range of low hills called the "Bluff." Here the foreign merchants have built their homes and surrounded them with beautiful gardens. The business quarter of the city, along the water front, is called the "Bund," as it is in so many Oriental cities. Here are hotels (American and European), the customhouse, and the post office. Many of these buildings stand in large gardens, and are surrounded by beautiful shrubbery.

As would be expected, there is here a large foreign settlement, and we shall not find it a good place to see real Japanese life. The Japanese town stretches for a long distance back from the "Bluff."

Among the curious sights in this new land, almost the first to greet us is the *jinrikisha*, the small two-wheeled carriage drawn by men. It is an interesting fact to recall that this vehicle, now so common in all parts of Japan, was invented by an American.

The Japanese, with characteristic energy, soon made jinrikishas for themselves, and they were soon in general use in all the large cities. A jinrikisha usually seats but one person, and is drawn by one, two, or three men. It is a curious sight to see these enlarged baby carriages dashing through the streets or along the roads leading into the country. The men are trained to endure long journeys and to travel at a rapid gait. Since the invention of the jinrikisha, many strong young men have left their country homes to become beasts of burden in the cities.

A jinrikisha ride by night through the streets of



DAI BUTSU. KAMAKURA.

Yokohama presents many pictures of native life. We see hundreds of paper lanterns hanging before the stores and theaters, and we hear the confused cries of the men in the bazaars or shops calling attention to their wares.

Not many miles from Yokohama is the now small village of Kamakura, and it is an interesting place to visit.

In the middle ages this small village was a great city. Kamakura was the ancient capital of Japan and the home of the shoguns. In the time of its greatest glory it is said to have had a population of more than one million, and it must have been a busy, prosperous city. Several hundred years ago a tidal wave swept over the great plain on which Kamakura was built, and the city was completely destroyed. Looking at this plain to-day one can hardly believe it was ever the site of so great a city. All that is now to be seen as a proof of the existence of this once proud capital is a huge bronze figure of Buddha, called Dai Butsu. The figure is fifty feet in height, and is a most impressive witness to the skill of the Japanese artisans of the ancient times.

As visitors to England rarely spend much time in Liverpool, so is it with Yokohama in Japan. It is the gateway to the beautiful country which lies before us, and as soon as possible we leave the seaport town for Tokio, the great capital.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM YOKOHAMA TO TOKIO.

AMONG the presents which Commodore Perry carried from the President of the United States to the mikado was a model of a locomotive and a miniature telegraph line. The telegraph was set to work and the little steam engine puffed to and fro over its mile of track. These new toys were regarded with much interest, and the people came from far and near to see them.

To-day railroads and telegraph lines connect the most important cities of Japan, and are being rapidly extended throughout the empire.

The first railroad built in Japan was the one we shall pass over on our journey from Yokohama to Tokio, a distance of eighteen miles. When this railroad was opened, it was managed by foreigners; but the Japanese soon bought it, took it into their own charge, and proved at once their ability to manage such an enterprise.

The road from Yokohama to Tokio passes through many small villages of thatched cottages. All the low land is carefully cultivated and planted with rice, the great food crop of Japan.

The young rice plants must be set out in the wet season. At this time we may see both men and women standing in mud and water, busy at their work in the rice fields. They wear large hats, which look like inverted bowls, and rain coats made of straw or oiled paper.

On the hillsides are groves of the beautiful bamboo. We soon discover that in Japan the bamboo is used in an endless variety of ways, and as a feature of Japanese life is quite as important as it is in India and China.

Here and there we catch glimpses of shrines and temples, always situated in the most picturesque places.

The cars in use on the Japanese railroads are made after the English pattern, having first-class, second-class, and third-class compartments. The third-class compartments are the most popular and are always crowded with the happy and polite natives of the Sunrise Land. Many of these people come from the country districts, where modern ideas and inventions are not yet known.

Strange as it may seem, window glass is a luxury about which the country people of Japan know little. For this reason it has been found necessary to paint white lines upon the glass in the car windows, as certain natives have been known to put their heads through the glass, supposing there was nothing in the way.

Quick to learn all about improved ways of living, it will not be a long time before all the Japanese are acquainted not only with window glass but with many more modern inventions.

The picturesque native costumes of the Japanese are gradually being discarded. We see some of the natives, especially in the cities, dressed in the European fashion, appearing and doubtless feeling very awkward.

In many other ways we realize that a change is taking

place in Japan and that not all of these changes are improvements.

In less than an hour after leaving Yokohama we are in Tokio, the London of this Island Empire. Situated on the Gulf of Yeddo, it has all the advantages of a great metropolis. High walls and moats surround the old city, showing how strongly it was once fortified.

Tokio is the great political and educational center of the empire. Here the emperor has his palace, and here is the Imperial University.

As we go about the city we are more and more impressed with its enormous size. It covers a great area, and contains a population of more than a million people. One reason for its great size is the fact that it was originally a collection of villages which have been united to form the city. The hills, groves, and gardens, by which these villages were separated, now form the many beautiful parks for which the city is famous. The capital of the United States has long been called "a city of magnificent distances," but in comparison with Tokio it has little claim to this distinction.

Many of the streets in Tokio are broad and well kept. There are very few sidewalks and, horses being so little used, it is safe to walk in any part of the streets.

There is one line of street cars, and it is certain that other lines will soon be in operation; but up to this time, 1897, the jinrikisha is the favorite mode of conveyance.

Let us call two of these quaint carriages, always to be found waiting for passengers at every street cross-

ing, and visit some of the interesting places in this great city. Our jinrikisha men start off at a brisk trot, and this they will keep up for any distance we wish to go.

The main business thoroughfare extends through the heart of the city. Here are many of the largest shops, where Japanese silks and other beautiful wares are to be bought. The hanging signs before these shops are among the most picturesque sights in the city, and many of them are real works of art, so skillfully are they painted.

We cross many bridges, as Tokio is situated just where several streams empty into the bay. One of the most interesting and picturesque is the Nihonbashi Bridge. It was, in days gone by, called the center of the empire, and from it all distances were measured. On a signboard near one end of this bridge are posted all government notices.

The extensive parks, streets lighted by electricity, street cars, schools, libraries, large shops, and modern hotels make plain to us why Tokio is regarded as the center of civilization in the distant Orient.

As we pass along the streets, we are constantly attracted by the quaint shops and houses into which we can look. The ordinary Japanese shop is a small, low building, with overhanging eaves, and the floor is raised several inches above the ground. Except in cold weather the whole front is open to the street, and customers are to be seen sitting on the floor examining goods and making their purchases.

As we ride about in our jinrikisha, we see many

shops where works of Japanese art are for sale, but the more rare and beautiful objects are never exhibited in show windows. These treasures of art are kept in fireproof storehouses, and, when they are to be offered for sale, are brought in and handled with the greatest care. A customer is invited to a private room and offered tea and sweetmeats. After this little entertainment, the dealer claps his hands and a number of boys bring in the boxes in which the costly articles are stored.

Some of the most attractive objects of Japanese art are of carved ivory and wood. The artists who make them live in their little homes on the outskirts of the city, with a few pupils about them. Here, in the midst of their gardens, these skillful workmen fashion the rare works of art which are so highly prized by all who know anything of Japan and her treasures.

Among all the products of Japanese art, none are more beautiful than the articles of lacquered ware. Lacquer is a kind of varnish made from the sap of the lacquer tree. At one time the supply of sap secured from the wild trees was not sufficient for the demand. Every farmer was then compelled by law to plant from forty to eighty lacquer trees, so that such trees are now found in great numbers all over Japan.

The lacquer is prepared by a secret process. Trays, cabinets, and boxes are the objects most commonly covered with lacquer. They are made of wood and are covered with many coats of lacquer, which is polished till it shines like burnished metal. The making of lacquer was an important industry in Japan

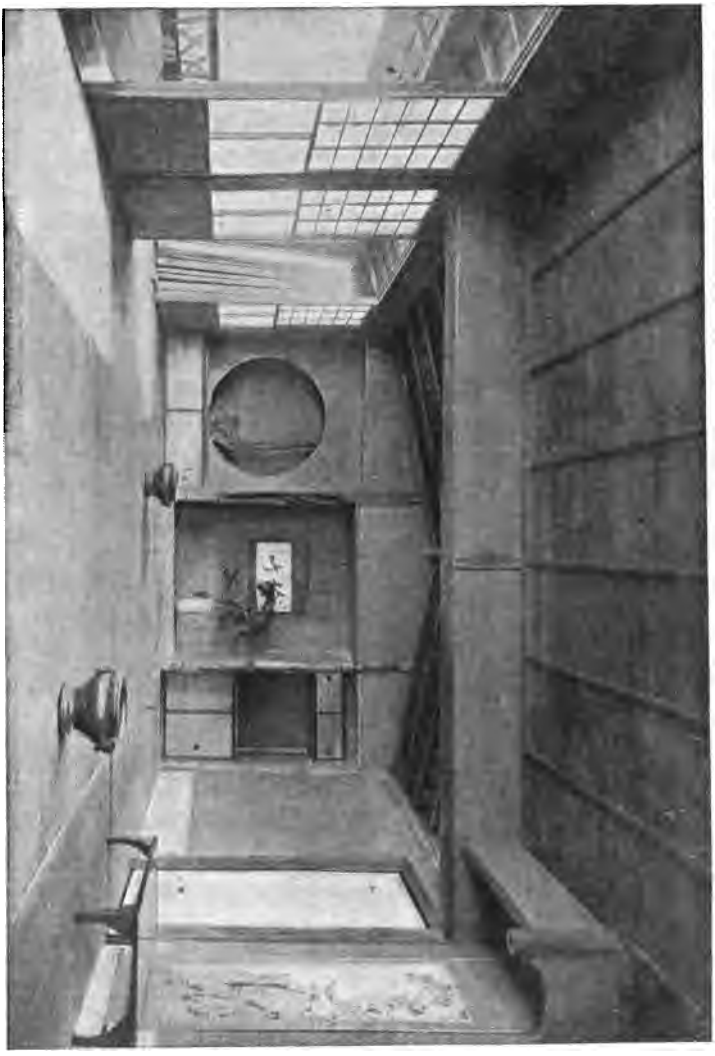
four hundred years before the Christian era; and no other country has ever been able to rival her in this art.

Japanese houses are quite as interesting as anything we shall see in all our travels. They are, with few exceptions, only one story in height, having no cellar or attic. In place of permanent partition walls, there are sliding screens made to run in grooves. The ordinary windows are paper-covered screens, with sliding wooden shutters to close at night and in rainy weather. The veranda, which is an important part of every house, is protected by the wide, overhanging eaves of the roof. The first thing a Japanese does in the morning is to throw open the entire front of his house.

On entering a Japanese house the absence of chairs, tables, and bedsteads, — in fact, furniture of every kind, — seems to us very strange. Some one has said, "Babies never fall out of bed in Japan, because there are no beds; they never tip themselves over in chairs, for a similar reason."

The floors are covered with mats, two inches thick and of uniform size, so closely fitted together that the floor is hidden. The rooms are always square or rectangular, and are made with reference to a certain number of mats. In speaking of the size of a room a Japanese will say, "It is a three-mat room," or "a five-mat room"; always naming the number of mats required to cover the floor.

On these mats the people sit, eat, and sleep. Here they receive their company, bowing to the floor instead of shaking hands with them. Food is served on



A JAPANESE INTERIOR.

lacquered trays placed on the floor, or upon little stands about six inches high; and in place of knives, forks, and spoons, chopsticks will be found.

When bedtime comes, thick quilts are laid on the floor, and a small block of wood, rounded on the bottom like a rocker, is the pillow. Such a bed may be comfortable for the natives, trained from childhood to endure it, but for the traveler it is surely an uncomfortable experience to attempt to sleep on it.

As the mats take the place of chairs and tables, the people are careful never to enter a house without first removing the shoes or clogs which they wear in the street. In place of stoves or fireplaces, there are little metal or porcelain fire boxes in which charcoal is burned. These heaters are used to boil the water for tea, and to cook the simple food of the people, but they furnish little warmth to the houses.

The flower vase, the picture on the wall, and the guitar are the three articles to be found in nearly every Japanese house.

A Japanese may own many beautiful pictures, but only one at a time is hung in a room, — the others being carefully stored in portfolios, and only brought out for the pleasure of visitors. When a guest is expected, the picture thought to be most pleasing to him is hung in his room.

The sound of music is heard in every Japanese home. You get used to this soft, light music, as you do to the sound of a running brook.

The Japanese have four styles of guitar, or harp. The *samisen* is the common kind. It has a long, black

neck; and the body, instead of being round like our banjo, is square and is covered with parchment. It has three silken strings or wires, which the player strikes with a piece of ivory. The music played upon the samisen is not at all interesting to foreigners, and seems very monotonous.

A JAPANESE BED.

We must know something of Japanese history to understand many of the sights we see in the famous capital. A great revolution, by which the *Mikado* once more became the real ruler of the empire, took place in Japan no longer ago than 1868. For centuries before this time the country had been under the control of the *shoguns* and their nobles. The shogun was a military governor. The nobles, or *daimios* as they

were called, were like the great barons, or lords of empire in Europe, who in "the middle ages" built the famous castles along the Rhine.

A great castle in the heart of Tokio was the stronghold of these powerful military rulers of Japan. Here and there are to be seen long, rambling buildings which were once the dwellings of the nobles. Many of them are now deserted, and others are used for government offices. The walls and wide moat of the old castle still remain.

The palace of the mikado stands on the site of the old castle. It is a beautiful building of Japanese architecture and is surrounded by double walls and broad moats. Many of the larger rooms are heated, lighted, and furnished after the style of European palaces.

The private apartments are Japanese in all the furnishings, as the emperor and empress prefer to live after the national custom — sitting, eating, and sleeping on the matted floors.

The palace gardens are very beautiful. Flowers are cultivated to the highest perfection, especially the chrysanthemum, — the imperial flower of Japan. Here are to be seen more than eight hundred varieties, of every possible shade of color. In November, when this royal flower is at its best, the palace gates are thrown open to invited guests and then is given the emperor's chrysanthemum party.

Not many years ago none but the nobles were admitted to the presence of the emperor and empress, and even they were compelled to remain many feet distant and were not allowed to look into the faces of their

rulers. Now all is changed, and the emperor meets his state officials and the representatives of foreign governments, while the empress is frequently seen in public, visiting hospitals and schools and giving presents to the children with her own hands.

A visit to Tokio in the springtime is one to be long remembered. The avenue along the riverside is lined with plum and cherry trees, which are then in bloom and beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. The Japanese love these trees for their beauty alone, as the fruit is quite tasteless and of little value.

In Japan each kind of tree, as its time to blossom comes, is made the occasion of a festival. After the cherry blossoms comes the wistaria, and then crowds of people gather in the gardens where it grows, to celebrate its festival. As the wistaria passes, the tree peony comes; then the iris; and later the lotus, covering the garden pools with rich flowers.

The love of flowers is a national characteristic of the Japanese, and gives travelers a clearer understanding of the gentleness and politeness which mark this interesting people.

The skill of the gardeners is lavished upon the chrysanthemum, and the large bushes covered with these beautiful flowers delight all who see them. A great festival, called the "Feast of the Chrysanthemum," is held every year in its honor. Then the people, in holiday dress, flock to the public gardens and parks to admire the gorgeous blossoms of every color and every shape. Sometimes, too, may be seen five or six kinds, of different colors and shapes, growing on the same

plant — so skillful have the Japanese become in grafting flowers.

It has long been the custom in Dangozaka, the great chrysanthemum garden of Tokio, to arrange the flowers to represent people, animals, boats, bridges, or some historical scene. This is done by making a bamboo frame, and training the plants to grow around it.

Nearly every month some flower festival is held.

The temple of Asakusa is the principal one in Tokio. It is one of the most important sights of the city, and is a good example of the great Buddhist temples of Japan. The gardens and pleasure grounds near it are very large, and, to the Japanese mind, quite as important as the temple itself. They contain splendid trees, in which great flocks of pigeons make their nests. Quaint stone lanterns are sure to be found near every temple.

The avenue leading to the temple is lined with booths, where all kinds of toys and cheap ornaments are for sale. Near the gate of the temple the booths contain prayer beads, small idols of wood and brass, sacred bells, candles, and other articles used in worship.

Immense grotesque idols guard the entrance to the temple grounds, and on the iron grating before them we may see a number of straw sandals, placed there, as an act of worship, by those who hope thereby to gain the strength of the giant gods.

The most striking feature of the temple itself is the great overhanging roof of black tiles. The building is of wood, and is painted a dull red color.

As we ascend the steps and enter the sacred portals of the temple of Asakusa, we are astonished at the

sight that meets our eyes. Hundreds of people of every age and class are moving to and fro; the clattering of their wooden clogs, the ringing of bells, and the beating of drums produce an effect altogether confusing. Many people are kneeling on the temple floor, and many more are engaged in the curious perform-

A JAPANESE RIVER SCENE.

ance of throwing prayers at the idols. These prayers, written on slips of paper, are chewed to a pulp and thrown by the person offering them, in the hope that they will stick to the idol, as this is believed to prove that the prayer has been heard.

In the temple grounds is a high tower, from whose summit an extended view of the city is to be seen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE TOKAIDO.

Two great highways connect Tokio, the eastern and modern capital of Japan, with Kioto, the western and ancient capital. One of these roads, the Nakasendo, crosses the mountain region through the very heart of Japan; the other, the Tokaido, lies nearer the coast and is the most traveled road in the empire. For centuries the Tokaido was the highway over which the daimios traveled between Kioto, the home of the mikado, and Yeddo, the capital city of the shogun. The mikado had but little power, and the shogun, known to foreign powers as the *tycoon*, was the actual ruler of Japan. To-day the Tokaido is the highway of the telegraph line between these ancient cities, as well as the road for travelers.

The distance between Kioto and Tokio is about the same as that between Boston and Baltimore, and a railroad now follows the course of the Tokaido. A jinrikisha ride, although so much slower, is far the better way to learn something of the many towns and villages along this ancient road. In every village we notice first that the houses are built along one principal street, and that each house is in a garden. The most attractive part of the house is not to be seen from the road, since it faces the garden in the rear.

The gardens are often very small, and yet they are carefully arranged miniature landscapes. Tiny lakes with rocky islands, rivers crossed by rustic bridges,

hills, valleys, waterfalls, groves of bamboo, together with flowering shrubs, are all to be seen in some of these gardens.

If we leave the highway for a short time and make a trip into the country, we shall find the farmers busy in their rice fields and vegetable gardens. Every foot of ground suitable for cultivation is most carefully tilled. Here we find the peasant women working side by side with the men, often drawing heavy loads, but wherever we find them they are always pleasant and courteous. The polite and gentle manners of even the humblest people in the country districts of Japan make them attractive. Their little homes show their love of nature in the pretty gardens which always surround them, and it is also seen in the vase of flowers which is sure to be found in every room.

As we journey along the Tokaido we have many fine views of Fuji, now rearing his snow-crowned head far above us, and again hiding in a veil of mist as if refusing to be seen. Along the road we meet pilgrims on their way to the sacred mountain, all dressed in white and with tinkling bells attached to their belts. To climb Fuji is the one object of life to these faithful pilgrims, who earnestly desire to worship on its summit. On every road leading toward the sacred mountain they may be seen, wearing immense hats shaped like bowls, which also serve as umbrellas, and carrying long staves to assist them in climbing the mountain.

Not a few visitors to Japan make the ascent of Fuji-yama for the sake of the magnificent view. The following description, written by one of these fortunate

travelers, brings up the picture vividly: "As the mists gradually rolled from the valleys beneath, a wonderful panorama of lakes, mountains, and valleys opened before us. In the southeast lay the broad Pacific, with its beautiful bays and irregular coast line; apparently immediately beneath, lay the deep winding lake of Hakone, surrounded by its girdle of mountains, which a few days ago appeared lofty, but now seem mere molehills. In the far west, pink in the morning sun, could be seen the lofty peaks of Central Japan."

In a very clear atmosphere the Sea of Japan, in the west, and the Inland Sea, in the south, can be distinctly seen. No mountain in the world can surpass Fuji-yama either in appearance or in the view from its summit.

In Switzerland or the Andes no mountain is without its rival, and therefore it cannot furnish an uninterrupted view; whereas Fuji stands alone in solitary grandeur, twelve thousand five hundred feet high, without a peer in the realm, which lies like a map at its feet.

"When God's creative purpose spoke
Fair Nippon to adorn,
Responsive Nature heard the word,
And Fuji San was born.

"To palace of the emperor,
To hut of mountaineer,
The image of our Fuji San
Brings comfort and brings cheer!"

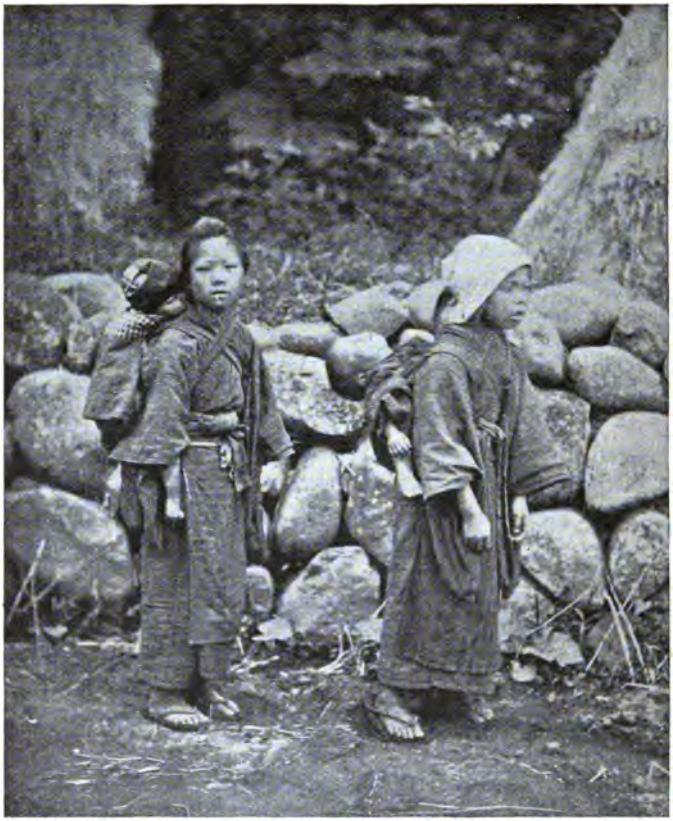
Of all the sights in the streets and houses, none will give us greater pleasure than the Japanese children.

On every street, and in the flowery lanes, we may see crowds of the "wee ones of Japan." In no other country is so much attention given to the entertainment of the little people; and so it is not surprising that Japan has been called "the children's paradise." All sorts of festivals are held for them, and games of every kind are invented to give them pleasure.

On every street you will see dozens of little girls in bright colored gowns, each carrying a baby securely bound to her back. This is one of the most characteristic of all Japanese sights. Long before the baby is able to hold his head erect, he is thus cradled on the back of his sister, who, all unmindful of her sleeping burden, continues her play. The baby meanwhile gazes about at the strange sights, until, tired with seeing, he falls asleep, and his head wabbles to and fro as his little nurse bounces ball or plays hopscotch.

The custom of dressing children in garments of the same sort that are worn by their fathers and mothers seems very queer to us. Their long, loose robes and wide girdles make them appear like little men and women.

The boys and girls of the Sunrise Land are always well behaved and courteous. In passing a group on the street no loud or angry tones will be heard, and yet they enter into their games with as much zest as the boys and girls of any other country. If we were passing a Japanese school just as the pupils were dismissed, we should be not a little surprised to be greeted by each one with a low bow. There would be no



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

shouting or rudeness of any kind, but everywhere the same polite manners that distinguish all the Japanese.

These children are taught many games at home, and this accounts for the absence of quarreling when they

play together on the street. They play ball, roll hoop, and fly kites with great skill.

On a fine, windy afternoon all the boys in a village will be out with their kites, and then are to be seen most astonishing feats in kite flying. These kites are made of tough paper pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and are usually of a rectangular shape. Sometimes a boy will be seen flying a kite made to represent a bird or some animal, or it may be in the shape of a fan. Pictures of heroes, dragons, or fantastic monsters are to be seen on the rectangular kites. Many of the kites are quite large, and some are even six feet square.

An amusing contest is frequently carried on by two boys, in which each endeavors to destroy his rival's kite. For this purpose the string, for a distance of twenty feet nearest the kite, is smeared with glue and dipped in pounded glass, by means of which it is covered with sharp teeth. Each boy struggles to get his kite in such a position as to bring the string suddenly across that of his antagonist, and thus to cut it. The kite then falls and becomes the prize of the winner.

Among the many holidays of Japan the most important is New Year's Day. It is celebrated by young and old, rich and poor, and is to all the most joyous day of the year. All business is laid aside, and the members of the family join in the festivities with which the new year is welcomed. Great preparations are made for this event. Houses are thoroughly cleaned; and in the homes of wealthy families all the mats and rugs are replaced by new ones. It is the ambition of every one to have new clothing on New Year's Day. Many

of the poor people begin early in the year to save all the money they can, so as to be able to purchase new garments for this holiday.

Japanese merchants make every effort to finish all business with the close of the year, and all accounts with storekeepers are settled at that time. The houses and shops are gaily decorated, and everywhere are to be seen the signs of festivity. This festival lasts a whole week, and the people give much of the time to visiting each other.

But the festival best loved by every Japanese girl is the "Feast of Dolls." On the day appointed, dolls of every kind — both new and old — are brought together in the homes; and even the poorest people make an effort to provide a few simple toys for the celebration of the day.

Another great festival is called the "Feast of Flags"; this is of special interest to the boys. On this day tall poles, from which float banners of curious shapes and gorgeous colors, are erected in front of every house. Many of these banners are paper bags, made in the shape of a fish, and are often four or five feet long. They soon become filled with air, and present a very lifelike appearance as they wriggle in the breeze. The fish represented is the carp, which is able to swim against the swift current and to leap over waterfalls. This is a symbol of courage which it is hoped will mark the character of every boy.

CHAPTER XIX.

OLD CITIES OF JAPAN.

FOR more than a thousand years Kioto, once known as the "City of Pleasure," was the home of the mikados. During all this time it was the center of art and fashion, of learning and religion.

The Japanese poets love to sing its praises, and its annals tell us much of the history of this wonderful country. It is a beautiful city, situated on a plain walled in by high mountains. On the mountain sides, in the most picturesque places, are hundreds of temples and shrines.

Kioto is noted for its temples, and there are many in the city shaded by groves of patriarchal trees. Since Tokio has been made the capital, Kioto has lost its former greatness, but it still possesses much of interest to every visitor to the Land of the Rising Sun.

The street scenes are in many ways a repetition of much that we have seen in Tokio. The streets are narrow and are kept very clean. The shops are small and all are open in front. The brilliant signboards and the paper lanterns, like those seen in Tokio, swing before each shop. The streets are crowded, but nowhere do we see quarrelsome or noisy people.

Kioto has long been noted for the weaving of silk. Here are to be seen silks of the most delicate texture, and of every color. The silk manufacture is, perhaps, the most important business in Kioto, and a large number of the people are engaged in the work.

A large part of the silk made here is exported, and the demand for it increases year by year as foreign peoples become better acquainted with the beautiful designs made by the ingenious Japanese weavers.

We shall be much interested in a visit to one of the places in Kioto where silk is made. There are no large factories, but the work is all done in small rooms. Women and girls reel the silk from the cocoons, and the weaving is done by men. The weavers are all artists, and many of the patterns designed by them look like beautiful pictures, they are so perfect.

Many of the weavers in and near the city are engaged in weaving silk for sashes or girdles.

These sashes are called *obi* by the Japanese. They are made of a piece of silk two feet wide and more than ten feet long. This piece is woven the desired length, and no other is made with the same pattern. The size and elegance of the *obi* are the great points of rivalry among wealthy ladies, and it is the most becoming as well as conspicuous part of their dress. When tied in an immense bow, the *obi* looks very much like a gigantic butterfly.

The old castle of the mikado, built in the fifteenth century by the first shogun, is one of the places of interest to the visitor to Kioto. The palace is far from being an imposing structure, like the great European palaces, and does not impress us by its size. It consists of a rambling collection of wooden buildings, all connected and inclosing many courts and gardens.

The grounds surrounding the palace are very exten-

sive and, like all the Japanese gardens, are beautifully laid out. Here and there are small ponds crossed by miniature bridges, and at intervals we see dwarfed trees and masses of flowers and ferns, — all arranged with the artistic skill which we have learned to expect from Japanese gardeners.

MIKADO'S PALACE, KIOTO.

In many of the larger cities the people of the upper classes have adopted European dress. The emperor and the empress always wear it, and on all state occasions the ladies attending the empress are required to do so. Outside of the capital, however, women still retain their national dress.

It is a mistake to suppose that the beautifully embroidered garments we sometimes see exhibited in

our country are like those worn by the majority of Japanese women. These showy garments are worn only by the singing and dancing girls, who are to be seen at the tea houses and places of entertainment. The usual dress worn by Japanese ladies is quite plain and of a dark color. Only little girls wear bright colored gowns. In all their ways these little girls remind us of older people, and, as we see them bowing politely to the strangers they meet, we realize how carefully they have been trained in the art of politeness.

Japanese women bestow great care on the dressing of their hair. Their combs and hairpins are made of tortoise shell, and of other costly materials, and are tipped with coral or gold. Such ornaments are always in fashion, and are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter.

Among the wealthier people the professional hairdresser, who goes from house to house, is a very important person. A preparation is first put on the hair which makes it as glossy as lacquer, and enables the hairdresser to arrange it in puffs and coils of every description. It is then fastened with fancy pins and tortoise shell combs; and for young girls, bright beads and pieces of gay colored silk are intertwined. This elaborate hairdressing is done only two or three times a week, and in order not to disarrange it the women always sleep on the small wooden pillow which is placed under the neck.

It is the custom not to wear any covering on the head, but, provided with an umbrella to shield them from the sun, and carrying the fan, without which

IN A JAPANESE KITCHEN.

they never go anywhere, Japanese ladies may be seen on their way to visit friends or to enjoy some flower festival.

Sandals are worn in the street, but are always removed on entering the house. These sandals are attached to the feet by a cord which passes between the toes and is fastened above the instep. Wooden clogs, which raise the wearer a little above the pavement, are worn when the streets are muddy. The clattering noise made by the clogs, as the Japanese hurry along the streets, is a sound to which one quickly becomes accustomed.

At no place better than at Kioto can we see that most interesting national institution, "the ceremonial tea." For hundreds of years it has been one of the most important observances of Japanese fashionable life. There are schools in which the art of serving the ceremonial tea is taught as a branch of etiquette, but it requires years of the closest study to attain perfection in it. The rules of the tea ceremony are very strict and very complicated. Each action, gesture, and manner of speech has a particular meaning, and so the greatest care must be observed to avoid making any mistake.

A special room is arranged in the house, or a dainty tea house is placed in the garden, in which the tea ceremony is celebrated. This room is tastefully decorated for the occasion. When the guests arrive, it is customary for them to inspect all these decorations and to express admiration of everything. In the floor is a fireplace, where the water for making the tea is heated.

The finest quality of tea must be used at this ceremony, and all the things connected with it, — the canister, the cups, the bamboo whisk with which the tea is stirred, and every utensil used, — are all determined by ironclad rules. The hostess who is serving the tea must enter the room in a particular way, take a certain number of steps, dip the water from the kettle, put the tea into the cup and stir it with the bamboo whisk, all according to the prescribed rules.

Then for the guests there are rules quite as exacting, and it requires great watchfulness on their part not to make a blunder.

After once passing through the ordeal of "the ceremonial tea," we shall be ready to confess that, much as we admire the Japanese and their pleasant, courteous manners, we are glad not to be burdened with any such custom.

In no other way do we see a more convincing proof of the rapid progress of the Japanese, since their treaty with our country, than in the number and character of their newspapers.

In 1871 the first Japanese newspaper was started, and now there are more than six hundred papers published in the empire, some of which are sold for less than half a cent a copy.

This interest in the news of the world is one of the most striking contrasts between China and Japan. Although the newspaper has been known in China for several centuries, it is read by very few people, and even now there are not more than twenty different papers published in that whole empire.

The newsboy in Japan is almost as much a feature of city life as he is in western nations. He has his customs which to us seem queer, and his manners are in striking contrast to those we sometimes see in other

A JAPANESE MUSICIAN.

lands. He announces his approach by ringing a small brass bell which is fastened to his belt.

Of her schools, too, Japan may well be proud. There are schools of every grade, from the great University of Tokio to the primary school and the kindergarten. Boys and girls both attend school, and the greatest interest is taken in their education.

The curious customs we shall see on entering a Japanese school will surely interest and amuse us. The manner of calling a class to recite will illustrate one of these customs.

The teacher first rises and bows low to the class; the pupils bow still lower and then enter the recitation room. Here the pupils remain standing until the teacher again bows; they then take their seats.

At the close of the lesson the teacher bows; the pupils again bow low, and, passing out of the room, they range themselves in line near the door. The teacher passes and bows once more, when the pupils make their farewell bow and then hurry outdoors for a short recess. At the beginning and at the end of every lesson the same etiquette is carefully observed. Do you wonder that the Japanese are noted for politeness and gentle manners?

Like many other countries, Japan has her "Venice." This is the city of Osaka, situated not far from Kioto. It is the great commercial and manufacturing center of the country. Three rivers and numerous canals pass through the main part of the city, taking the place of streets. These are covered with junks and sampans laden with goods of all kinds, and carrying crowds of passengers and holiday makers to different parts of the city. There are four hundred bridges crossing these canals. The floating tea houses, seen here and there along the canals, are prettily decorated and attract large numbers of pleasure seekers.

The old castle of Osaka is one of its most interesting sights. It is surrounded by a great moat, now covered with lotus flowers. Some of the stones in the walls of this castle are of immense size, rivaling those in the Great Pyramids of Egypt. The wonder is how these great blocks were ever placed in their present position.

CASTLE AND MOAT, OSAKA.

The castle, once the most magnificent building in Japan, is now in ruins.

The imperial mint is located at Osaka. It is one more proof of the progress of Japan that the mint is fitted up with the most improved machinery, and certainly the coins made here compare in beauty with those of any other nation.

On every side are the evidences of great commercial activity. Within a short time a large watch factory has been established here, and in the near future the Japanese, with their wonderful skill and ingenuity, may rival the people of the western world in this most important branch of manufacturing.

The making of paper is another of the great industries of Japan. Paper is one of the most important articles in every Japanese home. There are many kinds of paper, and each is put to a certain use. Walls, windows, cups, pocket handkerchiefs, lanterns, fans, cloaks, and hats are but a few of the many things which are made of paper by this ingenious people.

A noticeable feature of Osaka is the number of tall chimneys connected with the factories.

Among the many things made here for the foreign market, it is interesting to know of the large manufacture of toothbrushes. It is more than probable that most of the toothbrushes sold in our country come from Osaka. Some of them have European trademarks upon them to conceal the real place of their manufacture, while others are marked "Osaka" in Japanese characters.

The port of Osaka is the flourishing city of Kobé, lying at the head of the Inland Sea. The ancient town was called Hiogo, and it is only within a few years that the foreign settlement has given its name to the port.

The commercial importance of Kobé is due to the fact that it is the natural outlet of the great tea district of Japan.

A visit to the tea-firing factories, or *godowns* as they are called here, shows nearly the same processes we saw in the tea districts of China.

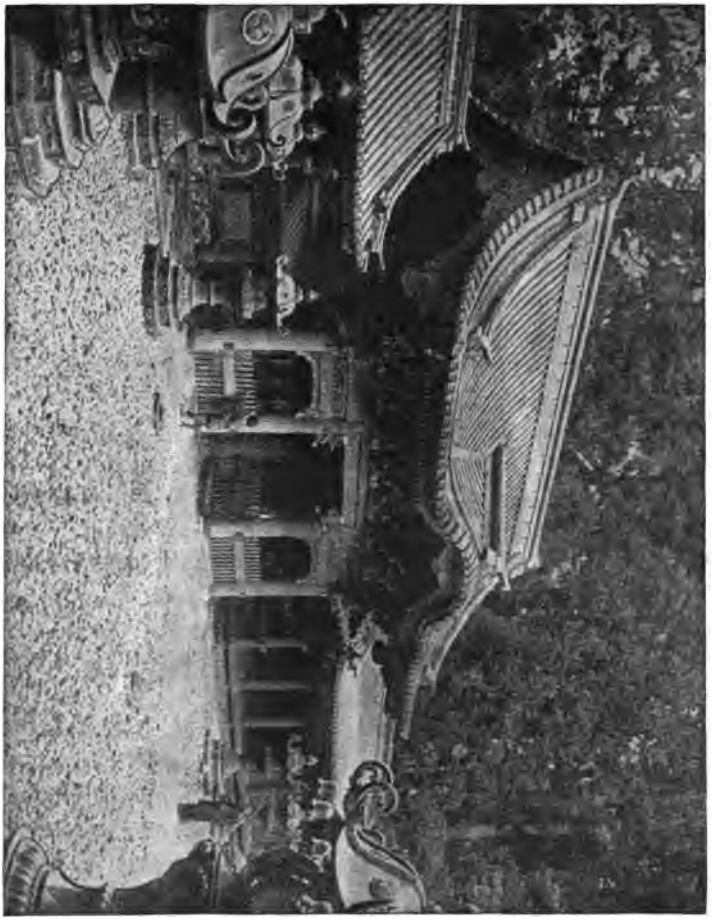
The name "godown," meaning *warehouse* or *factory*, was given by the Portuguese traders, who were among the earliest foreigners to reach these lands.

The larger part of the trade in Japan teas is carried on with American tea dealers, since the European traders prefer to handle the green teas of China.

There is a common saying in Japan, "He that hath not seen Nikko must not use the word *kekko*" — meaning splendid, or beautiful.

In the very heart of Japan, in the midst of some of the finest scenery in the whole empire, is the village of Nikko. Its name means "sunny splendor," and its charms have long formed a subject for poets and artists. Here are snow-capped mountains, their slopes covered with luxuriant vegetation; and hidden away in the forests are cascades almost without number. Lakes and rivers add to the beauty of the scenery. Two avenues lead to this mountain town, and for more than thirty miles on either side of these far-famed roads are great pine trees, adding majesty as well as beauty to the approach to favored Nikko.

For hundreds of years there have been temples in Nikko, to which the devout Japanese have made pilgrimages. When it was chosen as the burial place of the two greatest of the shoguns, it became the very Mecca of Japan. The finest temples in all Japan were built to honor these two heroes.



A TEMPLE AT NIKKO.

This was during the seventeenth century, when Japanese art is supposed to have reached its highest point, at least so far as wood carving and painting on wood are concerned.

Two splendid gateways, magnificent with carving and gold lacquer, stand before these temples. The visitor's attention is sure to be called to a defect in the carving on one of the columns, where the pattern of the decorative work has been reversed. This was done by the designer to escape the wrath of the gods, who, it was thought, would be jealous of perfection in a work made by human hands.

Passing through several courtyards, all brilliant with decorations of various kinds, we reach the splendid court in which stand the temples.

The temples themselves are perfect both in structure and color, although more than two hundred years have passed since they were built. The splendor of ornamentation, the many beautiful gateways, the gilded roofs, the red walls brilliant with lacquer and gold, all combine to make a picture so bewildering that it is not possible to carry away a clear impression of the whole.

On the way to the famed temples of Nikko the road crosses a rushing torrent by an ordinary, unpainted, wooden bridge. Not far away is another bridge, built of wood covered with highly polished lacquer, and resting upon massive stone columns. This is the sacred rainbow bridge, which, tradition says, was let down from the clouds by the gods, in answer to the prayers of the priests in olden time.

Only the emperor may pass over this bridge. When General Grant visited Japan, the emperor, wishing to pay his distinguished guest the highest honor, ordered this bridge opened that he might cross it. But knowing how the Japanese revered this sacred bridge, and wishing to avoid even the appearance of desecration, the great American soldier thoughtfully declined to accept this honor.

A sail through the Inland Sea is a most delightful experience. Its shores are bordered with charming scenery. More than two hundred miles long, it resembles a wide lake surrounded by wooded mountains. Fleets of Japanese junks are seen lying at anchor, or, it may be, sailing along the course from Nagasaki to Kobé. This brings us to Nagasaki, the most southern port of Old Japan. Its harbor is noted as one of the best in the world.

It is nearly surrounded by mountains, and so is entirely sheltered. It must always be an important port so long as the great coal mines, not far away, continue to yield their enormous supplies. These mines have been putting out five hundred thousand tons annually, and nearly the whole of this enormous quantity has been taken by steamers landing at the port of Nagasaki.

Beyond the harbor is the dock where foreign ships are repaired. The native settlement reaches from the water's edge to the hills, on the sloping sides of which are to be seen many fine foreign residences. The view from these hills is one of surpassing beauty.

Although Nagasaki is a port of small size, if com-

pared with Yokohama or Kobé, it promises to be of more importance when the branch railway, now building, connects it with the main line, which traverses the island of Hondo. This railroad will make it practicable for travelers to leave steamers at Nagasaki and go by train to Yokohama and Tokio, thus saving several days' sea journey.

The island of Formosa, which the Japanese have recently added to their possessions, lies about one hundred miles off the southeastern coast of China. The name "Formosa" means *beautiful*, and was given to the island by the Dutch, who once owned it. The mountain sides and valleys are covered with azaleas, lilies, rhododendrons, and other flowering plants. The whole island is remarkable for the beauty and variety of its vegetation. A range of densely wooded mountains extends the whole length of Formosa. To the east of the mountains the land falls very abruptly to the ocean, forming great precipices, some of them a thousand feet in height. On the western side the mountains slope very gradually to a broad and fertile plain. Here it is that the luxuriant vegetation, for which the island is noted, is to be found. The hillsides are green with tea plants, and the natives are seen busily at work raising and preparing the crop for export.

Comparatively little has been known of this far-away island, as it has been so little visited by travelers. Now that Formosa is under the control of Japan, its resources will be more fully developed and it will soon receive more attention from the world. For a

long time "Formosa tea" has been well known in the United States, where the largest part of each year's crop is sent. It is quite safe to assume that little more than the name has been commonly known of the island.

Formosa is not far advanced in civilization. It has wonderful advantages of soil, and is rich, as well, in vegetable and mineral products. These the energy and skill of the Japanese will soon develop. The island is not only fruitful, but can easily be made a post of great value to Japan in case of war.

The aborigines of Formosa are offering all the opposition they can to the occupation of the island by the Japanese. This, we may be sure, will not prevent the complete victory of the Japanese in the end. With the experience gained by the Japanese in colonizing and civilizing Yezo, as we shall see, it seems not improbable that the same methods will be employed in Formosa.

Just as the Ainos, under Japanese tuition and guidance, have been made peaceful and industrious farmers, so may we expect the native tribes of Formosa to become thoroughly trained in all the arts of agriculture.

On the hillsides of Formosa great numbers of camphor trees are growing, and the preparation of camphor is an important industry. It would be interesting to visit one of the villages where camphor is made. The camphor trees are first cut up into very small pieces, and these are then placed in tubes through which steam is forced. By this process the camphor is driven off as a vapor from the wood, and as soon as the steam con-

denses, in a large jar placed above the tube, the crude camphor is removed and sent to the dealers.

The Japanese are very skillful in the manufacture of camphor, and they will surely enlarge this industry in Formosa.

CHAPTER XX.

THROUGH NORTHERN JAPAN.

Our travels in Japan have thus far been almost wholly on Hondo, but the island of Yezo, not far to the north, is well worth a visit.

Yezo, which is nearly as large as Ireland, is but thinly populated, and the interior is covered with forests and jungles. Near the coast are swamps and fertile plains.

There are many rivers in Yezo, and so the island is well watered. The climate is colder and drier than that of the other islands of the empire. Its northern limit is in about the same latitude as Venice, and yet there is snow here for several months of the year.

Some one has called Yezo "Japanese Siberia," and there appear to be good reasons for the name. In many respects it resembles Siberia, especially as to climate and the animals found there. In some past time it is believed to have been a part of the island of Saghalin, which is nearer the coast of Korea. Yezo is the land of exile for Japanese criminals, just as Siberia is for Russian convicts.

The port, and one of the principal towns, is Hakodate, situated at the foot of a rocky cliff which bears some resemblance to Gibraltar. There is a fine harbor here, and vessels sail frequently between this port and Yokohama.

Great quantities of fish, salted, dried, and smoked, are sent from Hakodate to China and southern Japan. The interest of the Japanese in their fisheries should here be explained. It is only natural to expect that, with a seaboard so extensive as that of Japan, a large proportion of the people who dwell near the coasts should be engaged in the fisheries.

Every fish of importance known along our seacoast is known in Japan, and is to be found in the markets of all the treaty ports. Thus we shall see our well-known cod, salmon, herring, halibut, trout, smelts, lobsters, oysters, crayfish, and shrimps in all the fish markets. Many varieties of fish not known to our people are also to be found in Japanese waters. In addition to the *bonito*, one of the rarer sorts, highly prized by the Japanese, we shall see the famous *tai*, a fish of brilliant pink color, without which no feast is considered complete.

The capital of Yezo is Sapporo, a small straggling town, built entirely of white pine houses, and reminding the traveler of some of the settlements as they once appeared on our own Western frontier.

One feature sure to interest the American visitor to Sapporo is the courthouse, as it is a miniature copy of the Capitol at Washington.

JAPANESE RAIN COATS.

An evidence of the wise policy of the Japanese government is seen in the interesting experiment which is now being tried here.

The Japanese government wished to colonize Yezo, and thus make it more difficult for Russia to get the island in her power. Sapporo was laid out in squares and streets, quite like an American city. Houses and stores were built. An agricultural college, with farms for experimenting, was located here.

The criminals sent to Yezo are employed in preparing the way for the coming settlers. Forests are laid low, roads are built, and mines are worked. Into these openings in the forests settlers are flocking in large numbers. To induce the people to leave the crowded districts of southern Japan, free homes and tracts of land are offered to settlers.

Coal is the principal mineral found in Yezo, and the mines are among the richest ever opened. It has been estimated that these mines are capable of producing as much every year as all the coal fields of Great Britain, and that they will continue to do so for a thousand years. Much of this coal is already finding a market in America.

There are still living on the island a small number of the aborigines of Japan — a people called the Ainos. They are wild savages who live by hunting and fishing, and are settled in small villages along the coast and among the mountains. They build rude huts for shelter. Their life is much like that of our American Indians. The men hunt and fish and the women do all the drudgery and heavy work. One of the principal occupations

of the women is the making of cloth from the fibers of the bark of a curious tree. From this cloth and from the skins of animals all their clothing is made. Men and women dress nearly alike, and the only adornment of their costume is a quaint embroidery made by using a thread of elm bark.

The huts in which this primitive people dwell are usually built upon posts driven into the ground. Benches, which are built around the walls, furnish sleeping places.

The only religion of the Ainos appears to be a strange sort of worship of the wild bear. In all their villages are to be seen tall poles on which are the skulls of bears. It is not easy to comprehend this religion, since the Ainos are ever ready to kill and to eat the bears to which they offer their worship.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HERMIT KINGDOM.

LEAVING Japan with her civilization, and with her ambition to be the leading nation in the Far East, we come to Korea, a country but little known to travelers.

The peninsula of Korea, which is often thought of as a very small country and of little importance, is larger than all the New England States. Its position makes it of singular value to three great nations, — Russia, China, and Japan.

A chain of mountains, lying close to the eastern coast, extends the whole length of the country. The long western slope of this mountain chain forms the rest of Korea. Another mountain chain forms a large part of the northern boundary. There are a number of broad rivers flowing down this western slope, the Yalu and the Han being the most important.

Korea is not a land of great cities and stately temples, nor is it noted for grand scenery. For hundreds of years Korea would have nothing to do with the outside world. Its natural boundaries made it easy to carry out this policy. To prevent invasion across the Chinese boundary — the only part open to easy attack — a wide strip of territory was laid waste. The Koreans made their shores as barren and unattractive as possible, in the hope that no one would be tempted to land.

For all of these reasons, Korea has been named "The Hermit Kingdom."

In spite of such attempts at seclusion, the armies of China and Japan have invaded this land from time to time and compelled the payment of tribute by the humbled natives. But so far as commercial relations are concerned Korea remained a sealed country until 1876. Then Japan, following Commodore Perry's example, succeeded in making a treaty which opened the Hermit Kingdom to the world. In the following year treaties with Korea were made by the United States, England, France, and Germany. The Koreans were not able to profit at once by this opportunity, because of the continued strife between China and Japan for the control of the country.

The most important ports on the eastern coast are Fusan and Gensan. For centuries the Japanese have

KOREAN CHILDREN.

made their way through these two gateways into the country.

Near Gensan is Port Lazareff, which has one of the best harbors in the world. It is this port that Russia

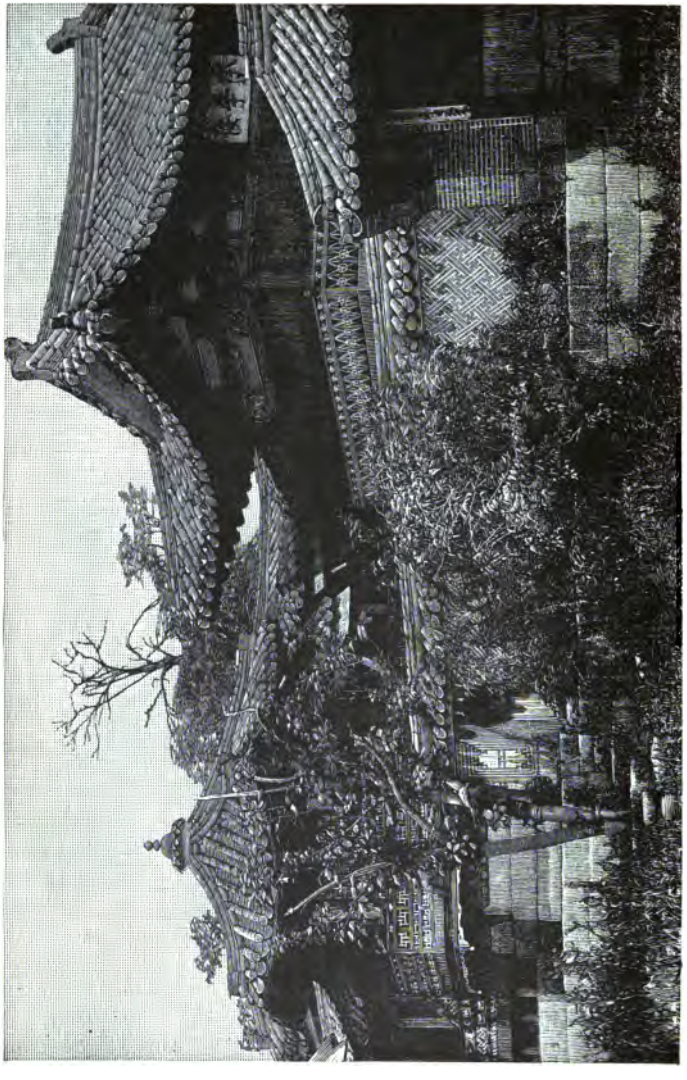
has for a long time wished to own. It would, indeed, be of untold value as an outlet on the Pacific for that great empire, so destitute of seaports.

Port Lazareff could be made a powerful stronghold, and, as the harbor is open the whole year, it would be a most important station for the Russian fleet.

In the country near by are gold and coal mines. The Koreans have worked these mines to some extent; but, without machinery of any kind to assist in that work, the results have not been valuable. They manufacture their domestic and agricultural utensils. In the working of metals they excel, and it is claimed that to the Koreans the Japanese and the Chinese owe their skill in this same work. In the manufacture of porcelain, too, the Koreans have made great progress.

Sëoul, the capital of Korea, is one of the great cities of the Far East. We find here none of the large temples or beautiful palaces which have attracted our attention in other Oriental cities. The city is situated in a picturesque valley. On the summit of the highest mountain, not far away, are beacon towers on which fires were formerly lighted every night to signal to the capital if all was well throughout the empire. At nightfall the natives, as well as the officers high in authority, watched the mountain tops till the flashing fires appeared. In times of danger a different number of fires were lighted, and so this message was quickly made known in Sëoul.

Such messages were formerly flashed, from peak to peak, from the most remote parts of the kingdom, but



KOREAN ROYAL PALACE.

in late years the telegraph has taken the place of this custom in certain parts of the country.

In some ways this reminds us of the custom among the Swiss shepherds, high up among the Alps, sounding their good night messages on Alpine horns, and assuring one another that "all is well."

Only a few streets in Sëoul are wide enough to be dignified by the name of *street*. On these are to be seen crowds of people dressed in white cotton garments. Among the well-to-do people this clothing is kept fairly clean, but the same cannot be said of the laboring classes, and their custom of wearing white cotton clothing is not to be commended. It interests us to discover that the Koreans use no soap in washing these garments, and that they are dried by pounding for a long time between two blocks of wood.

The port of Sëoul is Chemulpo. Its harbor is not deep enough to allow large ships to enter.

The Chinese and the Japanese are more numerous on the streets than are the native Koreans, and the greater part of the trade of Chemulpo is carried on by them.

The first railroad in Korea, soon to be built, is to run from Chemulpo to Sëoul, a distance of twenty-five miles.

The famous ginseng, the plant so highly prized by the Chinese for its use in medicine, grows in great abundance in Korea. It is one of the most valuable productions of the country, and counts for a great deal in the commerce of Korea. The Chinese are willing to pay almost any price for this famous plant, so much do they depend upon it.

In July, 1894, a new war for the control of Korea was begun between China and Japan. Each of these two great powers claimed to be guarding the interests of its subjects living in the Hermit Kingdom; but it was soon evident that the real object of each was to prevent the other from seizing Korea. In a very short time they were engaged in open warfare, and the fate of Korea was at stake.

The Japanese soon showed their superiority over the Chinese in battle, both on the land and on the sea. The world was given a grand exhibition of the skill with which the Japanese made use of the modern resources of warfare.

Several of the contests in this war will take rank with some of the "decisive battles of the world's history." Even before the formal declaration of war was made, the Japanese war ships attacked and sunk a Chinese ship named the *Kowshing*, which was carrying troops to Korea. This affair caused much excitement at the time, as the Chinese ship was sailing under the British flag. It was soon learned, however, that the rights of the Japanese had been ignored, and they were justified in attacking this ship.

Several battles of minor importance were fought in Korea near Sëoul, in all of which the Japanese were victorious. The battle which gave possession of Korea to Japan was fought at Ping Yang on the 15th of September, and resulted in the defeat and flight of the Chinese and the capture of that city. Only two days later the Chinese and Japanese fleets met off the entrance to the Yalu River, and here was fought the

greatest naval battle in which modern war ships have yet been engaged.

The officers of the Japanese fleet were graduates of the best naval schools of Europe and America. The war ships engaged on both sides represented the best that modern skill could produce. In the battle which tested the bravery of both nations the victory fell to the Japanese, who, though fewer in numbers, were better led than their enemies and so conquered them. The Chinese war ships were sunk or disabled, and, as a result of the battle, the command of the sea passed to the victorious Japanese fleet.

The Chinese had one more stronghold, in which they placed the greatest confidence. It was Port Arthur. To attack this point the Japanese landed a second army, and, after another great battle, it was captured.

On land the Japanese army had advanced into Manchuria and was working its way towards the Chinese frontier. The war cry was "On to Peking." It appeared to be certain that the war would not end before the Chinese, routed and defeated at every point, were humiliated by the capture of their capital. The Chinese now surrendered, and, after some delay, the emperor, who had meanwhile restored to Li Hung Chang his former rank and privileges, sent the aged viceroy to Japan to make terms of peace.

The far-famed Chinese minister was received with great honor by the Japanese government. The prime minister of Japan, with other leading officials, went to the port of Shimonoseki to meet him. Within a few days of his arrival, as Li Hung Chang was returning from a

conference with the Japanese ministers, he was shot and seriously wounded by a reckless Japanese soldier.

Great excitement was caused by the attempted assassination. The Emperor and the Empress of Japan showed

A KOREAN PORTER.

intense anxiety and regret for the unfortunate affair. The Japanese people felt that they were disgraced in the eyes of the world, and their rejoicing was sincere when it was known that Li Hung Chang would recover.

In a short time the viceroy was able to meet again

with the Japanese ministers, and a treaty of peace was made.

By the terms of this treaty China yielded some territory, including the island of Formosa, and agreed to pay an immense amount of money as a war debt to Japan. The war was then declared to be at an end.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

In these days, when railroads are extended with such ease and rapidity into regions once remote, we are hardly surprised to learn of the great railroad which Russia is building across the distant land of Siberia.

To understand how bold an undertaking the building of this road really is, let us look at the country through which it is to pass.

As we think of Siberia, there comes before us the picture of a cold, barren, almost uninhabited country, situated in northern Asia. Perhaps many of our young people have read the sad story of Russian exiles, and so see in their picture of Siberia long lines of men and women, bound with clanking chains and cruel fetters, marching to their hopeless imprisonment in the far-away mines of eastern Siberia. But this great country ought to mean to us more and better things than these pictures suggest.

The Russian coat of arms bears a two-headed eagle,

signifying that the empire includes land in two continents. By far the larger part of this empire lies in Asia.

Siberia is a vast country, and a comparison with other countries will make this clearer to us. If the United States could be set down upon Siberia, there would still be territory enough left to equal all the countries of Europe not including Russia. Siberia extends five thousand miles from east to west, and twenty-five hundred miles from north to south.

The whole northern part of the country consists of marshes and bogs, called *tundras*, which are frozen the greater part of the year. Here the only inhabitants are wandering tribes, driving their herds of reindeer from place to place in search of the scanty pasturage to be found.

During the short summer the surface of the tundras thaws to a depth of a few inches, and a coarse grass springs up. This, with a few stunted bushes and moss, is the only vegetation ever seen over large tracts of northern Siberia.

In striking contrast to this frozen region is a great area in the southern and western part, where the summers are long and the winters are no more severe than they are in our own Northern States.

In these parts of Siberia melons ripen easily in the intense a..sun, and wheat is a most profitable crop to The Japane Here are the *steppes*, or rolling prairies, a the eyes of n of those between the Volga and the Ural when it was k soil is black and rich, and reminds us of In a short tern prairies. In all directions are to be

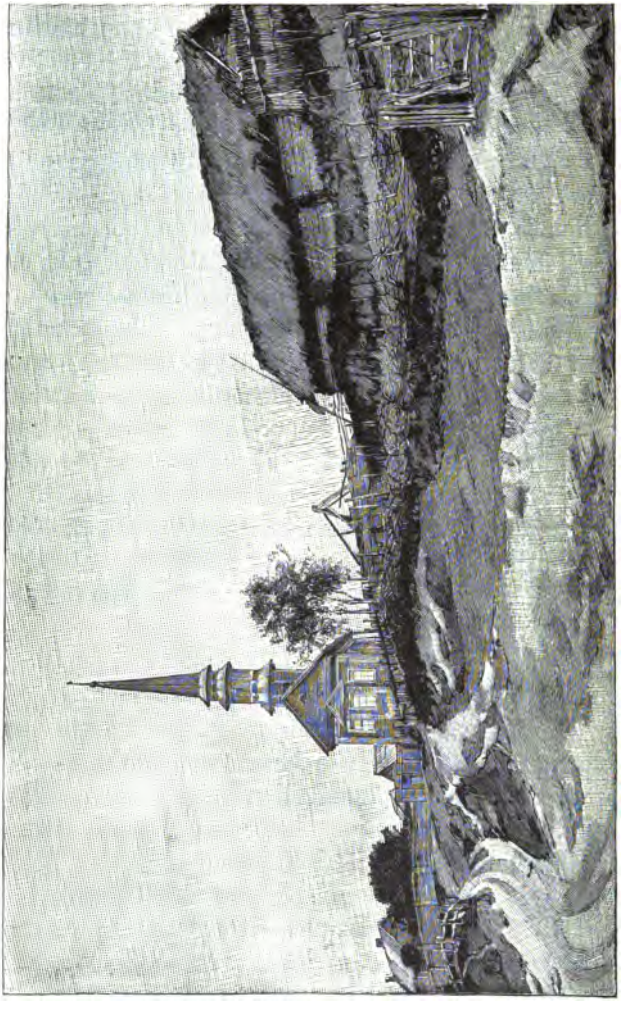
seen the brightest flowers, — wild roses, harebells, marguerites, and tiger lilies. This is the agricultural region of Siberia, where much of the land is well cultivated. But we are surprised to note the absence of farm houses. In our country, on every well-tilled farm are to be seen a house, barn, and other farm buildings, where the farmer makes his home. In place of such homes, we find in Siberia, here and there, small villages, comprising a few rude, unpainted, log houses, in which the tillers of the neighboring farms dwell.

We soon learn that the peasants of Siberia cannot own any land, but that a portion is allotted to them by the government to use. A change in the allotment may be made at any time, and so there is little inducement for any one to build houses that may be taken from him at the will of the governor of the district.

In the early times Siberia was not known to European countries. The stories told by the few adventurous travelers who had journeyed to any part of Asia and had heard anything of the land to the north were considered fabulous.

About 1550 the Czar of Russia sent an exploring party across the Ural Mountains. A few Tartar tribes were conquered, but the conquerors were soon attacked by other tribes and compelled to return to their own country. It was a long time before this experiment was repeated.

The czar meanwhile turned his attention to commerce with Persia, and quite a large trade was the result. It was carried on with great difficulty, however, since the richly laden caravans were frequently



A SIBERIAN VILLAGE.

plundered by the Don Cossacks, a band of robbers dwelling on the banks of the river Don. These robbers became so bold at last, the czar was obliged to send an army to subdue them. Fearing they would be held as slaves by the Russians, a famous Cossack chief called about him a small force of his bravest followers, and with them took refuge in a small trading settlement near the Ural Mountains. Here they remained till the merchants of the little town, wishing to be rid of their unwelcome neighbors, told them of a rich country beyond the mountains. This was Siberia.

The Cossacks, eager for adventure, soon gathered together a small force and marched into this country. Here they overcame some of the Tartar tribes and took possession of their capital. It was not long, however, before the natives rose against their conquerors. The Cossack chief knew he could not hope to hold the country without aid from Russia.

Although a rebel and an outlaw, the Cossack chief sent one of his officers to Moscow to announce that Siberia had been conquered "in the name of the czar." When the czar learned that the new land had been thus subdued, he pardoned the robber Cossacks and sent a strong company of Russian soldiers to aid their chief in holding the country.

This was the real beginning of the conquest of Siberia for the czar. Many more battles had to be fought with fierce tribes, but in the end these far-distant regions, even to the frozen peninsula of Kamchatka, were added to the Russian Empire.

Some of these native tribes are yet to be found in

northern Siberia. The most interesting, perhaps, are the Samoyedes, whose queer customs are attracting a few travelers to visit them.

The Samoyedes wander from the Arctic Ocean across the frozen tundras in search of pasturage for their reindeer.

In summer fishing in the rivers and lakes, and in winter hunting bears, foxes, ermines, and sables, they never remain long in one place. They dress in fur skins, and live in tents which are covered with reindeer skins.

Other tribes in this far northern region dwell in curious log houses which are very small and contain almost no furniture. In the center of each one of these log houses is an earth fireplace, and around it the family may be seen huddled together. The windows are made of thin slabs of ice. A large iron kettle, in which all the cooking is done, is the chief treasure owned by any family.

When the Russians invaded this territory, these native tribes saw iron kettles and other like useful utensils for the first time. A Siberian would frequently offer, in exchange, as many of the finest sable skins as would be required to fill it, so great was the desire to own one of these kettles. It can be imagined what immense profits were made in those days by the Russian fur traders.

Vladivostok, meaning "Ruler of the East," is the proud name of Russia's most eastern port. Here is the present eastern terminus of the Great Siberian

Railway. Vladivostok has a good harbor, and, were it not frozen over so much of the year, it would be one of the best on that coast. Although its latitude is nearly the same as that of New York, it is icebound for four or five months in each year.

We cannot believe that the great Russian Empire would build the longest railroad in the world to end in such a port. Doubtless her eyes are fixed on Port Lazareff, or some other station of equal importance, on the Korean coast, where she may terminate the road and make a naval station for her war ships. How to secure control of this vantage point is the problem now before the Russian government, and only time will show by what method it will be solved.

The work of building the Siberian railroad is now well under way, and it is expected to be completed in 1905. The long journey from the Pacific Ocean to the Baltic Sea will then be made with ease; a new highway for commerce between Europe and Asia will then be established; and last, but far from least, the power of the Russian government in the Far East will then be immeasurably increased.

The slow-moving caravans, by which so many of the products of these far-away regions have been carried into Russia, will soon be a thing of the past.

The long journey from Peking to St. Petersburg has required six months by caravan, but with the opening of the railroad it is expected to be made in three weeks.

Much of the trade in tea, silk, porcelain, and the various other manufactures and products of China and Japan will then be carried into Europe by the railroad,

instead of over the steamship lines, as at the present time.

Among the many difficult engineering feats which must be accomplished in the construction of this railway are the bridges across the Amur, the Yenesei, and the Obi rivers.

These three are among the world's largest streams, and, with the opening of the railroad, they are certain to become of vast importance in developing the commerce and the settlement of the remoter regions of Siberia.

From the Amur River the railroad is to be laid through a district rich in minerals and producing an abundance of petroleum. Here are the famous silver mines, in which so many of the Russian exiles have been condemned to work.

The line is to pass around the southern end of Lake Baikal. This great lake, four hundred miles long, is the largest fresh-water lake in Asia. It was formerly crossed by sailing vessels only; and many were the wrecks occurring there because of the violent storms which frequently sweep across the lake. Now there are stanch steamboats in which the journey is made with greater safety.

It is with surprise we learn that the engines, the boilers, and all the rest of the machinery of these steamboats were brought overland from St. Petersburg, a distance of four thousand miles.

During the severe Siberian winter Lake Baikal is frozen over and is then crossed on sledges, some laden with goods from the East, others carrying the mails to Moscow.

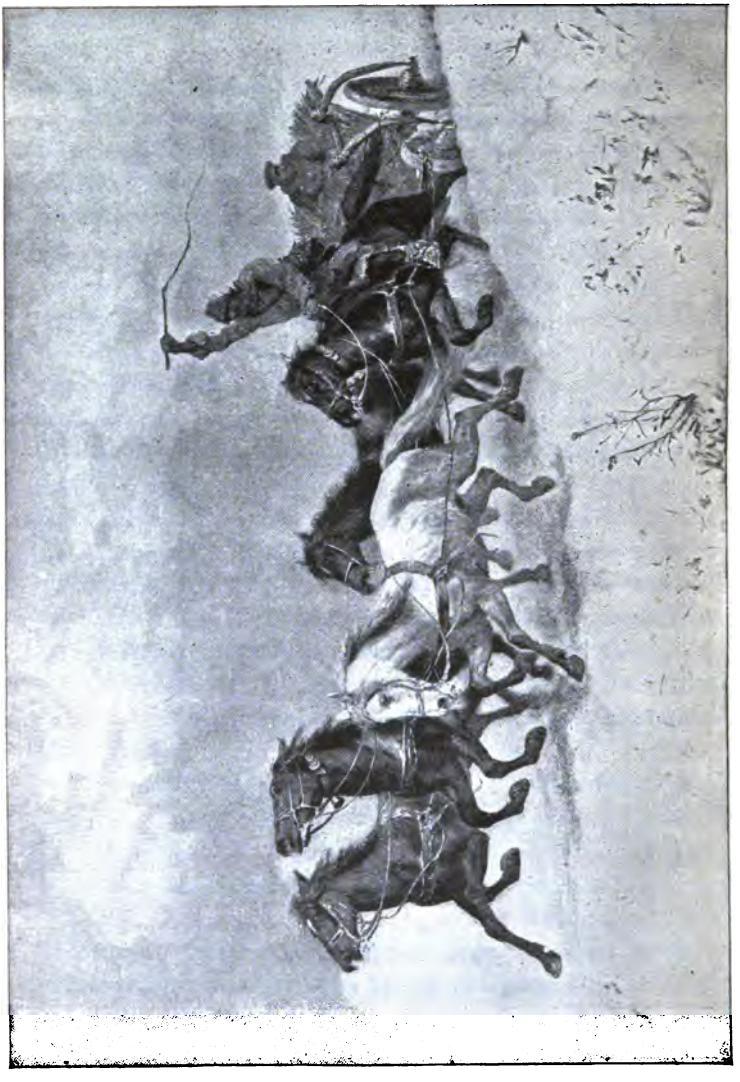
The method of traveling in Siberia at the present time is interesting in the extreme, and should be fully understood, since it probably will be continued in the regions not reached by the railroad.

This remarkable system of post roads has been well described by Mr. George Kennan, the famous traveler who journeyed far and wide over Siberia in search of information about the Russian exiles, and we will borrow his words: "The Imperial Russian Post is now perhaps the most extensive and perfectly organized horse-express service in the world. From the southern end of the peninsula of Kamchatka to the most remote village in Finland, from the frozen, wind-swept shores of the Arctic Ocean to the hot, sandy deserts of central Asia, the whole empire is one vast network of post routes. You may pack your portmanteau in Nijni Novgorod, get a passport, and start for Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka, seven thousand miles away, with the full assurance that throughout the whole of that enormous distance there will be horses, reindeer, or dogs ready and waiting to carry you on, night and day, to your destination."

From Lake Baikal the railroad is to reach the famous city of Irkutsk as the next point of importance.

Irkutsk has sometimes been called the "Paris of Siberia." It requires a wide stretch of imagination to see in this cold Siberian town much likeness to the gay French capital.

It is, however, the most important town in eastern Siberia, and contains a few streets that would be no discredit to any European city. Here there are well-



RUSSIAN IMPERIAL POST.

built houses of brick and stone, and stores containing a great variety of beautiful goods. Along the streets dash sledges drawn by spirited horses.

In Siberia, as in other parts of Russia, horses are usually driven three abreast. Over the neck of the middle horse is a high wooden arch or bow. We can see little use for this arch, but the Russian driver tells us it holds all the other parts of the harness together. It is certainly a picturesque addition, and gives a dashing appearance to these sledges.

For many years Irkutsk has been the center of the trade passing between China and Russia. The caravans that cross the dreary desert of Gobi bring here the tea, silk, rhubarb, and porcelain of China to be exchanged with Russian merchants for European goods, and especially for the finest Siberian furs.

No city in the world has a wider range of temperature than Irkutsk. There are many days in summer when 98° F. is registered, and in winter 50° to 65° below zero is not uncommon.

Leaving Irkutsk, the railway will cross the great forest region of Siberia.

These extensive forests of pine and cedar will then be open to the lumberman; and the timber, for which there is always a demand in the shipyards of Russia, will become a source of great profit to Siberia.

Other towns of importance on the line of the railway are Tomsk, where the Russian government has established a university; and Omsk, at present a busy, thriving place, and certain to become a prominent city.

To the north is Tobolsk, to be connected by a branch railroad with the Great Siberian Railway. Tobolsk was the old capital of Siberia. The old town is now going to decay, and its wooden roads are becoming unsafe.

One of the most notable sights in Tobolsk is a famous old bell which has had a strange history. A rebellion, or riot of some sort, occurred in the Russian town where the bell was hung, and by ringing it the rioters gave signals to their companions who were outside of the town. This occurred at a time when criminals were publicly flogged before they were sent into Siberian exile.

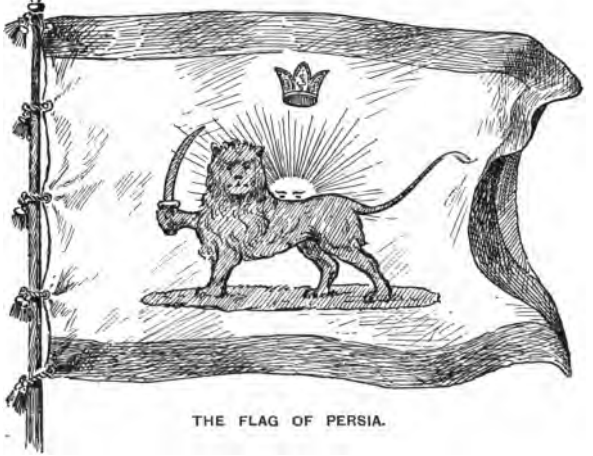
After the rebellion had been put down, the bell was placed on trial and condemned for having given aid to the rebels! It was then solemnly flogged in the public square, and afterward was sent to Siberia. It was also forbidden to ring again. But in later years it was pardoned, and its tone was soon heard calling the people of Tobolsk to church. It is now preserved as a relic in the public museum.

Such is the country through which the great railway is to pass. When once the rivers have been bridged and the mountains tunneled, the wealth of Siberia will be open to the world. Her magnificent forests, her rich petroleum wells, and her mines of coal, gold, and silver can then be turned to profit, and will, it is believed, attract settlers to make their homes in this distant land.

The rich agricultural region in southern Siberia, through which the road is to pass, will furnish wheat not alone for Russia but for the other great markets of Europe as well.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAND OF THE LION AND THE SUN.



THE FLAG OF PERSIA.

"Persia! time-honored land! who looks on thee,
A desert yet a Paradise will see;
Vast chains of hills where not a shrub appears,
Wastes where no dews distil their diamond tears.
* * * * * * *
Pomegranates hang their rich fruit in the sun;
Grapes turn to purple many a rock's tall brow,
And globes of gold adorn the citron's bough."

WE have now come to a land strewn with the ruins of palaces, royal tombs, and massive walls; showing where great cities once stood. On all sides are reminders of its former greatness, which serve only to make more conspicuous the present desolation and ruin of this time-honored land.

This is Persia — a land of lofty mountains and far-reaching deserts. The greater part of the country is a high plateau crossed by many chains of mountains. Between the mountains lie valleys of wonderful fertility. The land bordering upon the Caspian Sea is low and very fertile.

The waves and the winds together have formed great sand hills, or dunes, along the coast; and the rivers, rushing down from the mountains and meeting these barriers, have, in many places, spread out in great lagoons, whose banks are covered with a dense growth of trees and vines of every description.

From this narrow, marshy plain we come to the lower slopes of the Elburz Mountains and find here a region of surpassing beauty. These slopes are covered with forests of oak, walnut, cypress, and cedar. Vines of luxuriant growth clamber over the trees, and flowers of brilliant hue cover the ground beneath. In the fertile valleys, lying between these wooded slopes, are villages and towns. Here wild fruits grow in abundance; while oranges, lemons, peaches, quinces, and melons are easily cultivated.

Above the forest belt tower the bare, bleak mountain tops. Thus from the shore of the Caspian Sea to the summit of the Elburz Mountains is found every variety of climate, from the moist, steaming heat of the lowlands along the sea to the ice and snow of the mountain peaks.

Leaving this fertile section, we soon discover a great change in the appearance of the country spreading before us. In place of luxuriant vegetation we see only

the barren desert on every side. Fully three fourths of this land is a desert. In days gone by, a large part of the desert land was made to produce rich crops by irrigation, the water being carried in canals which extended for a long distance from the mountains. The same rich crops might now be obtained if the people would exert that same thrift and energy. But these canals were neglected and long since became useless. The land soon lost its moisture, and was then but a part of the desert.

In the eastern division of Persia is an immense tract which no system of irrigation can ever make fertile. This is the Great Salt Desert. But few travelers attempt the journey across this desert, and a brief account of the dangers encountered by one of them will make the reason plain: —

"The last gleams of daylight had now disappeared, and the moon was shining brightly upon our way. All round us lay a boundless expanse of the most brilliant white salt, glimmering like snow in its light. Not a sound was to be heard except the tramp of the animals and the clang of the mule bells. The effect of the moonlight upon the white ground was to render things less discernible than had we been on land; and we could understand how easy it must be to lose one's way here, for once or twice, getting separated from the caravan, we found that the only guide to its position was the sound of its bells.

"The track, moreover, was of the vaguest description, the only signs by which it could be distinguished being the traces left by previous caravans, and these occasion-

ally failed us; so that more than once we found ourselves, to our consternation, wandering off the route onto a surface which had apparently never been touched by man or beast.

"We crossed the margin of the salt, on our entrance upon it, about 6.30 P.M., and, marching steadily at an average pace of not less than three and a half miles an hour, we found ourselves at the other side about 3 A.M., and must thus have traversed a distance from edge to edge of about twenty-five miles in a straight line. From the view which we obtained at various points of the vast hollow in which this incrustation is accumulated, and from the accounts of the people dwelling near, we reckoned that the total extent covered by it could not be less than about four hundred square miles, if only it stretched in the direction from east to west as far as it did in that in which we had crossed it from north to south; but, as far as we could judge, it must have extended much farther.

"It is difficult to explain the origin of this strange phenomenon. It may be that this incrustation is the deposit accumulated in the vast low-lying plain in the course of centuries upon centuries, during which the rainfall and the annual melting of the snows upon the mountains, besides the perennial streams which all drain into this basin, have brought down in their waters, from the strata of salt through which they have passed, these incalculable quantities of salt in solution. The summer sun has dried up the water by evaporation, and left the salt deposit lying upon a soil more or less saturated with moisture.

"The layer of salt thus deposited has gained in thickness and consistency year by year, till it has become, at a distance from its margin on either side, a solid mass of the purest salt, such as, in any other country than Persia, would constitute a natural treasure of great value, for here there is no occasion for mining expenses; the salt has only to be broken up by dynamite or other means and carted away. But so deficient are the simplest means of communication in this country, that here it must lie, absolutely useless, though distant only about one hundred miles from its capital, for want of any possibility of transporting it thither."

The journey across the Caspian Sea lands the traveler bound for Persia at the town of Enzeli. It is a difficult landing place, as there is no good harbor, and the surf is always high. From Enzeli he is taken by boat to the starting point of the caravan route by which he will cross Persia.

The preparation for a caravan journey requires much forethought. There are tents for camping and provisions for the journey to be purchased. A large number of mules or camels to transport the travelers and their baggage are to be hired. And, most troublesome of all, there are the men and the boys, who are to conduct the travelers, to be employed.

When at last everything is ready for the start, it is a picturesque sight as the caravan moves slowly out upon the road. Traveling by caravan is very tedious, and not many miles can be covered in a day. At nightfall a halt is made, if possible near a spring of

fresh water, the tents are soon pitched, and the fire for cooking the evening meal blazes near by. Early the next morning, before light, the camp is astir, breakfast is cooked, the baggage is loaded upon the animals, and the journey for the day is soon begun.

In this manner, day after day, the traveler by cara-

ON THE MARCH.

van crosses Persia. Here and there he comes upon the caravansaries and their post houses. The caravansary is to Persia what the dâk bungalow is to India. It is a very rude inn and affords little more than a shelter to the traveler. As a rule it is built of brick or stone, in the form of a parallelogram, around an open court. There may be a keeper to guard the place, but

he will do nothing for the traveler, who must depend as much upon his own men here as in his camp out upon the desert.

Wandering tribes, living in tents made of goat's hair, are to be seen in many parts of Persia. They move from place to place in search of pasturage for their flocks.

In these rude tents are woven many of the rare carpets and rugs for which Persia is famed. The work of weaving is done by the women, upon looms of the simplest and clumsiest description.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that the traveler finds himself approaching the end of the caravan journey from the Caspian Sea to Teheran. The road winds through rocky passes to the crest of a mountain ridge overlooking the well-watered plain on which stands the capital of Persia. Beyond the lower range of the Elburz Mountains, by which the northern side of the Teheran plain is bounded, rises the snow-white cone of the mighty Demavend, —

> "Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
> And whitens with eternal sleet;
> While summer, in a vale of flowers,
> Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

This is the great mountain of Persia, and about its name are clustered many of the legends of this land. Rising nearly twenty thousand feet above sea level, it takes rank among the highest mountains on the globe. To the Persian the majestic Demavend is an object of love and veneration, as the sacred Fujiyama is to the Japanese.

Seen from a distance, the domes and minarets towering above most great Oriental cities lend to them a charm which the visitor never fails to admire. Not so with Teheran, which is so largely made up of low buildings that it is hardly to be seen, by the approaching traveler, above the trees of its gardens.

Chosen by the Persian rulers to be their capital in 1788, it has ever since been a city of some importance. Previous to the year 1870 Teheran was a small and shabby Oriental city. At this time the shah determined to make it a capital of real magnificence. The old walls and towers were pulled down. A new wall and moat, inclosing a large tract of the surrounding country, were built.

As we enter the city, through any one of the twelve splendid gateways by which the wall is pierced, we find only a bare and unoccupied country, till we reach, at some distance, the low mud houses with their blank walls and flat roofs. Once in the center of the city, the narrow, crooked lanes give place to broad avenues, on which the mosques and bazaars claim our attention. These do not surprise us, however, as do the European street lamps and the tram cars which are everywhere to be seen.

This strange mixture of the customs of the East with the modern inventions of the West gives a confused appearance to the streets of Teheran. Turbaned Orientals wearing gorgeous colored garments, howling dervishes, white-robed Arabs, soldiers dressed in bright-colored uniforms, and Europeans in their plain clothes, all crowd the streets and bazaars. Women

enveloped from head to foot in loose, black garments, a linen veil covering their faces, are sometimes to be seen.

Here and there are great public squares, shut off by walls and entered by gateways. One of these gateways is called the Drum Tower. From the top of this gateway, every day at sundown, a band, playing upon cornets, drums, fifes, and horns, gives forth the most unearthly music. This is a custom of every Persian city where any royal governor resides.

The place of especial interest in Teheran is the large square containing the Citadel. Mud walls surround the square and inclose a great number of gardens, courts, and buildings, together with the royal palace itself. Over the gateway of the palace floats the royal standard, bearing the Lion and the Sun in yellow upon a green ground. Surrounding the palace are beautiful gardens, in which are wide-spreading trees. Here and there among the trees, and under their grateful shade, are many fountains adding a refreshing coolness to the air.

Within the palace the most imposing room shown to visitors is the Audience Chamber, and it is considered one of the most gorgeous rooms in any palace in the world. Here the tables and chairs are overlaid with beaten gold. Here, too, are kept the crown jewels, and a most remarkable collection of rare gems they are. For, notwithstanding it is a poor country and sometimes calls for aid from other nations, Persia is compelled by the shah to support all this extravagant outlay for jeweled crowns, swords, scabbards incrusted with diamonds, and unset gems of immense value.

There are several thrones in the palace, and among them is one which is said to be the famous Peacock Throne of the Great Mogul emperors, captured by the Persians and brought here from India in 1739 by Nadir Shah. Although the Persian throne is a beautiful work of art, there are important historical reasons for believing that it is not the Peacock Throne of the Mogul Empire.

The bazaars of Teheran are crowded together in long arcades, one story high, and covered with low, brick domes. In the bazaars are found the kinds of goods for which Persia has long been famed, such as rich shawls, carpets, rugs of many colors, and the "attar of roses," so well known in western lands as one of the special manufactures of the Persians. The brass ware, vases, trays, and ornaments of many kinds are in every way equal to the brass and copper made in Benares, for which that old city of India is so famous. Many of these bazaars are carried on by native merchants, but a much larger trade is conducted by Europeans.

Besides the native goods to be seen in the bazaars, there are many kinds of foreign wares, great quantities of which are brought into Persia every year. Manufactured cotton goods of all kinds are ordered from England; woolens are sent from Germany; sugar is imported from France; and tea is obtained from China and Japan.

As we pass along the streets of Teheran we may chance to see the Shah attended by the royal run-

ners. Whenever he rides out, either on horseback or in his carriage, a number of men, dressed in a curious costume, run before him. Their long red coats, green trousers, and white stockings certainly give them a most astonishing appearance. These runners carry wands, which they wave to and fro as they run.

The Shah's carriage is drawn by six or eight white horses, and a lasting impression is made upon the visitor who witnesses this sight by the fact that the tails of these horses are dyed a brilliant crimson.

The Shah is always surrounded by soldiers or attendants clad in showy garments; but, except on state occasions, he is dressed in plain fashion. When he gives a royal reception, seated on his throne, he is resplendent with the richly ornamented badges given him by foreign monarchs and with the jeweled orders of his own kingdom.

On the first day of May, 1896, while worshiping in a mosque, the Shah, Nasr-ed-Din, who had ruled over Persia for nearly fifty years, was cruelly killed by an assassin.

On the lower slopes of the Elburz Mountains, not far from Teheran, are the summer palaces and hunting grounds of the Shah and of his ministers of state. In the midst of a land of deserts it is marvelous to see how beautiful are the surroundings of these mountain palaces.

There are shady walks among the groves of noble trees, and running brooks refreshing the land and making it bright with flowers. The songs of beautiful birds fill the air. The traveler who has just crossed the barren desert, and has, perhaps, believed that no

such growth of forest and no such pleasing scenery can be found in the interior of Persia is surprised at this delightful change.

We are told of the beauty and of the lavish display made within these palaces; of mosaic walls and floors of inlaid marble; of fountains flashing in the sunlight; and we seem to be hearing once more some old tale from the "Arabian Nights."

By way of contrast to these royal palaces, let us tarry long enough to visit a Persian peasant's house. Everywhere in Persia, in the small villages and on the outskirts of the larger towns, are to be seen the one-story mud houses in which the poorer people dwell. These houses are commonly made without windows; the roofs are flat and in hot weather the people sleep on them. The walls are plastered inside and out with a mixture of mud and chopped straw. A hole in the floor answers for an open fireplace for cooking, and for heating the house in winter.

It is an interesting sight to see a Persian woman baking bread in one of these rude ovens. The dough is kneaded into a large, flat cake, and is then pressed quickly against the side of the oven. In a very short time the cake is baked, and in a much shorter time it is eaten by the poor people whose lives are spent in these small villages.

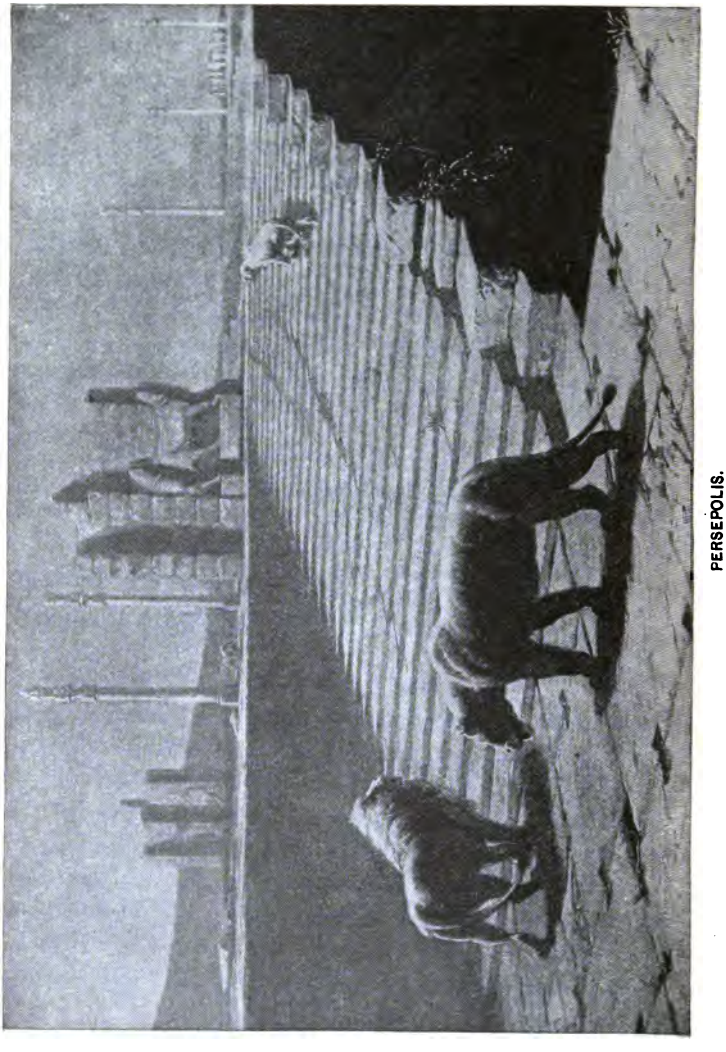
Leaving Teheran, the caravan route to the south passes through a number of cities, once important, but now of little note. The city of Kum is, perhaps, the one of chief importance, because here are the tombs of many of the Persian kings.

At a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles from Teheran the famous city of Ispahan is reached. Once the proud capital of Persia, and a city noted for its splendor, it was one of the greatest cities of the Asiatic world. In those days it was the center of the commerce passing between the Orient and the nations of the West. During the seventeenth century, when Shah Abbas the Great was the ruler of Persia, Ispahan was a city of nearly one million inhabitants. Ambassadors from all the rulers of Europe and the East were to be found at its court. Within its walls were two thousand caravansaries, one hundred mosques, and many palaces.

"Then pomp and pleasure dwelt within her walls,
The merchants of the East and of the West
Met in her arched bazaars.
* * * * * * *
Labor was busy in her looms,
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden camels lined the roads."

Before the Portuguese traders made their way by the sea to the shores of India and China, the overland caravan trade from these distant lands all passed through Persia. In this way the Persians very early became acquainted with the manufactures of the Chinese—especially their beautiful porcelain. The Persian workmen learned to imitate these wares, and to this day the porcelain made in Persia is copied, in large part, from the Chinese.

In the manufacture of metal work inlaid with gold, the city of Ispahan is famous.



PERSEPOLIS.

The streets and avenues of Ispahan are badly kept, and its mosques and palaces are in ruins.

On the journey to the south from Ispahan, after toilsome days and nights, we enter the old city of Shiraz, the most important city in southern Persia —

> "Where Time the measure of his hours,
> By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
> And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,
> Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps."

Like other cities of Persia, Shiraz is more interesting because of its history than for anything now to be seen.

It is famous the world over as the birthplace of two of Persia's greatest poets — Sadi and Hafiz — whose verses are loved by all their countrymen.

In the bazaar, which is surely one of the most interesting in Persia, is a busy throng of turbaned men and closely veiled women.

Among the handicrafts we have seen in Asia none are more pleasing than the engraving and carving on silver which we see performed by the skilled workmen of Shiraz.

Not far from Shiraz is one of the noted places in the very earliest history of Persia.

This is Persepolis. Now but a ruin and a desolate scene, it was once the seat of empire, when Darius and Xerxes ruled not Persia alone, but a great part of the ancient world. Here they built their proud halls, of which the colonnades of pillars, the flights of royal stairs, and the gigantic portals are all that remain: —

"Those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side."

From Shiraz the traveler hastens on to reach the shores of the Persian Gulf, and gladly sees before him the end of his journey at Bushire.

Bushire is situated on a peninsula. The houses, built of mud, and with flat roofs after the Persian fashion, are crowded along the shore. The numerous date and palm trees planted about it give the town a picturesque appearance, but a closer inspection reveals it to be one of the filthiest places to be found in Persia. The bazaars are small and are principally engaged in fitting out caravans for the overland journey across Persia.

The harbor at Bushire is very unsafe, and ships are anchored outside in the open sea. Every cargo is taken ashore in the small native boats.

Among other famous cities in Persia, the holy city of Meshed should be mentioned. Meshed is loved by all Persians as the burial place of the Imams, or prophets. It is the Mecca of the Persians. It has, what is not common in Oriental cities, a wide, straight avenue extending the entire length of the city. Down the center of this street runs a canal, crossing which are many narrow footbridges. From this canal drinking water is obtained; and it also serves many of the people as a place in which to wash their clothing! Trees of many kinds — mulberry, elm, and willow — grow along either side of this canal.

A dense crowd, made up of all classes and nationalities, throng the avenue. The merchant, the dervish, and the pilgrim in his travel-stained garments, are all seen here. The sacred buildings are on this avenue, and toward them the pilgrims hasten to kiss the iron grating before the Imams' tomb.

Yezd and Kirman are great cities of eastern Persia. The shawls of Kirman rival those of Cashmere. The finest shawls are made of the soft hair which grows nearest the skin of the goat. Others are made from the wool of the sheep which are raised in the country near by.

These shawls are made by men and boys who work in dark, poorly ventilated rooms. The patterns are never before the workers, but must be learned by heart. The number of figures and designs wrought into these patterns are so great that this is a severe test of the memory.

In Yezd are many Parsees. They are treated badly by the Persians and Mohammedans, yet they continue to carry on much of the trade of the country and are rich and thrifty, as we saw the Parsees were in Bombay.

The people of Persia are mostly Mohammedans and are very hostile to believers in any other faith. We shall note the bitter hatred of all other faiths by the Moslem more plainly in Arabia, the home of Mohammed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TURKESTAN, AFGHANISTAN, BALUCHISTAN.

To the east and northeast of Persia is a large area divided among several nations. This whole country deserves careful study, because it appears destined to be of immense importance as the probable battle ground for the future possession of India.

Inhabiting the northern districts of this country are the Turkoman tribes of countless horsemen — fierce plunderers who ride with amazing swiftness, and who many times have made raids upon the people dwelling between Bokhara and Meshed. These wild and lawless tribes owe allegiance to no chief in particular, but will follow the one who can assemble the greatest number of warriors to ride forth and plunder the surrounding country. They have no fixed home, but move their black tents from one plain to another, when compelled by want of pasturage for their cattle.

For many years Russia has been, and is yet, expanding her possessions in the Far East. The advance made by the Russians in Central Asia has already given them control of Turkestan, and the only barrier now remaining between their outposts and the Indian Empire is the kingdom of Afghanistan. To complete her dominion over this land of barbarism, Russia has built the Trans-Caspian railroad through the heart of the old Tartar Empire. Besides opening up the country and developing all its resources, the railroad is a highway for the introduction of the methods and ideas of western nations.

Afghanistan is a rocky, mountainous land, in whose valleys abundant harvests are grown. In the fertile lowlands, grapes, apricots, pears, plums, corn, and tobacco may be raised. To the southwest is a vast sand desert stretching away towards the Persian frontier.

On the oases of the desert are groves of date palms, refreshing the wearied traveler by their grateful shade and luscious fruit. To the north are the snow-crowned Hindu-Kush Mountains; and to the east are the Suliman Mountains, overlooking the Indus and the Vale of Cashmere.

The Afghans inhabiting this rugged land are a restless and warlike race, and they exhibit the same intrepid courage found among the mountaineers of all countries.

Although a small country, Afghanistan has been the scene of many wars. Men of great renown and events of world-wide importance are associated with its history. Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, and Tamerlane are among the warriors who added to their fame in Afghanistan. These famous conquerors were followed by the founders of the Mogul Empire, who swept over this country and forced their way through its mountain passes on their way to India.

The great cities of Afghanistan are Herat in the west, Kabul in the east, and Kandahar in the center. Of these cities, Herat is of great military importance, and, because of its position, has been called the "Gate of India." Built upon a height commanding the surrounding country, the walls and towers of Herat make it a fortress of vast strength. The principal roads

from the Caspian Sea to the Khyber Pass lead through Herat, so that, in time of war, the nation holding this ancient city could control the fate of western India. In addition to its commanding position, the city of Herat, surrounded by a country of great fertility, could furnish all the supplies needed by a large army while conducting a war against the Indian Empire. For all these reasons there is no other such camping ground between the Caspian Sea and India, and it cannot be wondered at that England watches with keen suspicion every move in this direction made by the Russians.

The city of Kandahar is another stronghold against the advance of an enemy toward the passes through the mountains into India. The extension of the railroad into these regions is of great importance not only from the effect upon commerce, but also from a military point of view.

To the south of Afghanistan lies the rugged land of Baluchistan. It is bounded by India on the east and by Persia on the west, while to the south for a distance of more than five hundred miles the waves of the Arabian Sea break along its coast.

Baluchistan is a very mountainous region. Until within a few years, but little was known of the remoter sections of this land, where sandy deserts, dangerous to cross, are very common. There are no lakes of large size in Baluchistan, and no rivers of importance flow through it. Towns and villages are few and are widely separated.

The inhabitants live very much as the Turcomans do, and their principal possessions are herds of camels and flocks of sheep. As a consequence a large majority of the inhabitants of Baluchistan are nomads, wandering from place to place in search of pasturage for their cattle.

The capital is Kelat, a fortified town and the center of trade for the interior of the country. It is about seven thousand feet above sea level, and has, in consequence, an agreeable climate. It is not an attractive place. The streets are narrow and filthy, and the bazaar, although it is supplied with all kinds of necessaries, is not like the bazaars to be seen in the large cities of India and Japan.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOME OF THE ARAB.

THE peninsula forming the extreme southwestern corner of Asia is the home of the Arab. It is a land of great interest, not so much for the country itself, or the places to be seen there, as for its interesting history.

"O'er Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks,
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena stalks.

"On her cool and shady hills
Coffee shrubs and tam'rinds grow;
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitless dells below.

"The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale;
Thick hung with dates the spreading palm
Towers o'er the peopled vale."

Although some parts of Arabia are mentioned in the oldest historical records, and its shores were familiar to the earliest navigators, the greater portion of its territory has remained almost unknown. This is because so much of this land is a desert and has been but little explored by travelers.

Arabia forms a triangular peninsula, with its base, nearly a thousand miles long, resting on the Indian Ocean. Its eastern coast is washed by the Persian Gulf and its western coast by the Red Sea.

Arabia as a whole is not a fertile country, but is a high table-land, rising here and there to mountain ranges. In the southwestern portion are tracts of fertile country, and along the slopes of the mountains are rich pastures and cultivated fields. All along the coast are vast stretches of sand, at intervals reaching far inland to where they join the great desert, a wide waste of burning sand.

In the olden time Arabia was divided into three portions, — the rocky, mountainous country on the north; the great central desert; and the fertile land to the south, known as Arabia Felix, meaning the happy country. This last region is now known as Yemen, and is the most favored portion of all Arabia. Here vegetation is abundant, and the date palm yields its rich fruit, which is the staple food for large numbers of the natives. Great quantities of dates are ex-

ARAB HORSEMEN.

ported from Arabia to many countries of the civilized world.

Far beyond all other products in commercial importance is coffee, which is largely cultivated in Yemen. The coffee raised here is of a very superior quality and is called "Mocha," the name of the town from which it was formerly exported. This well-known coffee is grown on the highlands of the interior and is brought down to Aden by caravans.

Aden is the principal port of Arabia, and steamers to and from the East enter its harbor. The city and surrounding country are under the rule of Great Britain. From this port Mocha coffee is shipped to Europe and America.

In all parts of our own country the dates and the coffee grown in Arabia are well known and very much liked by our people. Not all the dates sold in our stores are grown in Arabia; and a small portion only of the coffee we consume comes from that land.

It will interest and surprise you to learn from how many lands these two commercial products are obtained.

Beyond the great central desert of Arabia are sandy stretches, relieved here and there by fertile oases. The large towns are located on these fertile tracts and are the centers of the trade and agriculture of the country. Between the oases are wild, barren wastes of sand, like a sand sea, dividing town from town.

Though Arabia can boast no great rivers nor fertile fields, she can proudly claim to be the original country of those two most important animals, the camel and the horse.

The camel may be called the national animal of Arabia, for no other can endure long journeys across the scorching sands of the desert, where neither food nor water are to be found. Because so admirably adapted to journeys across these great seas of sand, the camel is called the "ship of the desert."

The strong and patient camel is possessed of great powers of endurance. In crossing the desert, the lack of water is more to be dreaded than the want of food. It is possible to carry a supply of food and, even in the sand desert, coarse grass and shrubs are frequently to be found. But for many weary miles no sign of water is to be seen. The stomach of the camel is, by a wise provision of nature, formed with pouches in which a quantity of water can be stored. Thus supplied with water, the camel is able to travel from six to ten days under the heat of the tropical sun, and can traverse the long caravan routes with no other food than a small quantity of grain and a few dates each day. When approaching an oasis on the desert, the camel rushes forward at great speed and drinks long and deep at the welcome pool.

The Arab uses the flesh and the milk of camels for food, and weaves their hair into cloth for clothing and tents, and also into rugs and shawls.

The camel shows no trait of affection for his master, but, on the contrary, is sometimes very vicious. "When you bid a camel to get up, he objects; when you order him to start, he objects; and when you order him to halt, he objects, showing that he really objects on principle."

Although of greater use, the camel is, in the estimation of the Arab, inferior to the horse. The horse attains his highest perfection in Arabia. For a long time, in fact for many, many generations, the horse has been made a friend and companion by his master. To the Arab his horse, — living in the tent with him, fed by his own hand with dates and camel's milk, and petted by his children, — is a treasure beyond all price. The intelligence of the Arabian horse and his affection for his master are wonderful, and it is not surprising that the Arab loves him and values him so far above the plodding camel.

Many stories are told illustrative of the love of Arabs for their horses; and many are the proverbs in which the glory of their horses is celebrated. One of these proverbs has been handed down from generation to generation: "Love thy horses — take care of them — spare thyself no trouble; by them comes honor, and by them is obtained beauty."

An old Arab sheik once told this story of the affection of the horse for his master: —

"An Arab chief and his tribe had attacked a caravan of Damascus in the desert. The Arabs were conquered in the fight, some were killed, and the rest were made prisoners. The chief was severely wounded, and was stretched upon the ground near the tent in which his captors were sleeping. During the night he heard his horse neighing among the other steeds. Unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life on the desert, he painfully dragged himself along the ground and succeeded in reaching his beloved horse,

AN ARAB SHEIK.

by the Bedouin, though curved swords and pistols thrust into their belts are frequently to be seen. Thus armed and mounted upon their fleet Arabian horses, the Bedouins are easily the masters of the desert.

Travelers crossing the desert are frequently welcomed by the Bedouins to their camps and treated with generous hospitality. "To eat salt together makes friends of former enemies" is an Arab proverb, and it is faithfully observed by these dwellers on the desert. But after seeing them safely started on their journey, it is said, the Bedouins may follow their former guests and attack and rob them. They frequently demand tribute of the caravans crossing the desert, and sometimes they pillage the people living in the smaller villages.

Each tribe is governed by a chief, or sheik, and is independent of every other tribe. One interest only is common to all tribes. At stated times they gather from far and near to worship at the sacred well Zemzem, where now stands the city of Mecca.

This city has no natural advantages, as it is situated in a sandy valley, surrounded by barren hills, removed from the sea, and far from any navigable river. But in spite of these disadvantages, Mecca very early became both the commercial and the religious center of Arabia.

Commerce was the chief occupation of all the tribes who were not shepherds. Their country was the great highway for the trade which has existed from earliest times between the East and the West. To the port of Aden came ships bearing the goods of India and of

A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.

Africa. From this point the routes of the caravans crossed the deserts in different directions: some led to Damascus and the cities of Mesopotamia, others to Mecca and northern Arabia. Mecca grew to be the great emporium where the merchants exchanged their foreign merchandise for the grain, the spices, and the silks of Mesopotamia and Arabia. Caravans journeyed also to Egypt in early times as well as in later days. We read of one of them in the Bible, — the Ishmaelites who carried Joseph into Egypt from his home in the land of Canaan.

In this manner the Arabs had been living for hundreds of years. The religion which brought the various tribes together at Mecca was derived, according to their traditions, from Abraham and Ishmael. It was claimed that these patriarchs built the temple at Mecca, which from its form was called the Kaaba, or Square. To the present day this is the great temple of their faith.

Set in silver and fixed in the wall of the Kaaba, about four feet from the ground, is "the black stone," which the legends say was dropped from heaven. To kiss this sacred stone is the first desire of the faithful pilgrims who visit Mecca.

According to the traditions of the Arabs this stone was once white, but its color was changed on account of the sins of men. It may well be because of the countless kisses of its faithful worshipers that it is no longer a white stone!

Compared with the magnificent temples of India, of China, and of Japan, this temple at Mecca is insignifi-

cant, and yet it is the center of a religion which has spread itself, by the power of the sword, over immense territories to the east and to the west of Arabia. Five times each day, in whatever part of the world he may be, the faithful Moslem faces toward Mecca and prostrates himself in prayer.

Mohammed, the founder of this great religion, was born at Mecca. In his youth he was a shepherd; as a young man he took charge of caravans crossing the desert, and proved himself a very capable business manager. In his fortieth year he announced to his friends that he had been directed by Allah, the Almighty, to restore the true faith of the Prophets. He called himself a prophet, and in his native city he proclaimed his mission to be the overthrow of idol worship.

He made a few converts, and slowly but surely the new religion made progress. The rich families of Mecca feared that the success of this new religion would put an end to the great pilgrimages which brought so much money to their city. This led to bitter opposition, which resulted in Mohammed's leaving Mecca and making his home in Medina. He was received here with friendly greeting, and soon gained a large number of followers.

Up to this time Mohammed had proclaimed only a religion of peace, but now he changed and became a fanatical warrior. It was not many years before he succeeded in compelling all the wild tribes of his own country to acknowledge him as their prophet and leader. His earliest attacks were made upon the caravans of his

enemies in Mecca. He urged his faithful followers to wage war with all unbelievers.

He called his religion Islam, which means "resignation to God's will," and to his converts he gave this watch-word — "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." We cannot follow his history more fully here, but must leave it with only a brief reference to the rapid spread of Mohammedanism.

In a comparatively few years this religion of the sword had conquered so large a portion of Asia, Africa, and Europe, that it was truly said to extend from the Atlantic to the Ganges.

"But the day of Arab civilization was, after all, short; the sword was too certainly its evil genius, and so its work has continued ever since to render every country where Islam rules alone a constantly increasing scene of desolation. To this day it remains true that no roads are ever kept up in a Mohammedan region. No man, either now or ever before, went from one Mohammedan city to another, unless he carried arms or joined a cavalcade. It is not safe at present to travel alone for a mile's space in the Moslem world beyond the reach of some Christian occupying power. No traveler can tread the soil of Mecca or visit the ruins of Yemen but at the peril of his life."

Wherever Islam reigns unchecked, whether in Arabia, Afghanistan, or Morocco, this uniform but natural outcome of the religion founded by a highwayman is the fruit by which this tree is to be judged.

CHAPTER XXVI.

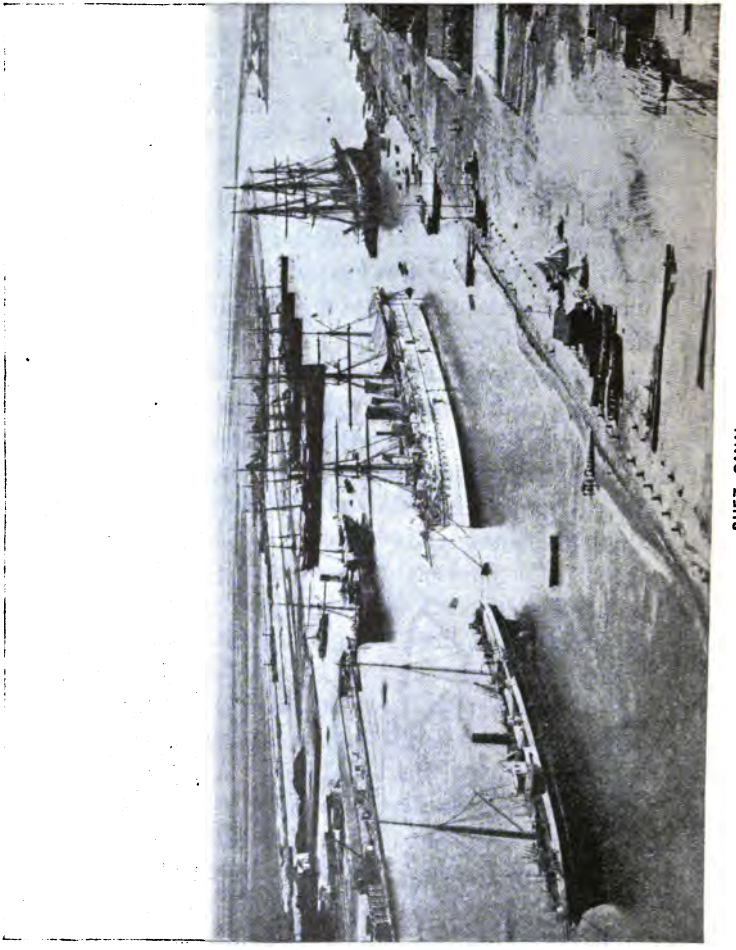
THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE.

LEAVING the dangerous harbor of Aden, on board one of the steamers of the great "Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company," we are soon sailing up the Red Sea. On the map it appears so narrow, that it is always a matter of surprise to the traveler to find how wide the Red Sea really is and that for a long distance the steamer is out of sight of land. This arm of the Indian Ocean is over fourteen hundred miles long, and from one hundred to two hundred miles wide.

Excepting a few coral reefs and rocky islands, the first land we see after sailing through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The meaning of Bab-el-Mandeb is "Gateway of Tears," and the name was given by the Arabs because so many vessels have been wrecked there.

At its northern end the Red Sea is divided by the peninsula of Sinai into the gulfs of Akaba and Suez. Away to the east, among the peaks to be seen from this point, lies Mount Sinai, — first in importance among mountains in the world's history, — where the Tables of the Law were given to Moses. This is the land made forever famous by the wanderings of the Israelites on their way to the Promised Land.

As we sail up the Gulf of Suez, we see, to the east, the low, sandy levels of Sinai, and to the west a range of low mountains, beyond which we know lies the valley of the Nile. The port of Suez is soon reached, and



SUEZ CANAL.

we have an opportunity of seeing the entrance to the great canal, while our steamer awaits her turn to enter it. At night the canal is lighted by electric lights, and from a tower at the entrance a brilliant electric flash light sweeps around in all directions, showing every vessel the canal and directing each one on her course.

It takes many hours, usually about eighteen, for steamers to pass through the canal. The distance is one hundred miles, but it is necessary to proceed slowly so that the sandy banks shall not be washed away by the waves raised by the steamers.

This greatest triumph of modern engineering skill was opened to the commerce of the world on the 16th of November, 1869, with magnificent ceremonies in which the great nations all took part. The engineer to whose genius and splendid courage the success of the enterprise is due was Ferdinand de Lesseps, a famous Frenchman.

The value of the canal to the commercial world will be readily seen by comparing the distances between important ports before it was opened, and the distances now traversed by vessels sailing between these ports. From London to Hong-Kong, by the Cape of Good Hope, is more than fifteen thousand miles, but it is only eleven thousand miles by the canal; from London to Bombay the distance is reduced nearly one half, from twelve thousand five hundred miles to seven thousand miles.

From ports along the Mediterranean, like Marseilles, the saving is much greater. From Marseilles to Bom-

bay, by the Cape of Good Hope, is twelve thousand miles, while by the canal it is only five thousand miles.

To maintain the Suez Canal, all vessels passing through it pay a toll. These tolls amount to many millions of dollars every year.

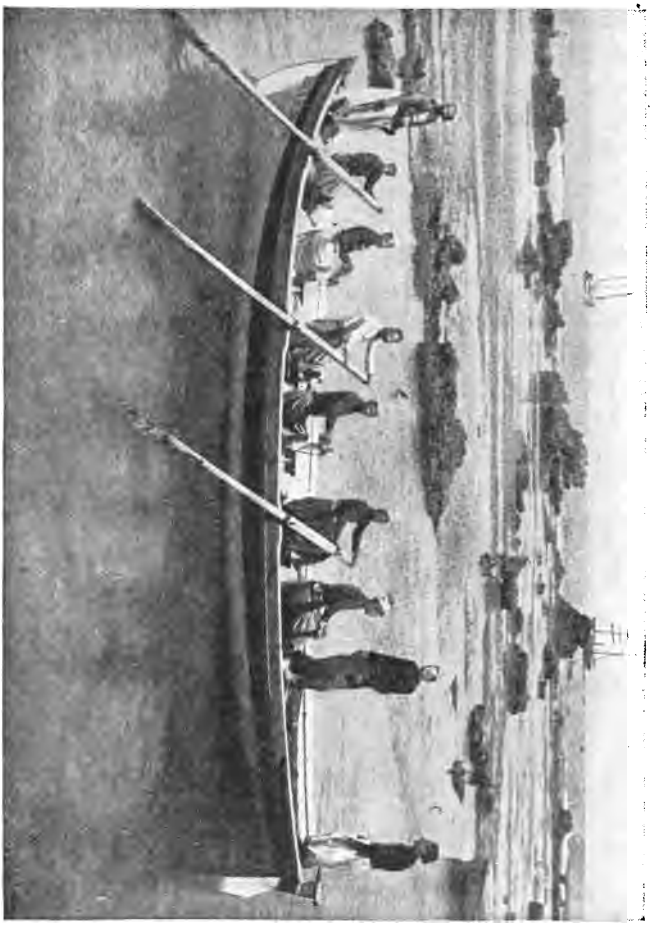
Connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea was not a modern idea, as, many centuries ago, the ancient Egyptians made attempts, more or less successful, to do this. Very interesting are the stories told of these works of the Pharaohs, and of the canal from the river Nile to the Red Sea completed by the great Persian emperor Darius. These canals were neglected by the peoples following the old Egyptian builders, and the great whirlwinds and drifts of sand soon so completely obliterated them that even their courses through the desert cannot now be discovered.

The journey through the Suez Canal lands the traveler at Port Said on the Mediterranean Sea. Here we embark for Palestine, and our first landing place is Jaffa.

There is no harbor at Jaffa; it is merely an open roadstead where vessels may be anchored, for a short time, on their way to Beirût. In stormy weather the steamer cannot be stopped for the port of Jaffa, and passengers are carried on to Beirût, to be landed on the return trip.

Passengers and cargoes for Jaffa must all be unloaded in the small boats that cluster about in numbers the moment a ship drops anchor.

The town stands on a rocky promontory, which extends toward the sea, ending in a ragged reef over



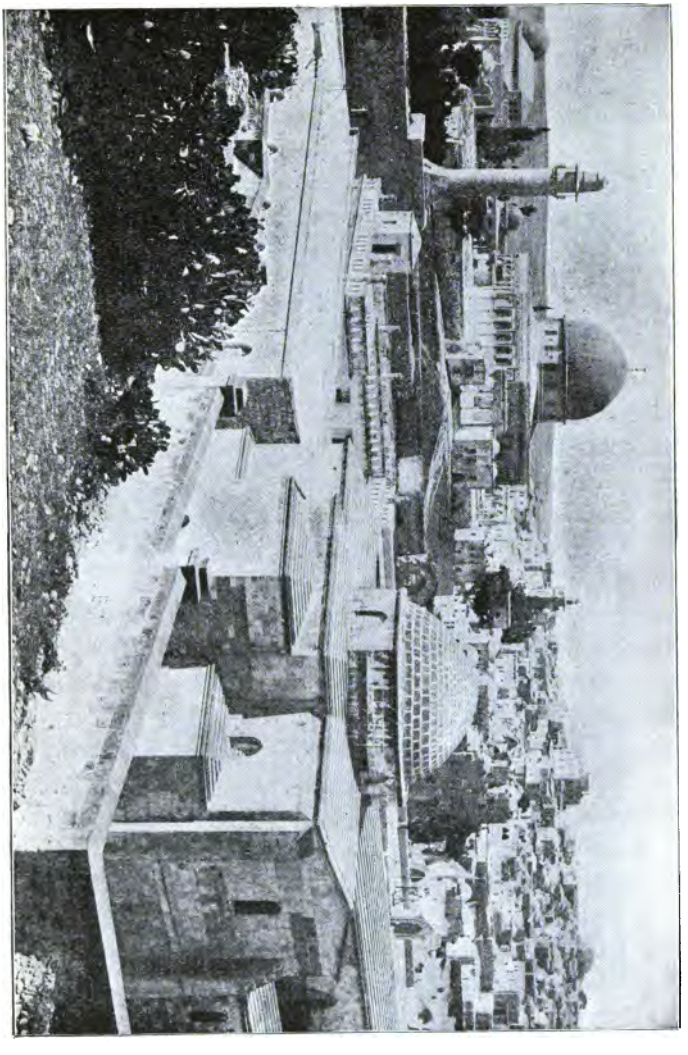
JAFFA BOATMEN.

which the breakers rush in a tumult of surf. It is but a collection of small whitewashed stone houses; the streets are narrow and very irregular; and as a commercial port it is no longer important. Nevertheless, it is the landing place for Jerusalem, and has always been the port for that ancient city. To it the king of Tyre sent the cedars of Lebanon for the building of Solomon's temple. Here, on a ridge of rock, stood the house of Simon the Tanner. On this flat housetop, overlooking the sea, Peter saw the wonderful vision we read about in the Bible. Here were landed many armies of the Crusaders on their way to the Holy City.

Travelers do not now tarry long at Jaffa, but hurry on toward Jerusalem. Within a few years a railroad has been built between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the short distance of thirty-five miles is soon traveled. Leaving Jaffa, the road passes through the orange groves for which this ancient town is famous.

We are soon crossing the plain of Sharon, — even to this day the most fertile spot in this historic land. In springtime there is a rich vegetation covering the fields, and we are impressed with the variety and the beauty of the flowers seen on every side. Among the numerous flowers, which grow here in greatest abundance, we may have the opportunity to "behold the lilies of the field" and the "rose of Sharon."

This fertile plain, capable of supporting a very large population, is almost deserted. Here and there are villages of mud huts where once were numerous and thriving cities. Now and then we catch sight of a solitary Arab breaking up the turf with a plow of the



JERUSALEM.

same crude pattern that has been in use from earliest times.

Beyond the plain of Sharon are the mountains of Judah and Ephraim. The road now begins to ascend, and soon we are climbing the rugged mountain sides. We cross deep gorges and are carried through narrow passes, till at length we reach the high plateau on which stands the most famous city of the world.

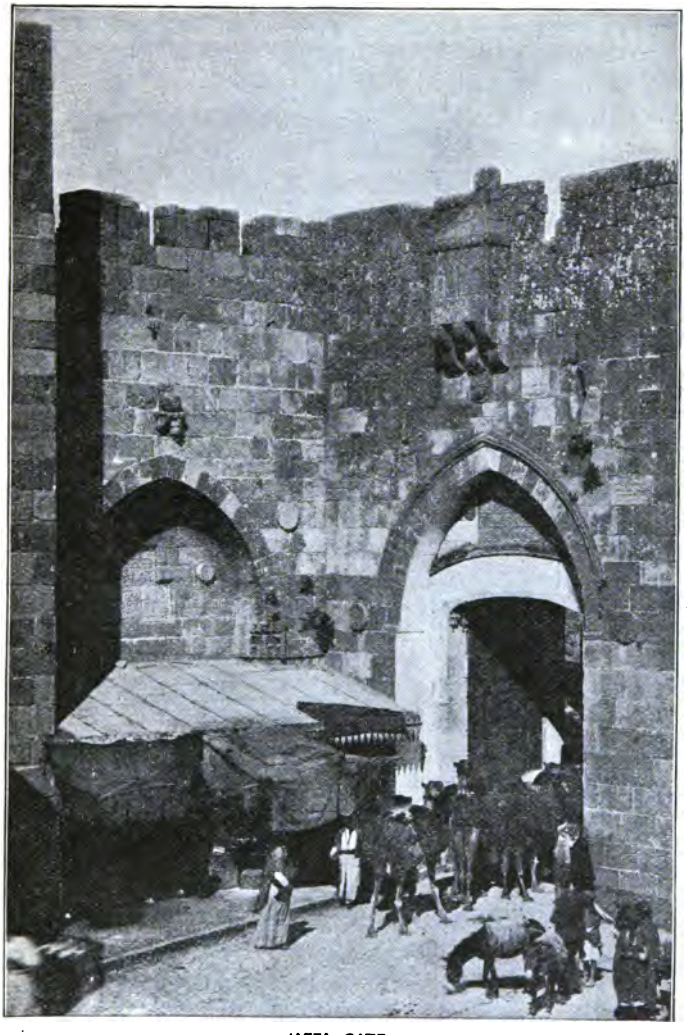
This is Jerusalem, the city of David! At sight of the Holy City every traveler is deeply moved with thoughts of its great past.

Although in the magnificence of its temples, the size of its buildings, and the appearance of its streets, it is not to be compared with many of the cities we have seen in Asia, yet it commands our grateful homage as no other city can.

We recall that ever since the time of Abraham there has been a city on this spot; that here David stormed the citadel of Mt. Zion; that Solomon built the great temple within its walls and adorned the city with his palaces. We remember, too, the famous prophets who are associated with its history. Above all, we are moved by our thoughts upon the life and the teachings of Jesus Christ in this ancient city, and by the knowledge that just outside its walls He was crucified.

Stirred by such thoughts, we enter the Jaffa Gate. This is the principal entrance to the city, and it is thought to be the oldest gate. While it is still the custom to close several of the other gates at sunset, the Jaffa Gate always remains open.

Ranged along the road, just outside the gate, we see



JAFFA GATE.

the dealers in fruit and vegetables ready to supply their customers. The varied commerce here carried on is thus described in one of the chapters of "Ben-Hur": "A pilgrim wanting a pin or a pistol, a cucumber or a camel, a house or a horse, a loan or a lentil, a date or a dragoman, a melon or a man, a dove or a donkey, has only to inquire for the article at the Jaffa Gate."

Within the Jaffa Gate is a small open space; and leading from it, we see the narrow streets and we note how rough the pavements are. The houses are closely built together and there are few open spaces in the city. The people to be seen upon the streets are an endless source of amusement to every traveler.

Turkish soldiers gaudily dressed, fierce Bedouins in their rough cloaks of camel's hair, Syrians, Arabs, Jews, and Mohammedans wearing their national costumes, — all are to be met in a short walk through the streets of Jerusalem. We may chance to see Mohammedan women wearing curious white cloaks, and having their faces veiled from our sight.

From the hotel near the Jaffa Gate we have a view of many of the places of greatest interest in Jerusalem. Almost at our feet we see the Pool of Hezekiah, and beyond it rises the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Away to the right is to be seen the open space, now occupied by the Mosque of Omar, and said to be the site of Solomon's temple.

Let us now visit these places.

On the way to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher we can pass through the Via Dolorosa, or, "Street of Pain." Hundreds of pilgrims every year make their way along

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

this narrow, crooked street, which is believed by very many to be the road which Jesus walked bearing the cross to Calvary.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is an imposing building, but so completely surrounded by other buildings as to appear, as Dean Stanley says, "a tattered and incongruous mass." As the name implies, this church is said to be built over the tomb in which Jesus was laid after the crucifixion. Near by the Holy Sepulcher are said to be numerous other sacred places, all crowded beneath the roof of this one church.

The different sects — Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Copt — have a common ownership in this church, and each sect has its chapels, or shrines, for worship. For fifteen hundred years, since the first church was built here by the Emperor Constantine, thousands upon thousands of Christian pilgrims have journeyed hither to venerate the sacred places. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is inseparably bound up with the Crusaders, who crossed lands and seas to rescue this spot from the hands of the hated Moslem. But in spite of all battles, this land is yet held under the power of "the unspeakable Turk."

The Mosque of Omar is one of the most beautiful buildings in all the world. It is an octagon in shape, and is surmounted by a dome above which glitters the golden crescent of Islam. This is the famous Dome of the Rock, which is to the Mohammedan the most sacred place after Mecca. The mosque is cased in tiles of different colors and is adorned with colored marble blocks built into its walls. Entering the mosque, we

are surprised to see a mass of rock sixty feet in length and standing fifteen feet above the platform surrounding it. Many are the traditions associating this rock with the temple of Solomon and with Mohammed.

Another spot of special interest to the visitor in Jerusalem is the Wailing Place of the Jews. This is a narrow passageway beside what is thought to be a

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

portion of the wall of the great temple of Solomon. The massive stones in this fragment of the wall are twenty-five feet in length, and may well be believed to have remained since they were placed here by the ancient builders of the temple. Here the Jews meet every Friday to mourn over their desolation in the city of their fathers. Weeping and crying aloud, they kiss the stones of the temple wall.

Leaving the city by St. Stephen's Gate, and following the steep path down into the valley, we soon come to the bed of the brook Kedron. For the greater part of the year it is dry, but in the rainy season it is a rushing stream as of old.

Beyond the valley we climb the easy slope of the Mount of Olives, at whose base the Garden of Gethsemane was situated. Every foot of the way we have traveled is associated with many of the events in the life of Jesus and his disciples, and we are carried in imagination to the time of those events.

We get our grandest view of the city from the Mount of Olives, and from this point it appears, even in its degradation, noble and inspiring. We here remember that Jerusalem has outlived many of the most powerful kingdoms that have ruled the world. It is now a little city on the hills of Judea, its former glory departed, but it was once "the joy of the whole earth."

The hills surrounding Jerusalem rise to no great height, but they stand like sentinels about it, and, looking down upon the Holy City, every visitor is forcibly reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever."

On the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, but a short distance from Jerusalem, lies the little village of Bethany. It is only a small and very unattractive place to-day, but as it was the home of Mary and Martha, it attracts every traveler in the Holy Land.

Looking towards the south, we see the town of Bethlehem, distant from Jerusalem about six miles, that

little town where Christ was born. Below the town is the plain, still pointed out by the guides as the place

JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

where the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, heard the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

These little towns, although of small importance when compared with the great cities of Asia, impress every visitor to the land as none of the places famed only for their commercial importance can do.

A most extended view of Palestine is to be had from the top of a high tower, which the Russians have built on the crest of the Mount of Olives. Looking to the east, across a dreary, rocky waste, we see the shining surface of the Dead Sea, and beyond it are the Mountains of Moab. From the Dead Sea, extending northward, the Valley of the Jordan is to be seen. This valley is like a deep furrow in the earth's surface, and is from one hundred to thirteen hundred feet in depth.

Through it runs the River Jordan, which rises on the sides of Mount Hermon and empties into the Dead Sea. There is no river in the world like the Jordan. It is a complete river beneath the level of the ocean and it empties into a sea which has no outlet. The Dead Sea is fifty miles in length by about ten miles in breadth, and is more than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. The water of this inland sea is so very salt that the fishes which come into it from the Jordan River soon perish. It is impossible for a person to sink in the Dead Sea, and swimmers find exhilarating pleasure in its buoyant waters. The shores are encrusted with salt, and branches of trees completely encased in salt are scattered along the beach.

At the southern extremity of the Dead Sea rises Mount Nebo, the famous mountain from whose summit Moses saw the Promised Land; and there he died and was buried: —

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

Leaving Jerusalem for the journey into northern Palestine, we find that the road is little more than a bridle path, and even this is so filled with loose stones as to make traveling difficult.

The road winds over mountains, along precipices, and across bridgeless streams. Encampments of Bedouins are to be seen at frequent intervals; and, on the hillsides near by, their flocks of sheep and their cattle are grazing.

The journey through Palestine in a caravan, under the care of a native dragoman, affords many opportunities for an interesting study of Bible history. Moving along leisurely day by day, living in tents, visiting the ruins of ancient towns and wells celebrated in the early history of this land, travelers to the Holy Land find much to inspire and impress them.

On the way we cross the Plain of Esdraelon, the famous battlefield of Palestine. Important battles have been fought here, from the time of the Judges, far back in Jewish history, down to the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, who won here the battle of Mount Tabor.

Among the towns of northern Palestine none is of so great importance to us as Nazareth, the home of Christ. There is little in the modern town that is

believed to have been a part of that small town of Galilee where the boyhood and early manhood of Christ were spent. It is thought that the public fountain is the most reliable feature of the ancient town now to be seen. Here we see the women, followed by their children, filling their water jars and bearing them homeward, and, doubtless, it is a picture of a scene which has been repeated over and over again in all the years since that early time to which our thoughts are turned.

The little town of Nazareth is now the center of business for the whole region; the Bedouins who roam over the plains east of the Jordan, and whose wealth is in flocks and herds, make this their trading place.

The people of Galilee are cheerful and happy, fearing nothing but the fierce Bedouins, who sometimes rob them, and the Turkish taxgatherers, who extort more money than is their due.

From Nazareth it is but a short journey to the Sea of Galilee, with which so many events of Bible history are associated. This is but a small lake, thirteen miles in length by six in breadth, and through it, like a deep channel, flows the river Jordan. The cities which stood upon its shores have, for the most part, disappeared, and only heaps of stones and broken columns are left to mark their sites. On the sea itself we may see the clumsy boats of the fishermen, who are casting their nets; and on the shore near by are the shepherds tending their flocks.

Turning from the Sea of Galilee, we behold, to the north, the snowy summit of Mount Hermon, toward which our road leads: Jebel-esh-Sheik, — the "Moun-

tain of the Old Chief" — it is called by the Arabs, and it is the guiding point of the wandering tribes of the desert.

From Mount Hermon, looking south, all the important points in Palestine can be clearly seen. Before us lies the Jordan valley, as straight as an arrow, and through it the river winds its crooked way. The mountains, the plains, and away to the west the gleaming

MOUNT HERMON.

waters of the Mediterranean Sea can all be seen from this far-famed mountain of Palestine.

Not many miles to the north of Mount Hermon, and plainly to be seen from its summit, is Damascus, supposed to be the oldest city in the world.

The plain on which the city stands is one of great fertility, and the streams flowing through it easily account for the luxuriance of its vegetation. Surrounded by barren mountains and rocky deserts, this fertile plain is like a great oasis in the midst of dreary desolation.

Seen from a distance Damascus appears to be a city of mosques, so many are the minarets and domes which rise above it. This view of the city is one ever to be remembered. There is an old legend telling that Mohammed once came within sight of Damascus and was so delighted with the view that he exclaimed, "There is but one paradise for man, and mine shall not be upon the earth," and therefore he would not enter Damascus.

Like many other cities, beautiful beyond expression when seen from a distance, the real city of Damascus, when entered, soon dispels the illusion. It is one of the few ancient cities that has withstood the wear of centuries and has retained some of its former greatness. It is not a city of ruins, as so many of the old cities of Asia are, but is an active, busy place, still trading with many foreign lands. Well known as a town in the time of Abraham; associated with great names and great events in ancient history; — it is true to-day, as it was in the days of Isaiah, that "the head of Syria is Damascus."

Damascus was once a great manufacturing city, and was famous for its figured silk called *damask;* its shoes of curious shape; its gaily decorated saddles and bridles; and, especially, for its sword blades, which were so finely tempered as to be the marvel of the whole world.

Its industries to-day, though small in comparison with the work done here in former days, are important. The bazaars which distinguish the city are arranged as in other Eastern cities, each trade having its own locality.

DAMASCUS.

Great lines of shops extend along "the street called Straight," which is the principal thoroughfare of the city. The Arab dealers are dignified men and seem less anxious to sell their goods than most of the shopkeepers we have met have been. The streets are

crowded, and everywhere we meet Arabs dressed in their own picturesque garb.

Not many native women are seen on the streets, and no one of them can venture out without covering herself completely from head to foot in an *izzar*, a garment resembling a white sheet, and having her face concealed by a colored muslin veil. But the Bedouin women from the desert, with their faces unveiled, are seen in the streets and bazaars.

Although it is true that not many wheeled vehicles are to be seen in Damascus, yet heavily laden camels and mules, and people riding on horses, push their way through the narrow streets.

The great number of street dogs, which abound in every quarter of the city, compels the notice of every passer-by. They sleep at night in rows in the middle of the streets, and it is impossible to walk along without arousing them. The people of Damascus owe a debt of gratitude to these wretched dogs, because they are almost the only scavengers of the streets, into which heaps of refuse are thrown every day from the houses.

The houses are low and have no windows opening toward the street. Seen from the outside they seem poor and mean, but within are splendid open courts around which are ranged the rooms. In the houses of the rich the courts are all paved with marble. A large basin, into which fresh water is always flowing, stands in the middle of each court. Above the rooms opening on these courts, are the sleeping apartments. The floors are covered with mats, large divans are scat-

THE MUEZZIN.

tered about, the walls and ceilings are beautifully decorated, and everything is made to add to the rich appearance of the rooms.

The fountains playing in the open courts; the vines,

roses, and jasmines which have been trained to grow there upon the walls; the lemon, oleander, and orange trees covered with flowers or fruit, — all combine to make these homes of the rich traders of Damascus places of rarest beauty.

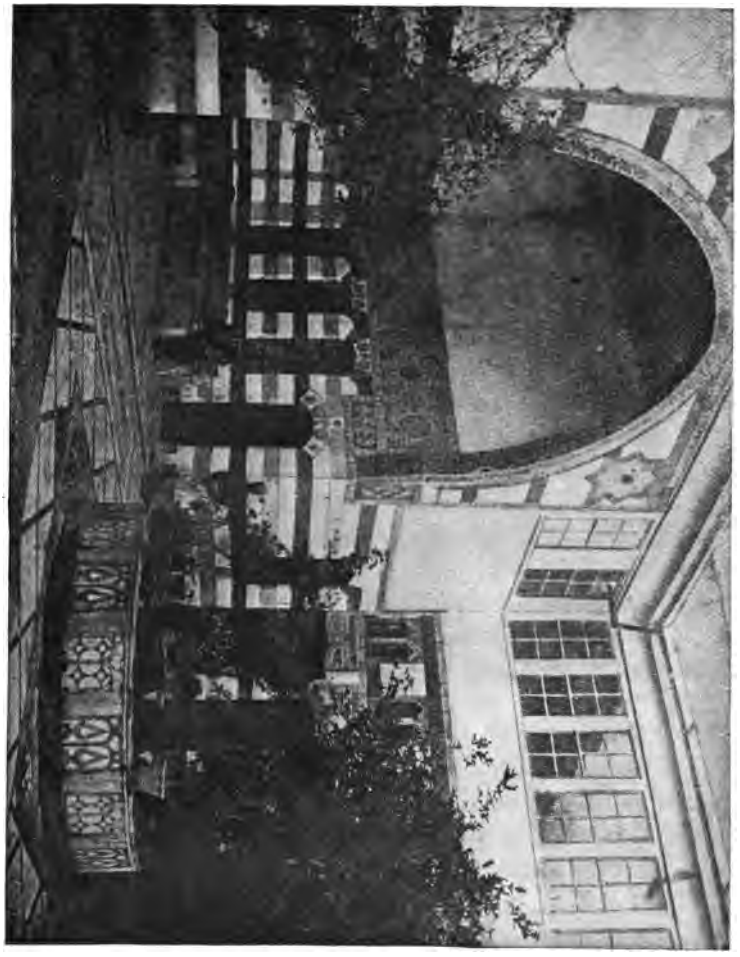
The houses of many of the poorer people have their little courts, each with its basin of flowing water, and at least one lemon tree, or a citron tree, and a few flowering shrubs set there to delight the eye.

From the summit of the graceful minaret, rising above the Great Mosque, we hear the shrill cry of the *muezzin* calling the faithful Moslem to prayer.

Five times each day, in every Mohammedan land, is this call repeated, "God is great, God is great. There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer, come to prayer." And at the call the followers of the Prophet, facing toward Mecca, prostrate themselves in prayer.

One of the great sights of Damascus is the starting of the pilgrims on the great annual pilgrimage to Mecca. The whole city, in holiday dress, comes out to see them start. The great procession passes out through the Allah Gate, and the long journey of more than nine hundred miles is begun. It is, indeed, a motley throng, made up of many peoples and tribes. The wild Kurd, the warlike Afghan, the Bedouin from the desert, all join the great pilgrimage, and journey over mountains and deserts to worship at the birthplace of Mohammed.

In all our travels through Persia, Arabia, and Palestine, we have had almost nothing to say about schools



A COURTYARD, DAMASCUS.

or school children, for the very good reason that little attention is paid to the education of the children in these countries. There are here and there Mission Schools, especially throughout Palestine, and in these are gathered the children of the villages.

It has often been noticed that Eastern children do not engage in play with much spirit, but are grave and listless. This is partly to be accounted for by the climate, which certainly has an effect on their dispositions. As we travel through Syrian towns we see no outdoor sports except during the time of some great feast, when swings are erected in the streets for the special pleasure of the children.

Very few playthings are to be found in this country, but it is amusing to see how quickly the Syrian children discover the use of any European toys that are given them. Girls are fond of getting a piece of rope and using it for a skipping rope. Another amusement among them is to dress up one of their number as a bride, and then, forming in procession, to go through the elaborate marches of an Eastern wedding.

Boys play leapfrog, and another game called "the ring." In playing this latter game, a boy places a ring on the back of his hand, throws it into the air, and catches it on the back of his fingers. If it falls upon his forefinger he is called the Sultan, and then he commands all the boys, who form in a ring about him, to sing this little rhyme: —

"Ding, dong, turn the wheel,
Wind the purple thread;
Spin the white, and spin the red,

Wind it on the reel—
Silk and linen as well as you can,
Weave a robe for the great Sultan."

Immense caravans, by which the trade of this whole region is carried on, pass to and fro between Damascus and Bagdad. There are, sometimes, as many as five hundred camels in a single caravan. Some day not far distant the railroad will reach these ancient cities, as it has already reached so many of the remoter parts of Asia. Their commerce will then be developed as never before, and the slow-moving caravan will disappear.

Following the great caravan route from Damascus, we come at length to the river Euphrates, the largest river in western Asia. On our way we pass the ruins of the famous city of Palmyra. The temple of the Sun and the great colonnade nearly a mile in length, are among the most magnificent ruins to be seen in any part of the world.

Mesopotamia, meaning "the country between the rivers," is the broad plain lying between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. It is a very fertile country, and in days gone by was famous among the great grain-producing regions of the world. It only needs cultivation to make it again bring forth food sufficient to support an immense population. It is in reality the one fertile land in the great desert belt extending from the Red Sea to the northeastern boundary of Asia.

It has been the scene of some of the most noted events in the world's history. Where now the Arab wanders

with his camels and flocks of sheep, once stood the great cities of Nineveh and Babylon.

As we sail down the Euphrates, we see the white-washed houses of the Arabs among the groves of palm trees. The raising of dates is an important occupation of many of the Arabs living in Mesopotamia. From the

GREAT COLONNADE, PALMYRA.

port of Basra many tons of dates are exported every year. Steamers come up the Tigris River to Bagdad, which is still a city of importance, though it has lost much of its former grandeur. On every side is the barren desert.

Could we follow the course of the Euphrates and the Tigris back to their sources in the highlands of Armenia,

we should traverse a land made by nature as beautiful and fertile as any land on the face of the earth. This is Armenia, the country lying north of Syria and south of Russia, west of Persia and east of Turkey. This rich land has been much coveted by the nations surrounding it, and it has long been under the control of Russia, Persia, and Turkey. The Armenians are thus placed at the mercy of these three nations. The cruel Turks and the Kurds are bitterly opposed to the Armenians, because for hundreds of years the Armenians have been a Christian people.

Many times the Turks, following the commands of their Moslem faith, have attacked and killed the Armenians. During the years 1895 and 1896 the awful massacre of thousands of Armenians by the Turks and Kurds aroused the indignation of the civilized world. It is hoped that the Christian nations, united and acting together, will soon succeed in bringing these cruelties to an end. The stories of the sufferings of the Armenians, driven from their homes and living hidden away in the mountain districts of Armenia, and the killing of the men and women because of their religion, seem almost impossible of belief at this time of our world's history; but they are all true.

Returning to Syria, on the way to Beirût, we see the ruins of Baalbek the Magnificent.

Here, great columns, the ruins of beautiful temples, fallen pillars, and massive blocks of stone have for many centuries borne silent witness to the grandeur of the City of the Sun.

Not far from Baalbek, it is of interest to know, the

RUINS OF BAALBEK.

tomb of Noah is pointed out! "The grave of the ancient mariner is more than one hundred and thirty feet long; but even this extreme longitude does not satisfy the Arab guides, who evidently believe that

there were great men in those days, and maintain that if the patriarch had not been buried with his knees bent and his feet extending downwards, his grave would not have been less than one hundred and fifty feet in length."

We are reminded by this of the legend connected with the footprint of Adam on the mountain top in Ceylon!

Ever since we left Arabia we have been traveling in the Sultan's dominions. Syria, Armenia, and Asia Minor form Asiatic Turkey, the most important part of the Turkish Empire.

The peninsula of Asia Minor is a high central plateau, surrounded on three sides by a narrow strip of low land bordering upon the three seas by which this country is bounded on the north, the south, and the west.

On the south the great range of the Taurus Mountains extends from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to Mount Ararat. Mountain ranges separate the central plateau from the lowlands along the seacoast. This peculiar geographical situation has been the cause of much that is interesting in the history of Asia Minor.

The western coast line along the Ægean Sea is very irregular, and affords many excellent harbors and prominent capes.

All along the coast are hundreds of small islands. The scenery is beautiful; and the bright, fascinating coast with its quaint seaports is a refreshing change from the monotonous and subdued views of the desert lands through which we have just been journeying.

Asia Minor has been called the highroad of commerce and the highway of conquerors. By it the arts

and the ideas of the Eastern peoples passed to the West. From the earliest times the great armies of almost every ancient nation marched along the roads of Asia Minor, bent upon the conquest of other nations. The stories are many and interesting that might be told of the armies of the Persians, the Saracens, the Turks, and the Crusaders, which have all followed the same great road through this land.

Traveling in Asia Minor is a matter of serious difficulty and is attended with much discomfort. There are few roads, and these are very poor. In many places the roads are, as the natives say, "badly rubbed out." The traffic of the country is almost entirely done by caravan. The railroad is coming here, as elsewhere in Asia, and it will not only give better methods of trade but will arouse this ancient country to a new life.

The people are of several distinct nationalities. Among the mountains are the Kurds, a warlike people whose ancestors dwelt here long before the time of Christ.

The greater part of the people are Turks, descendants of the wild Tartar warriors who came from Central Asia, hundreds of years ago, and conquered all the land of Asia Minor. They gave the native peoples the choice of accepting the Koran and becoming the followers of Mohammed, of paying tribute, or of death by the sword. Many were thus forced to become Mohammedans, but the Armenians kept their faith and paid the tribute. To this day a large part of all their crops must go to the merciless Turkish taxgatherer, who makes his demands in the name of the Sultan.

It is a proverb in the East that "where the hoofs of the Turkish steeds have trod the soil, the grass never grows." As we travel through the once fertile land of Asia Minor, we can easily believe the proverb to be true.

There are hundreds of small villages in every part of the empire, but in all there are the same appearances of poverty and filth. The houses are low mud or stone hovels, built closely together. The roofs are flat and covered with earth, which is anything but a protection when the rainy season comes, for then the dirty water trickles through into the one little room below.

The interior of these houses is usually whitewashed, but it is as bare and comfortless a place as can be imagined. A few openings, covered with paper, take the place of windows. Narrow, dirty lanes wind among the houses and are the only streets. Even the larger towns are not attractive places to visit.

The coast of Asia Minor is noted for many excellent harbors. The little city of Beirût, built along a promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean, is the principal landing place on the Syrian coast. Leaving Beirût by steamer, the journey along the coast is made memorable by the places we may visit. Not far to the north is Tripolis — a beautiful city surrounded by olive, fig, and mulberry orchards. The population is largely Moslem; and the bazaars are filled with Oriental wares.

One famous monument of the olden time is a castle, still inhabited, which was one of the strongholds of the Crusaders for nearly two hundred years. From the

tower we look down upon the city of Tripolis and admire its bright domes and minarets; while away to the northward are to be seen the snow-clad peaks of Lebanon.

Not many miles beyond lies the town of Alexandretta, where Syria ends and the coast of Asia Minor begins. From this point the caravans bound for the Euphrates valley usually make their start, carrying European merchandise to the towns along the Euphrates River, and even as far as Bagdad. Return-

BEIRÛT.

ing, these caravans bring spices, rugs, and silks, from Persia and Mesopotamia.

The island of Cyprus is on our way, and, landing there at the chief port, Larnaca, we find a city of some importance, which carries on a considerable trade. The island of Cyprus is now under the power of Great Britain, and is made a naval station of great importance by that nation. The products of the island — silk, cotton, wool, wheat, currants, and linseed — are exported to France and England, as well as to ports on the Mediterranean.

Leaving Cyprus, the steamer next arrives at Rhodes, that island famous for the art treasures which have been discovered there in these later years.

The far-famed statue of the Colossus of Rhodes is frequently mentioned in history, and was one of "the seven wonders of the world." But of more historical interest is the story of the brave Knights of St. John, who held Rhodes against the Turks for upwards of two hundred years, and the ruins of whose fortifications are yet to be seen. When these brave Knights were finally forced to leave this island, they went to Malta, and were afterwards known as the Knights of Malta.

The Bay of Smyrna, like the Bay of Naples, is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. Seen from the steamer, Smyrna appears to be a city of palaces, but, as with so many other Eastern cities which have appeared enchanting from a distance, the vision is lost as soon as we enter the crowded and noisy streets and see before us the many unsightly buildings.

Smyrna is the largest city in Asia Minor, and is second only to Constantinople in the whole Turkish Empire. As a commercial city it is one of the great ports of the Mediterranean. Its principal exports are rugs and figs. The country about Smyrna is the great fig garden of the world.

Very many people are engaged in the business of raising figs and preparing them for the market. The ripe figs, gathered and carefully dried in the sun, are packed in round or square boxes for export to any part of the globe.

In the streets we see the busy life of the city, and hear the merchants talking of trade with distant ports. The street peddlers call out to the passers-by, offering fresh figs, cooling sherbets, Turkish fig paste, and many other things. The people differ from those seen in other Asiatic cities. The Greeks and Turks outnumber all other nationalities in Smyrna, so that it appears less like an Oriental city than the other places we have visited. We thus realize that we are nearing the shores of Europe and that the continent of Asia lies behind us.

From Smyrna there are two lines of railroad, each extending about one hundred and fifty miles toward the interior of Asia Minor. This is the beginning of the railroad that is some day to cross these countries and open them to the world. All through the summer months, long lines of camels may be seen bringing to the railway large supplies of corn, which without this new means of communication would have been left to rot upon the fields.

Well-made railroads will do more to develop Asiatic Turkey than can be accomplished by any other means. The fields may be ever so productive of grain, cotton, and other valuable commodities, and yet be valueless to the cultivators, who cannot readily send their crops to the coast. For many years it has been proposed to extend the railroad from the Bosporus across Asia Minor, Persia, Baluchistan, to the Indus, and thence to Calcutta.

This grand idea, it now seems certain, will be realized some day, and the rich plains of Mesopotamia will then become the chief granary for Europe, and a rival

ORIENTAL MONKS.

to India, as a field for the production of cotton. This land is rich in oil, barley, maize, rice, tobacco, wool, mohair, silk, fruits, honey, and wax, and the trade in these staples will be immensely increased by the completion of a railway through Anatolia.

We have come now to our journey's end, and pause to look back over the vast continent of Asia.

From the rich river plains of the south to the frozen tundras of the north; from the flourishing cities and crowded waterways of the east to the countries bordering upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea — we have visited many nations.

On what a grand scale is this mighty continent formed!

The highest mountains and the deepest valleys; barren deserts and fertile plains; great rivers and inland seas — all are included within its wide domain.

We have seen peoples, religions, and customs so many and so various, that we have learned to think of Asia as a world in itself. Enjoying, as the people in certain parts of the continent do, all the adopted privileges of the most advanced civilization, the peoples in other parts are surrounded yet by the rudest conditions of life.

To conquer the deep-rooted prejudices of certain of these nations may be a long and difficult task; but we may well believe that the spread of Christianity and education, the introduction of railroads, telegraph lines, and other more modern inventions, will surely conquer this ancient land and awaken it to a new life.

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